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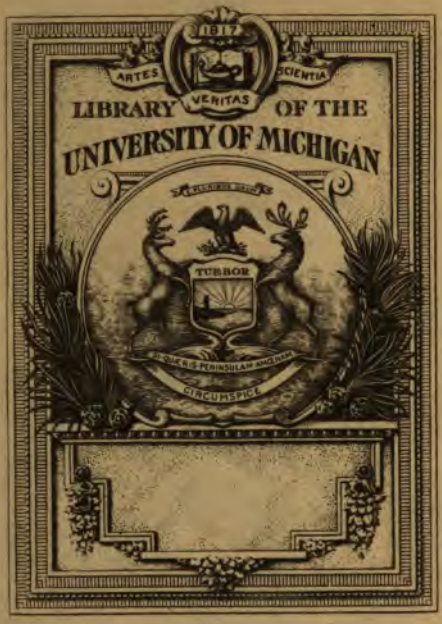

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THE

Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

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FROM MAY 15 TO NOV. 1

MDCCCXCV

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THE
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SEMI-MONTHLY

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VOL III. THE CHAP-BOOK NO. 1

IN VENICE ONCE.

IN Venice once they lived and loved—
Fair women, with their red gold hair—
Their twinkling feet to music moved,
In Venice, where they lived and loved,
And all Philosophy disproved,
While Hope was young, and Life was fair,
In Venice, where they lived and loved.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

CHAP-BOOKS.

THESE curious little books, which formed the major portion of the reading of farmers and their class throughout England during the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, are a most interesting study. They take their name from the pedler, or Chapman, who, carrying them, with other goods, wandered from village to village, from farm house to farm house, an ever welcome guest, who could retail the last news of the countryside, and whose pack contained an *omnium gatherum* of delights, unattainable except by a visit to the market town. Thus he was called a Chapman, from the middle English *Ceap* or *Cep*, meaning *purchase* or *bargain*. It also meant a market, as in London there still remain Cheapside and East Cheap, whilst many English market towns are described as *Chipping* or *Cheaping*—as Chipping Barnet, Chipping Norton.

The Chapman was a petty merchant, carrying a very varied assortment of goods, and was, so to speak, a market in himself. He is well described by Cotgrave, in his *Dic-*

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tionarie of the French and English Tongues (London, 1611): "BISSOUART, m., a paultrie Pedlar, who, in a long packe, or maured (which he carries for the most part open, and hanging from his necke, before him), hath Almanacks, Books of News, or other trifling ware to sell."

Shakespeare gives us a splendid description of the Chapman in *The Winter's Tale*, iv., 3.

"[Enter a servant.]

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you; he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customer with gloves; he has the prettiest love songs for maids—so without bawdry, which is strange, with such delicate burdens of "dildos" and "fadings," "jump her and thump her"—and, where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours in the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns—why, he sings 'em over, as they

were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock was a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clown. Prithee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

[Enter Autolycus, singing.]

Lawn as white as the driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel.
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry;
Come buy."

It will be observed that among all his varied wares, Autolycus does not mention chap-books, but only ballads, so many of which remain to us in the priceless Roxburghe, Suttrell, Bagford, Pepys and other collections, some of which may even now be heard droned out in a far-away village alehouse. Nor do we see them in Marcellus Lauron's picture of a Chapman, in his beautiful series of *The Cries and Habits of the City of London*, 1709. He has an infinite variety of jewelry, brushes, cosmetics, spectacles, etc., but no chap-books. It was too early for them. The troublous times of the great rebellion and the sourness of the Puritan rule were not favorable for romances or light tales. True, the Restoration and succeeding reigns had their jest books, but they were not the little duodecimo chap-books, price one penny. That these romances existed as children's books is un-

doubted, but they were not yet hawked about the country.

They were well known in Queen Anne's reign, and evidently valued, as we may see from the following quotation from the *Weekly Comedy*, January 22, 1708: "I'll give ten of the largest Folio Books in my Study, Letter'd on the Back, and bound in *Calve's Skin*. He shall have some of those that are the most scarce and rare among the Learned, and therefore may be of greater use to so *Voluminous* an *Author*. There is *Tom Thumb*, with *Annotations and Critical Remarks*, two volumes in folio; *The Comical Life and Tragical Death of the Old Woman that was* [*Hang'd for Drowning Herself in* Ratcliffe Highway, one large volume, it being the 20th Edition, with many new Additions and Observations; *Jack and the Gyants*, formerly printed in a small Octavo, but now Improv'd to three Folio Volumes by that Elaborate Editor, *Forestus, Ignotus Nicholaus Ignoramus Sampsonius*; then there is *The King and the Cobler*, a Noble piece of Antiquity, and fill'd with many Pleasant Modern Intrigues fit to divert the most Curious."

And how the children loved these stories is pleasantly told us by Steele in No. 95 of *The Tatler* (17-19 Nov., 1709). Speaking of a child of eight years of age, he says: "I perceived him a very great Historian in *Æsop's* Fables, but he frankly declared to me his Mind, that he did not delight in that Learning, because he did not believe they were true, for which Reason I found he had very much turned his Studies for about a Twelvemonth past into the Lives and Adventures of Don *Bellianis* of *Greece*, *Guy* of *Warwick*, the *Seven Champions*, and other Historians of that Age. * * * He would tell you the Mismanagements of *John Hickathrift*, find fault with the passionate Temper of *Bevis of Southampton*, and loved *St. George* for being the Champion of *England*. * * * I was extolling his Accomplishments, when the Mother told me that the little Girl

who led me in this Morning was, in her Way, a better Scholar than he. *Betty* (says she) deals chiefly in Fairies and Sprites, and sometimes, in a Winter Night, will terrify the Maids with her Accounts till they are afraid to go up to bed."

The chap-book proper (for we cannot call the tracts connected with the Civil War, nor political tracts, by that name) did not obtain until the end of the seventeenth century, and thence, for the first twenty-five years of the eighteenth, they were principally small quarto of eight pages, about 8¼ x 6 in., or octavo, of sixteen pages, 7 x 4½. During the remaining seventy-five years, and afterwards, they were, almost universally, duodecimo, of twenty-four pages, 6 x 3½. In this three-quarters of a century they were in their prime, and after 1800 their decadence was rapid; the types and wood blocks got worn out; they were no longer sent out, well got up, by a good London firm, but were printed in the country, in the most rubbishing style, and generally with wood cuts singularly inappropriate to the letter press. But at that time they were extremely popular, as may be seen by the following list of *a few* places where chap-books were published: Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paisley, Kilmarnock, Penreth, Stirling, Falkirk, Dublin, York, Stokesley, Warrington, Liverpool, Banbury, Aylesbury, Dorham, Dumfries, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Coventry, Whitehaven, Carlisle, Worchester, Cirencester, etc., etc.

But to the collector they are of no value, unlike those of the eighteenth century, especially those sent out from Aldermary Church Yard, in the City of London. The chap-books of this century are now rarely to be met with at sales, and, when they are, fetch good prices. I have taken out the prices paid in 1845 and 1847 for nine volumes of them, bought at as many different sales, and now in the library of

THE
MERRY TALES
OF THE
Wiſe Men of GOTHAM.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church
Yard, Bow Lane, London.

the British Museum. These nine volumes contain ninety-nine chap-books, and the price paid for them all was £24, 13, 6, or an average of five shillings each—a good increment on their original price of one penny—but yet, these volumes were bought very cheaply, as some of their delighted purchasers record.

The wood cuts are deliciously quaint, and, by way of illustration, I give the title page of one, of which the following is the story:

"TALE III. On a time the Men of Gotham would have penned in the cuckow, that she might sing all the year. All in the midst of the town they had a hedge made round in compass, and got a Cuckow, and put her into it, and said: Sing here, and you shall lack neither meat nor drink all the year. The Cuckow, when she perceived herself encompassed within the hedge, flew away. A vengeance on her, said these Wise Men, we made not the hedge high enough."

This story is found in a thirteenth century MS. called "*Descriptus Norfolciensum*," but the Gotham referred to is a village about six miles from Nottingham, and the name of "The Cookoo bush" is still given to a place near the village.

This publishing firm at 4 Aldermary Church Yard (afterwards removed to Bow Church Yard, close by), published these chap-books almost exclusively for the last seventy-five years of the eighteenth century, and, taking price into consideration, their customers received good value for their money. They seem to have come from Northampton, for in *Hippolito and Dorinda*, 1720, the firm is described as "Raikes and Dicey, Northampton." (This Raikes, by the way, was the father of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools.) Afterwards a house was opened in London by William and Cluer Dicey, but they evidently kept up a

connection with the country firm, for, nearly half a century later, we see that *The Conquest of France* was "printed and sold by C. Dicey in Bow Church Yard; sold also at his warehouse in Northampton." How many they published altogether I do not know, but I have made a list of over 120.

Chap-books dealt with a variety of subjects, to suit all customers; and they can only be roughly classed under the heads of Religious, Supernatural, Superstitious, Romantic, Humorous, Legendary, Historical, Biographical, Criminal, and Miscellaneous.

The Religious comprise such subjects as *The History of Joseph and his Brethren*; *The Holy Desciple, or the History of Joseph of Arimathea*, which gives the Legend of his coming to England and planting the famous Glastonbury thorn; *The Gospel of Nicodemus*, and *The Unhappy Birth, Wicked Life, and Miserable Death of that Vile Trayter and Apostle, Judas Iscariot*; as well as the awful warnings to sinners, which are indeed marvellous.

The Supernatural took hugely with the populace; they read with avidity *The History of the Learned Friar Bacon*, and of his wonderful speaking brazen head; *The History of Dr. John Faustus*, in which, however, there is no mention of Gretchen, and which has little in common with Göethe's *Faust*; stories of witchcraft, such as *The Witch of the Woodlands*; divers apparitions, such as the Ghost of the Duke of Buckingham's Father, the Portsmouth and Guildford Ghosts; *Bateman's Tragedy, or the Perjured Bride Justly Rewarded*, where, "upon Bateman's hanging himself before her door, she grew melancholy, fancying she saw him with a ghastly face, putting her in mind of her broken vows; and how, after being delivered of a child, a spirit carried her away;" or, *A Timely Warning to Rash and Disobedient Children*, "being a strange and wonderful Relation of a young Gentleman in the Parish of *Stepheny*, in the Suburbs of *Lon-*

don, that sold himself to the Devil for twelve years, to have the power of being revenged on his Father and Mother, and how, his time being expired, he lay in a sad and deplorable Condition, to the Amazement of all Spectators."

In the Superstitious category we have: *The History of Mother Shipton*; *The History of Mother Bunch*; *Nixon's Cheshire Prophecy*; *Dreams and Moles, with their Interpretation and Signification*; *The Old Egyptian Fortune-Teller's Last Legacy*, and many others.

Very full is the Romantic series, most of which are of remote origin. Take, for instance, *The History of Reynard the Fox*. A poem in Flemish, called "der Reinaert," was known in the eleventh century; and in two *serventes*, or verses of the troubadours, attributed to Richard I. of England, the names of Isegrim the Wolf and Reinhart are mentioned. It would be impossible to particularize all of this class, but there may be mentioned the histories of *Valentine, and Orson*, *Guy, Earl of Warwick*, *Sir Bevis of Southampton*, *The Life and Death of St. George*, *Patient Grizzle*, *Fortunatus* and his wishing cap, *Jack and the Giants*, *Thomas Hickathrift*, a strong man of Norfolk, *Tom Thumb*, and his marvellous adventures, and *The Famous History of the Valiant London Prentice*, who rammed his arms down the throats of two lions, and tore out their hearts.

Our ancestors had a keen sense of humor, and the jest books of the seventeenth century are most notable. Very many of the eighteenth century chap-books are very funny, and their fun is not so broad as it was previously. *The King and the Cobbler*, *the Friar and Boy*, *the Mad Pranks of Tom Tram*, *Simple Simon's Misfortunes*, *Joe Miller's Jests*, *Long Meg of Westminster*, whose "Life and Pranks" was published in 1582, and a host of books of riddles and jests testify to the enjoyment our forefathers took in anything which would excite a smile.

Of Legendary chap-books we have many treating of the deeds of Robin Hood, as also *The History of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslie*; *The History of the Blind Beggar of Bedual Green*, the story of Henry de Montford and his daughter, "the pretty Bessie"; *The History of the Two Children in the Wood, the History of Sir Richard Whittington*, a legend, still fondly believed in, and very many others of the same kind.

Among Historical chap-books we find *The History of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw* (not written after modern lights), *The History of Jack of Newbury*, a wealthy clothmaker, who raised and equipped 150 men and led them himself to the battle of Flodden; *The Life and Death of Fair Rosamond, The Story of King Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury, The Conquest of France, The History of Jane Shore, The History of the Most Renowned Queen Elizabeth, and her great Favorite, the Earl of Essex*, and several on the Civil War, and the martyrdom of King Charles II.

We find among these curious little books, *The Foreign Travels of Sir John Mandeville*, the ever green story of *Robinson Crusoe, the Adventures of M. Bamfylde Moore Carew, for more than forty years past the King of the Beggars*; and, pandering to a morbid taste, there are *Youth's Warning-Piece, or the Magical History of George Barnwell*, a representation of which, until within very few years, was always acted at the minor theaters in London on 26 December for the delectation and warning of apprentices; there was a condensed edition of Defoe's *Moll Flanders, the Merry Life and Mad Exploits of Capt. James Hind; the Great Robber of England*; whilst those of a miscellaneous character defy exemplification, as the local chap-books of Scotland alone would make a thick volume.

Calendars and garlands, or collections of ballads, also come within the category of chap-books, and these little

books were the only literary resources of the lower class all over the country, until the appearance, in 1832, of *The Penny Magazine*, and, following its success, of other cheap and good literature, dealt them a death blow. Railways and better means of inter-communication hastened their decease, and the advent of the Penny Press buried them.

JOHN ASHTON.

LITTLE LYRICS OF JOY—VI

LOVE, lift your longing face up through the rain!
In the white drench of it over the hills,
Blurring remembrance and quieting pain,
Stretch the strong hands of the sea.

Love, lift your longing face up through the rain!
In the bleak rote of it through the far hills,
Rhythmed to joy and untarnished of pain,
Calls the great heart of the sea.

BLISS CARMAN.

ON THE BRINK.

SUDDENLY it dawned upon them that they loved one another. They had been talking about mind-reading, and he had looked long and steadily into her eyes when she had challenged him to read her thoughts. They realized simultaneously what had happened. She had known that she loved him, and he, that he loved her. But each had sought to keep that knowledge from the other. Now they could hide it no longer.

They remained silent for a long time, avoiding each other's gaze. At last their eyes met.

He said: "Well?" His voice expressed nothing; in his eyes there was sorrow and—hope!

PORTRAIT OF EMILE ZOLA F. VALLOTTON

She shook her head, and he turned away his eyes—there was disappointment in them that he would not show. Then she said, very quietly: "You have read my thoughts?"

"Yes," he said, still without looking at her, "and you—"

"I have read yours."

Tears were in her eyes. If his, too, were wet, she could not see, for he was looking fixedly at a little pebble at her feet. At last he said, passionately: "Oh, why did I meet you! Why should I suffer so?"

"And I?" she said. "Is it not worse for me? Is not my sin greater and therefore my punishment heavier than yours? Oh,"—in answer to an impatient gesture of denial—"you will meet some woman whom it will not be a sin to love and you will—"

"You know I will not," he interrupted.

"Yes you will," she said, very gently, "and then—"

He raised his head and gazed steadily at her. Then he said, challengingly: "You wish me to love another?"

She looked away from him and was silent. Gradually there crept into his eyes a look of hope; and hope was slowly turning into exultation when she spoke—so softly that he barely could hear her: "Yes."

Then he said, altogether too calmly, in too commonplace a manner: "Oh, very well, since you wish it—"

And she said, very firmly: "I wish it!"

Slowly they returned to the house. The sun was setting and there was gold and nacre and glowing blood in the sky. In the garden the wind stirred the leaves gently and there was sorrow in their song.

Her husband awaited them. "Is n't it a beautiful sunset?" he said to them from the piazza. "I suppose you 've been looking at it. You might write a sonnet about it, my boy."

She went up to the gray-haired man and kissed him on the lips, and leaned against him, until he wound his arm

about her waist, and she rested her head on his shoulder caressingly; and then she looked defiantly at the young man, who had drawn near.

The young man's hands closed tightly and in his eyes there was disappointment and anger and some contempt. He said: "Yes, John; I believe I *could* write a few elegies on the death of this Sun, who has shed his blood in his fight with Night, and has spattered it all over the sky, so that the angels will have to wash it off with their tears. Sunsets are my forte, anyway—"

"I have never seen any of your verses," she said.

"Then you may congratulate yourself upon your lucky escape."

The gray-haired man smiled good naturedly and patted her cheek; and she held it up to be kissed, and nestled closer to him. Then she looked at the young man, and in her eyes there was still defiance, and, though she would not have shown it, some interest. She said: "I have heard so much about them that I should like to read them."

"Really?" he said.

"Yes."

"You are reckless," he said. And the bantering tone did not hide from her the significance that lay behind his words.

"You must show some of them to her," said the gray-haired man to him.

"All right. I'll hunt them up, sometime, and send them to you," said the young man to her.

"Haven't you any here?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "But they are all love songs, and therefore not worth the reading."

"Indeed!" she said. The gray-haired man patted her cheek indulgently. This time she did not upturn her face for a kiss. And in her voice there was an unnecessary

indifference as she said to the young man: "Will you let me read them tonight?"

"Oh, no," he replied, laughingly, though his eyes were serious.

"Why not?" she persisted.

"In the first place, because they are not worth anything; and then you might get an impression that I really meant what I wrote, and that I am deeply in love with some one."

"And you are not in love?" There was a challenge in her voice. The gray-haired man smiled at her girlish, artless curiosity.

"Certainly not!" the young man said, decidedly.

"But were you in love when you wrote them?" she asked.

"I really do n't know," he answered. "Perhaps I was."

"Well, *I* am," she said, looking at him steadily. And when his eyes had shown astonishment and had begun to shine with irrepressible hope, she said: "Indeed I am—with my own dearest husband, who is so good to me. Am I not, darling?" And she entwined her arms about the gray-haired man's neck and kissed him on the lips twice. And the gray-haired man laughed and looked pleased.

The young-man's face was rigid and very pale. In the dusk they could not see that his lips were twitching. But she had grown strangely quiet.

A great stillness had fallen upon the world. The evening star was shining very brightly now, and in the east a little lone star was blinking tremulously.

Presently she said: "I am afraid," and shivered.

The gray-haired man drew her closer to him, kissed her and said: "Afraid of what, little coward? But come, it is time to go in, my child."

The young man's thoughts had been many during the brief spell of silence that had preceded her words, and now he said: "Yes, *little sister*, you ought to go in now."

The gray-haired man laughed good naturedly at this jest of his young brother's. But she drew a quick breath and went into the house hurriedly.

II

The gray-haired man was nodding over his newspaper in the library. She had just ceased to hold the latest novel upside down in her hands. She hesitated for a moment; then she arose and said: "It is so warm here: I am going on the piazza."

The gray-haired man started. "What 's that, my dear?" he asked, shamefacedly. He feared that she might think he had been asleep. They had been married but four months.

"I am going to sit on the piazza. It 's cooler," she said.

"Is Dick there?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. But don't stay too long. The night air is not good for you." It certainly was not good for him; so he remained in the library nodding over his newspaper.

She went to the piazza. Sitting on the verandah-rail the young man was smoking. At the sound of her steps he started up eagerly, but when she was near him, his eyes showed nothing; his face was calm.

"A beautiful night, is n't it?" said she.

"Yes," he acquiesced. He stifled a yawn ostentatiously. Then, as though the thought had just struck him: "Shall I fetch you a chair?"

"Oh, no, thanks. I am going upstairs shortly," she said with indifference.

"Shall I fetch you a chair?" he said in another tone.

"Yes," she answered.

He did so and then resumed his seat on the verandah and smoked in silence.

Overhead, the sky was as molten sapphire and the stars

seemed more numerous than ever before and brighter, and nearer to the earth.

"Perfectly lovely, isn't it?" she said at last.

"What is?"

"The sky, of course."

"Yes?"

After a silence she said: "I've never seen so many stars before, have you?"

"Yes," he said, slowly, "there was one more last night —mine!"

"Yours?"

"Yes."

There was another pause—a long one. She was looking at a little star that was shining very faintly low in the sky. Finally she said, softly: "Show me your verses."

"I cannot," he said, almost in a whisper

"Why not?" She avoided his gaze.

"You know very well," he answered.

"But if I ask you as a great favor—"

"I should still refuse," he said, wearily.

"You are very rude," she said.

"And you are very cruel," he returned, monotonously.

"But not so cruel as you; to arouse a woman's curiosity and then to refuse, absolutely, to gratify it!"

"Oh! so it is merely curiosity?" His voice trembled slightly.

She hesitated; her foot was tapping on the ground nervously. Then, as if she had weighed the consequences, she said: "Of course, merely curiosity."

"Then you lied this afternoon, and you are only a coquette? I might have known it!" He spoke with difficulty for his teeth were clinched tightly.

"How dare you speak to me so?" she said, angrily.

And then he answered in a low voice, as if fearful of be-

ing overheard: "And how dare you forget that you are my brother's wife?"

She gave a half-smothered cry of pain, as though he had struck her. Then she buried her head in her hands and sobbed softly.

"Don't!—Please don't—Oh, don't—Gladys—" he said. It was the first time he had called her thus, by name, and she said, between her sobs: "Oh, I am so unhappy, so unhappy!"

She raised her head and looked at him. Her eyes were filled with tears. He went toward her hesitatingly. By her side he paused; his hands were clinched and held close to his face. He said hoarsely: "Don't. Don't make—me—forget—" He drew nearer; she held up her arms as if to ward off a blow, and then the gray-haired man's voice called out sleepily from a window on the other side of the cottage: "Gladys! Dick!"

"Yes?" said the young man.

"You had better come in now."

"Yes. Coming.'

III

At breakfast the next morning the young man said: "I am going back to the city this morning, John."

"Are you? When will you return?" said the gray-haired man. He did not think his honeymoon had waned yet, but it never shines very brightly on three people at once, and——

"I do n't know," answered the young man. "I shall go to Jack Livingston's first; I promised to spend a week or two with him. And then I think I 'll go to Maine. I am told the fishing is exceptionally good this season."

She said nothing. The gray-haired man began to talk about the anxious cares of a floriculturist.

After breakfast she disappeared. The gray-haired man said good-bye to his younger brother, to whom he had been as a father, and went out to consult with his head gardener about a new variety of orchids which he had just received from the Isthmus of Panama.

All that morning the young man wondered if she would not bid him farewell. At last the groom came to tell him that the cart awaited him.

He was in the hallway, deliberating whether he should seek her, when she came down the stairs slowly. Her face wore a look it had never known before. Occasionally it is seen on some women when they wear the widow's garb for the first time—a blending of sorrow and yearning, and withal, resignation. She halted at the foot of the stairs, her hand resting upon the carved post. "So you are going?" she said, monotonously.

"Yes." His voice was low.

"For a long time?"

"Yes." He dared not look at her.

"It is for the best," she said. He answered nothing.

The groom came to the door and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but the train is due now, sir."

"Very well, I 'm coming."

She gave two sharp little indrawn gasps. Then, speaking very quickly, she said: "Wear this. My mother gave it to me when I was confirmed. When she died I took it off because it reminded me of her and it made me cry. It is sacred to me. It is all I can give you. I am sure she would not blame me—" She paused and looked at him questioningly.

"No," he answered, reverently.

"Take it!" She held a little ring, a plain gold band, toward him and he took it and with some difficulty placed it on his little finger.

"Good-bye!" she said.

He looked at her imploringly. His lips dared not utter what his eyes told so plainly. It was a request, nothing more, but she shook her head.

"Good-bye," she repeated, extending her hand.

He took it and held it tightly.

"Good-bye," he said. Her hand remained in his. She could not withdraw it and there were tears in her eyes as she said, gently, for the last time: "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he said again. He bent over to kiss her hand, but she drew it back quickly. Then she went up the stairs slowly.

He had resolved not to look back, but before the little cart had gone two hundred yards he turned his head. There was no one on the piazza, and her windows being curtained he could not tell whether she was looking at him from her room. He gazed long towards the little cottage. Then, as he heard the whistle of the approaching train, he turned his eyes to the front, and his face took on a calm, resolute look.

EDWIN LEFÈVRE.

A FOLK SONG.

THE SOLDIER.

(*Roumanian.*)

AH, never tree was so bright
But to its boughs a leaf or twain
Would cling and weep, not Winter's theft,
But that obscurer, harder pain,
To fall when green days come again.

I watched him sleep by the furrow,
The first that fell in the fight.
His grave they would dig tomorrow;
But the bugle called them tonight.

They bore him back to the trees there;
By his undigg'd grave, content
To lie at his cool dead ease there,
And hear how the battle went.

The battle went by the village,
And back through the night were borne
Faint cries of murder and pillage,
And fire in the standing corn.

But when they came on the morrow,
They talk'd not over their task,
While he listen'd there by the furrow,
And his dead lips could not ask—

"How went the battle, my brothers?"
But that he will never know:
For his mouth the red earth smothers,
And they shoulder their spades and go.

Yet he cannot sleep thereunder,
But ever must toss and turn—
"How went the battle I wonder?"
And that will he never learn.

Ah, never tree is so bright
But to the bough a leaf or twain
Will cling and weep, not Winter's theft,
But that foreknown, forlorner pain,
To fall when green days come again. Q.

NOTE.—Paraphrased from "The Bard of the Dimbovitia," Roumanian Folk-Songs. Translated by Carmen Sylva and Alma Strettel.

NOTES

¶I transfer, with acknowledgements, to this page an anonymous feline waggery from *The Independent*, sacred to the proprietor of The Bodley Head, who is publishing this spring

the poems of Lord de Tabley, and those of our countryman, Rev. J. B. Tabb.

"The latest news
About the mews:
Lord Tabléy
And John Tabb B.,
Lift up their strain
In the selfsame Lane!
Alas, but that's
The way with cats."

¶There is not a more exposed and inclement fate than that of the allusive writer. As a general rule he is allusive not through heedlessness at all, but through the habit of extravagant chivalry which takes it for granted that such readers as he will attract, are as studious, as perceiving, and as instructed as himself, and need but a name or a date, at most, to set before them a rich backward perspective,

"Forever vanishing beyond
Horizon-brinks forever new."

Dante, who had too much scorn of men, one would think, for this sort of intellectual socialism, was the first great poet to make it a constant practice. In the torrent of his speech toward one subject, he whirls and eddies whimsically into a thousand little caves under the rocky banks, and grazes his Virgil and the reader with references to those twin griefs of Jocasta, and that Great Refusal, and the manner of gait among the Franciscans. And so comes it that Dante is to the commentators a heaven-sent bone to pick. For like Mr. Barrie's smoker, he is averse to elucidations, and would die rather than explain. It is his autocratic pleasure to know what he is talking about; and it is, in his opinion, the duty of the public to know it also. But the public remains, from that stormy Florentine day to this, a literal, an inapprehensive, a slow-following beastie. Precisely according to the

THE SNAKE CHARMER
CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON

ratio of his bald, straight statement is the popularity, at least, of any English author. Let even Tennyson turn from his lucid way to

> "hold it truth with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things,"

and the agony column in every country newspaper, for thirty years, sprouts with suffering interrogations: Whom did he mean, and what did *he* mean? And the passage referring to Margaret Roper, in "A Dream of Fair Women," has attained a like uneasy immortality. The ignorant shortcoming and unpardonable impatience of modern readers have thrown on the makers of literature a reflected and intrinsic fault. They seem dark because we are purblind. Provident was old Burton (above all the seventeenth-century men, who, having become books, as Leigh Hunt once said, are yet taken from their shelves by Tom, Dick, and Harry), inasmuch as he was never known to use an elect phrase without throwing his victim a rope to save himself by. And therefore Burton is beloved and eternally quoted, as the swallows on the housetops behold, to the imminent sickness of those taught to call Sidney, Donne, Sir Thomas Browne, Blake, Clough—yea, Coventry, Patmore, Pater and Meredith! "obscure." They are "obscure" enough to the barbarians who wot not of a frontier where invading genius can be met half-way, and a truce established. The age of compendiums, and formulas, and goblins and ghosts, reduced to their lowest terms, will stand endless repetition and recapitulation of fact, endless saying of "the undisputed thing in such a solemn way"; but let the tender weanling poet but start to sing with collateral designs on Latmos or Hy-Brasil (as he does every luckless day of the year) and his native land lifts its throat and roars as if it never, never, heard the

imagined like of that! Let no scribe be so courteous as to presuppose a love or a knowledge of anything æsthetic whatsoever in his fellow citizens, or hope to waive preliminaries and ply his cunning pen with security among them, for just so surely he shall be gored on the Great Horn for his pains! "One William Shakespeare, a dramatist of great scope, now dead, who wrote four most memorable tragedies, for each of which he got about twenty-five dollars in our money,"—he is the boy! No innuendo, no illusion, in him! The late Honorable Samuel Hoar used to tell a beautiful anecdote against himself, which will serve for our peroration. He was counsel in a case where the truth of the plaintiff's statement was so extraordinarily evident that he told the village jury he would not insult their intelligence by arguing it. The verdict was for the defendant. Incredulous, and more amazed than he ever was in his life, he questioned the foreman. That worthy replied on behalf of his peers, in his best bucolic accent, that it was precisely he, Squire Hoar, who had colored their decision, for if there was anything possible to be said for the plaintiff, they knew his lawyer would say it; and since he said nothing at all, why, of course ——

¶ The serial in progress in *Harper's*, "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," seems to be winning favor, if one may judge by newspaper adjectives, and the raptures of the unthinking, who are pleased by the pictures. But that, after all, is no test. As Swift's Stella said, when told that the Dean had written beautifully upon her rival, "the Dean could write beautifully upon a broomstick!" The name of the Maid of Orleans, potent again as it was in the stormy days of her triumphs, would at this moment carry any novel. It is a name with which in France, the Church, the army, the senate, the farm, are ringing; and whatever touches the nerve of France is still felt fully and instantly through the in-

tellectual world. There is, on the subject, a rich fund of material, both of authenticated fact, and of mystery, contradiction, and conjecture. The background is magnificent, and already painted. The little, slim figure of the girl who saw visions and drove the mighty English bowmen into the sea, is inexpressibly familiar and endearing in tradition, and in art wants nothing but the light of romance and romantic handling to make it live in literature with Shakespeare's Harry the Fifth, whose superb achievement she cancelled. But it is not, very distinctly not, the gentleman billed as "the most popular American magazine writer," who is going to give us our Maid. He may collate her biography with a surface knowledge of "where he is at," but he lacks culture, he lacks real reverence, he lacks the historic sense. His title, to begin with, is impossible; it destroys illusion, and it is neither fragrant of Sieur Louis de Conte, nor of his century. The opening is an anachronism; it is full of the author of the fatal I-think-so, and *Look-at-me*. The whole thing has no atmosphere, and no tone. Robert Louis Stevenson once said that the success of a narrative depended entirely upon its harmonious inter-relationships; upon the sympathy of the language with the event, and of the least mechanic section with the spiritual whole; or, to use his own word, which is always more illuminating than a folio of definition, upon the "key" in which it is composed. Let the "most popular" ponder upon that. He is apparently not Scott doing *Quentin Durward*, nor Thackeray doing *Esmond*, nor Hawthorne doing *The Scarlet Letter*, each etching in the living spirits on the dark plate of the past. Leaving the giant exemplars alone, the crude annalist of the Maid (Mark Twain or another) might profit by a pious perusal of *Marius*, *The Epicurean*, or, yet more directly, by a visit to Irvington-on-Hudson, where a lesson might be had from the hand which wrote *Passe Rose*.

¶Two craftsmen of the Guild are in a comical predicament. Each is running a book through the press; each is also eager to get off on vacation, and into vacancy, and—this is the point—in the silent vagabond company of the other. Meanwhile, each considers himself the Only Original Lynx-Eyed Proof-Reader, the infallible, the invincible, the astute Enemy of the Devil, the Saint Michael of Galleys. In moments of emotional generosity, when the mugs are on the foam, the pair fall into mutual eulogies, and chant across the table: "Thou art, and I am not, the Only Original Lynx-Eyed, Proof-Reader, the infallible, the invincible, the astute Enemy of the Devil, the Saint Michael of Galleys!" Days, weeks, months pass, and they suffer much from freedom delayed. Could one but go away, and the relict correct both volumes! How safe and sweet it were! But the gods plainly intend that they should go together, and so, by the star of vagrants, Aldebaran, do the conspirators themselves. But go they cannot until the final *dele* and *stet* march, with drums beating, into their assigned places. For you understand that there is absolutely no living wight, "Christian, pagan, nor man," fit to dress those masterpieces for their first appearance on any stage, except our deadly experts, weighted with consciousness of their unique perfections; no person else of any sex, creed, or complexion, however certificated or consecrated, could for one instant replace the Only Original, Lynx-Eyed Proof-Reader, the infallible, the invincible, the astute Enemy of the Devil, the Saint Michael of Galleys. Roads are broken, ships sail, weather beckons, in vain; these two sit, and "slog at it."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE DIARY OF ANNA GREENE WINSLOW: Edited by ALICE MORSE EARLE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co

BOG-MYRTLE AND PEAT: By S. R. CROCKETT. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE MARRIAGE OF ESTHER: BY GUY BOOTHBY. NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & Co.

OUTRE MER: BY PAUL BOURGET. NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

TRILBY, THE FAIRY OF ARGYLE: By CHARLES NODIER: Translated by Minna C. Smith. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co.

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Contents for June, 1 1895.

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MACAIRE

A MELODRAMATIC FARCE IN THREE ACTS

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ROBERT MACAIRE.
BERTRAND.
DUMONT, Landlord of the *Auberge des Adrets.*
CHARLES, a Gendarme, Dumont's supposed son.
GORIOT.
THE MARQUIS, Charles's father.
THE BRIGADIER of Gendarmerie.
THE CURATE.
A WAITER.
ERNESTINE, Goriot's Daughter.
ALINE.
MAIDS, PEASANTS (Male and Female), GENDARMES.

The Scene is laid in the Courtyard of the Auberge des Adrets, on the frontier of France and Savoy. The time, 1820. The Action occupies an interval of from twelve to fourteen hours; from four in the afternoon till about five in the morning.

NOTE.—The time between the Acts should be as brief as possible, and the piece played, where it is merely comic, in a vein of patter.

ACT I.

The Stage represents the Courtyard of the Auberge des Adrets. It is surrounded with the buildings of the inn, with a gallery on the first story, approached C., by a straight flight of stairs. L.C., the entrance doorway. A little in front of this, a small grated office, containing a business table, brass-bound cabinet, and portable cash-box. In front, R. and L., tables and benches: one, L., partially laid for a considerable party.

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Scene I.

Aline and Maids; to whom Fiddlers; afterwards Dumont and Charles. As the curtain rises, the sound of the violin is heard approaching. Aline and the inn servants, who are discovered laying the table, dance up to door L.C., to meet the Fiddlers, who enter likewise dancing to their own music. Air: "Haste to the Wedding." The Fiddlers exeunt playing into house, R. U. E. Aline and Maids dance back to table, which they proceed to arrange.

Aline. Well, give me fiddles: fiddles and a wedding feast. It tickles your heart till your heels make a runaway match of it. I don't mind extra work, I don't, so long as there 's fun about it. Hand me up that pile of plates. The quinces there, before the bride. Stick a pink in the Notary's glass: that 's the girl he 's courting.

Dumont (*entering; with* Charles). Good girls, good girls! Charles, in ten minutes from now what happy faces will smile around that board!

Charles. Sir, my good fortune is complete; and most of all in this, that my happiness has made my father happy.

Dumont. Your father? Ah, well, upon that point we shall have more to say.

Charles. What more remains that has not been said already? For surely sir, there are few sons more fortunate in their father: and, since you approve of this marriage, may I not conceive you to be in that sense fortunate in your son?

Dumont. Dear boy, there is always a variety of considerations. But the moment is ill chosen for dispute; tonight, at least, let our felicity be unalloyed. (*Looking off L. C.*) Our guests arrive: here is our good Curate, and here our cheerful Notary.

Charles. His old infirmity, I fear.

Dumont. But Charles—dear boy!—at your wedding feast! I should have taken it unneighbourly had he come strictly sober.

Scene II.

To these, by the door, L. C., the Curate and the Notary, arm in arm the latter owl-like and titubant.

Curate. Peace be on this house!

Notary (*singing*). "Prove an excuse for the glass."

Dumont. Welcome, excellent neighbours! The Church and the Law.

Curate. And you, Charles, let me hope your feelings are in solemn congruence with this momentous step.

Notary (*digging* Charles *in the ribs*). Married? Lovely bride? Prove an excuse!

Dumont. (*to* Curate). I fear our friend? perhaps? as usual? eh?

Curate. Possibly: I had not yet observed it.

Dumont. Well, well, his heart is good.

Curate. He doubtless meant it kindly.

Notary. Where's Aline?

Aline. Coming, sir! (Notary *makes for her.*)

Curate. (*capturing him.*) You will infallibly expose yourself to misconstruction. (*To* Charles) Where is your commanding officer?

Charles. Why, sir, we have quite an alert. Information has been received from Lyons that the notorious malefactor, Robert Macaire, has broken prison, and the Brigadier is now scouring the country in his pursuit. I myself am instructed to watch the visitors to our house.

Dumont. That will do, Charles: you may go. (*Exit* Charles.) You have considered the case I laid before you?

Notary. Considered a case?

Dumont. Yes, yes. Charles, you know, Charles. Can he marry? under these untoward and peculiar circumstances, can he marry?

NOTARY. Now lemme tell you: marriage is a contract to which there are two contracting parties. That being clear, I am prepared to argue it categorically that your son Charles—who, it appears, is not your son Charles—I am prepared to argue that one party to a contract being null and void, the other party to a contract cannot by law oblige the first party to constract or bind himself to any contract, except the other party be able to see his way clearly to constract himself with him. I dunno if I make myself clear?

DUMONT. No.

NOTARY. Now, lemme tell you: by applying justice of peace might possibly afford relief.

DUMONT. But how?

NOTARY. Ay, there 's the rub.

DUMONT. But what am I to do? He 's not my son, I tell you: Charles is not my son.

NOTARY. I know.

DUMONT. Perhaps a glass of wine would clear him?

NOTARY. That 's what I want. (*They go out, L. U. E.*)

ALINE. And now, if you 've done deranging my table, to the cellar for the wine, the whole pack of you. (*Manet sola, considering table.*) There: it 's like a garden. If I had as sweet a table for my wedding, I would marry the Notary.

SCENE III.

The Stage remains vacant. Enter, by door, L. C., MACAIRE, followed by BERTRAND with bundle; in the traditional costume.

MACAIRE. Good! No police.

BERTRAND (*looking off, L. C.*). Sold again!

MACAIRE. This is a favoured spot, Bertrand; ten minutes from the frontier: ten minutes from escape. Blessings on that frontier line! The criminal hops across, and lo! the reputable man. (*Reading.*) "*Auberge des Adrets*, by

John Paul Dumont." A table set for company; this is fate: Bertrand, are we the first arrivals? An office; a cabinet; a cash box—aha! and a cash box, golden within. A money-box is like a Quaker beauty: demure without, but what a figure of a woman! Outside gallery: an architectural feature I approve; I count it a convenience both for love and war: the troubadour—twang-twang; the craftsman—(*Makes as if turning key.*) The kitchen window: humming with cookery; truffles before Jove! I was born for truffles. Cock your hat: meat, wine, rest, and occupation; men to gull, women to fool, and still the door open, the great unbolted door of the frontier!

BERTRAND. Macaire, I'm hungry.

MACAIRE. Bertrand, excuse me, you are a sensualist. I should have left you in the stone-yard at Lyons, and written no passport but my own. Your soul is incorporate with your stomach. Am I not hungry, too? My body, thanks to immortal Jupiter, is but the boy that holds the kite-string; my aspirations and designs swim like the kite sky-high, and overlook an empire.

BERTRAND. If I could get a full meal and a pound in my pocket I would hold my tongue.

MACAIRE. Dreams, dreams! We are what we are; and what are we? Who are you? who cares? Who am I? myself. What do we come from? an accident. What 's a mother? an old woman. A father? the gentleman who beats her. What is crime? discovery. Virtue? opportunity. Politics? a pretext. Affection? an affectation. Morality? an affair of latitude. Punishment? this side of the frontier. Reward? the other. Property? plunder. Business? other people's money—not mine, by God! and the end of life to live till we are hanged.

BERTRAND. Macaire, I came into this place with my tail between my legs already, and hungry besides; and then you

get to flourishing, and it depresses me worse than the chaplain in the jail.

MACAIRE. What is a chaplain? A man they pay to say what you do n't want to hear.

BERTRAND. And who are you after all? and what right have you to talk like that? By what I can hear, you 've been the best part of your life in quod; and as for me, since I 've followed you, what sort of luck have I had? Sold again! A boose, a blue fright, and two years' hard labor, and the police hot foot after us even now.

MACAIRE. What is life? A boose and the police.

BERTRAND. Of course, I know you 're clever; I admire you down to the ground, and I 'll starve without you. But I can't stand it, and I 'm off. Good-bye: good luck to you, old man; and if you want the bundle——

MACAIRE. I am a gentleman of a mild disposition, and, I thank my maker, elegant manners; but rather than be betrayed by such a thing as you are, with the courage of a hare, and the manners, by the Lord Harry, of a jumping-jack——— (*He shows his knife.*)

BERTRAND. Put it up, put it up: I 'll do what you want.

MACAIRE. What is obedience? Fear. So march straight, or look for mischief. It 's not *bon ton*, I know, and far from friendly. But what is friendship? convenience. But we lose time in this amiable dalliance. Come, now, an effort of deportment: the head thrown back, a jaunty carriage of the leg; crook gracefully the elbow. Thus. 'T is better. (*Calling.*) House, house here!

BERTRAND. Are you mad? We have n't a brass farthing.

MACAIRE. Now!—But before we leave!

SCENE IV.

To these, DUMONT.

DUMONT. Gentlemen; what can a plain man do for your service?

MACAIRE. My good man, in a roadside inn one cannot look for the impossible. Give one what small wine and what country fare you can produce.

DUMONT. Gentlemen, you come here upon a most auspicious day, a red-letter day for me and my poor house, when all are welcome. Suffer me, with all delicacy, to inquire if you are not in somewhat narrow circumstances?

MACAIRE. My good creature, you are strangely in error; one is rolling in gold.

BERTRAND. And very hungry.

DUMONT. Dear me; and on this happy occasion I had registered a vow that every poor traveller should have his keep for nothing, and a pound in his pocket to help him on his journey.

MACAIRE. A pound in his pocket?
BERTRAND. Keep for nothing?
MACAIRE. Bitten!
BERTRAND. Sold again! } *Aside.*

DUMONT. I will send you what we have: poor fare, perhaps, for gentlemen like you.

SCENE V.

MACAIRE, BERTRAND; afterwards CHARLES, who appears on the gallery and comes down.

BERTRAND. I told you so. Why will you fly so high?

MACAIRE. Bertrand, don't crush me. A pound: a fortune! With a pound to start upon—two pounds, for I'd have borrowed yours—three months from now I might have been driving in my barouche, and you behind it, Bertrand, in a tasteful livery.

BERTRAND (*seeing* CHARLES). Lord, a policeman!

MACAIRE. Steady! What is a policeman? Justice's blind eye. (*To* CHARLES.) I think, sir, you are in the force?

CHARLES. I am sir, and it was in that character——

MACAIRE. Ah, sir, a fine service!

CHARLES. It is, sir, and if your papers——

MACAIRE. You become your uniform. Have you a mother? Ah, well, well!

CHARLES. My duty, sir——

MACAIRE. They tell me one Macaire—is not that his name, Bertrand?—has broken jail at Lyons?

CHARLES. He has, sir, and it is precisely for that reason——

MACAIRE. Well, good-bye. (*Shaking* CHARLES *by the hand, and leading him towards the door, L.U.E.*) Sweet spot, sweet spot. The scenery is . . (*kisses his fingertips. Exit* CHARLES). And now, what is a policeman?

BERTRAND. A bobby.

SCENE VI.

MACAIRE, BERTRAND; to whom ALINE with tray; and afterwards MAIDS.

ALINE (*entering with tray, and proceeding to lay table, L.*) My men, you are in better luck than usual. It is n't every day you go shares in a wedding feast.

MACAIRE. A wedding? Ah, and you 're the bride?

ALINE. What makes you fancy that?

MACAIRE. Heavens, am I blind?

ALINE. Well, then, I wish I was.

MACAIRE. I take you at the word: have me.

ALAINE. You will never be hanged for modesty.

MACAIRE. Modesty is for the poor: when one is rich and nobly born, 'tis but a clog. I love you. What is your name?

ALINE. Guess again, and you 'll guess wrong. (*Enter the other servants with wine baskets.*) Here, set the wine down. No, that is the old Burgundy for the wedding party.

These gentlemen must put up with a different bin. (*Setting wine before* MACAIRE *and* BERTRAND, *who are at table, L.*)

MACAIRE (*drinking*). Vinegar, by the supreme Jove!

BERTRAND. Sold again!

MACAIRE. Now, Bertrand, mark me. (*Before the servants he exchanges the bottle for the one in front of* DUMONT'S *place at the head of the other table.*) Was it well done?

BERTRAND. Immense.

MACAIRE (*emptying his glass into* BERTRAND'S). There, Bertrand, you may finish that. Ha! music?

SCENE VII.

To these, from the inn, L. U. E., DUMONT, CHARLES, the CURATE, the NOTARY jigging: from the inn, R. U. E., FIDDLERS playing and dancing; and through door L. C., GORIOT, ERNESTINE, PEASANTS, dancing likewise. AIR: "Haste to the Wedding." As the parties meet, the music ceases.

DUMONT. Welcome, neighbors! welcome, friends! Ernestine, here is my Charles, no longer mine. A thousand welcomes. O the gay day! O the auspicious wedding! (CHARLES, ERNESTINE, DUMONT, GORIOT, CURATE, *and* NOTARY *sit to the wedding feast*; PEASANTS, FIDDLERS, *and* MAIDS, *grouped at back, drinking from the barrel.*) O, I must have all happy around me.

GORIOT. Then help the soup.

DUMONT. Give me leave. I must have all happy. Shall these poor gentlemen upon a day like this drink ordinary wine? Not so: I shall drink it. (*To* MACAIRE, *who is just about to fill his glass.*) Don't touch it, sir! Aline, give me that gentleman's bottle and take him mine: with old Dumont's compliments.

MACAIRE. What?

BERTRAND. Change the bottle?

MACAIRE. Bitten! } *Aside.*
BERTRAND. Sold again. }

DUMONT. Yes, all shall be happy.

GORIOT. I tell 'ee, help the soup!

DUMONT (*begins to help soup. Then, dropping ladle.*) One word: a matter of detail: Charles is not my son. (*All exclaim.*) O no, he is not my son. Perhaps, I should have mentioned it before.

CHARLES. I am not your son, sir?

DUMONT. O no, far from it.

GORIOT. Then who the devil's son be he?

DUMONT. O, I don't know. It's an odd tale, a romantic tale: it may amuse you. It was twenty years ago, when I kept the *Golden Head* at Lyons: Charles was left upon my doorstep in a covered basket, with sufficient money to support the child till he should come of age. There was no mark upon the linen, nor any clue but one: an unsigned letter from the father of the child, which he strictly charged me to preserve. It was to prove his identity: he, of course, would know its contents, and he only; so I keep it safe in the third compartment of my cash-box, with the ten thousand francs I've saved for his dowry. Here is the key; it's a patent key. To-day the poor boy is twenty-one, to-morrow to be married. I did perhaps hope the father would appear: there was a Marquis coming; he wrote me for a room; I gave him the best, Number Thirteen, which you have all heard of: I did hope it might be he, for a Marquis, you know, is always genteel. But no, you see. As for me, I take you all to witness I'm as innocent of him as the babe unborn.

MACAIRE. Ahem! I think you said the linen bore an M?

DUMONT. Pardon me: the markings were cut off.

MACAIRE. True. The basket white, I think?

DUMONT. Brown, brown.

MACAIRE. Ah! brown—a whitey-brown.

GORIOT. I tell 'ee what, Dumont, this is all very well; but in that case, I 'll be danged if he gets my daater. (*General consternation.*)

DUMONT. O Goriot, let 's have happy faces!

GORIOT. Happy faces be danged! I want to marry my daater; I want your son. But who be this? I do n't know, and you do n't know, and he do n't know. He may be anybody; by Jarge, he may be nobody! (*Exclamations.*)

CURATE. The situation is crepuscular.

ERNESTINE. Father, and Mr. Dumont (and you too, Charles), I wish to say one word. You gave us leave to fall in love; we fell in love; and as for me, my father, I will either marry Charles, or die a maid.

CHARLES. And you, sir, would you rob me in one day of both a father and a wife?

DUMONT. (*weeping.*) Happy faces, happy faces!

GORIOT. I know nothing about robbery; but she cannot marry without my consent, and that she cannot get.

DUMONT. O dear, O dear!
ALINE. What, spoil the wedding?
ERNESTINE. O father!
CHARLES. Sir, sir, you would not——
} *Together.*

GORIOT (*Exasperated*). I wun 't, and what 's more I shan't.

NOTARY. I donno if I make myself clear?

DUMONT. Goriot, do let 's have happy faces!

GORIOT. Fudge! Fudge!! Fudge!!!

CURATE. Possibly on application to this conscientious jurist, light might be obtained.

ALL. The Notary; yes, yes; the Notary!

DUMONT. Now, how about this marriage?

NOTARY. Marriage is a contract, to which there are two contracting parties, John Doe and Richard Roe. I donno if I make myself clear?

ALINE. Poor lamb!

CURATE. Silence, my friend; you will expose yourself to misconstruction.

MACAIRE (*taking the stage*). As an entire stranger in this painful scene, you will permit a gentleman and a traveller to interject one word? There sits the young man, full, I am sure, of pleasing qualities; here the young maiden, by her own confession bashfully consenting to the match; there sits that dear old gentleman; a lover of bright faces like myself, his own now dimmed with sorrow, and here—(may I be allowed to add?)—here sits this noble Roman, a father like myself, and like myself the slave of duty. Last you have me—Baron Henri-Frédéric de Latour de Main de la Tonnerre de Brest, the man of the world and the man of delicacy. I find you all—permit me the expression—gravelled. A marriage and an obstacle. Now, what is marriage? The union of two souls, and, what is possibly more romantic, the fusion of two dowries. What is an obstacle? the devil. And this obstacle? to me, as a man of family, the obstacle seems grave; but to me, as a man and a brother, what is it but a word. O my friend (*to* GORIOT), you whom I single out as the victim of the same noble failing with myself—of pride of birth, of pride of honesty—O my friend, reflect. Go now apart with your dishevelled daughter, your tearful son-in-law, and let their plaints constrain you. Believe me, when you come to die, you will recall with pride this amiable weakness.

GORIOT. I shan't, and what 's more I wun't. (CHARLES *and* ERNESTINE *lead him up stage, protesting. All rise, except* NOTARY.)

DUMONT (*front R, shaking hands with* MACAIRE). Sir, you have a noble nature. (MACAIRE *picks his pocket.*) Dear me, dear me, and you are rich.

MACAIRE. I own, sir, I deceived you: I feared some

wounding offer, and my pride replied. But to be quite frank with you, you behold me here, the Baron Henri-Frédéric de Latour de Main de la Tonnerre de Brest, and between my simple manhood and the infinite these rags are all.

DUMONT. Dear me, and with this noble pride, my gratitude is useless. For I, too, have delicacy: I understand you could not stoop to take a gift.

MACAIRE. A gift? a small one? never!

DUMONT. And I will never wound you by the offer.

MAGAIRE. Bitten.
BERTRAND. Sold again. } *Aside.*

GORIOT (*taking the stage*). But, look'ee here, he can't marry.

MACAIRE. Hey?
DUMONT. Ah!
ALINE. Heyday!
CURATE. Wherefore?
ERNESTINE. Oh!
CHARLES. Ah! } *Together.*

GORIOT. Not without his veyther's consent! And he has n't got it; and what 's more, he can't get it; and what 's more, he has n't got a veyther to get it from. It 's the law of France.

ALINE. Then the law of France ought to be ashamed of itself.

ERNESTINE. O, could n't we ask the Notary again?

CURATE. Indubitably you may ask him

MACAIRE. Can't they marry?
DUMONT. Can't he marry?
ALINE. Can't she marry?
ERNESTINE. Can't we marry?
CHARLES. Can't I marry?
GORIOT. Bain't I right? } *Together.*

NOTARY. Constracting parties.

CURATE. Possibly to-morrow at an early hour he may be more perspicuous.

GORIOT. Ay, before he 've time to get at it.

NOTARY. Unoffending jurisconsult overtaken by sorrow. Possibly by applying justice of peace might afford relief.

MACAIRE. Bravo!
DUMONT. Excellent!
CHARLES. Let 's go at once!
ALINE. The very thing!
ERNESTINE. Yes, this minute! } *Together.*

GORIOT. I'll go. I don't mind getting advice, but I wun't take it.

MACAIRE. My friends, one word: I perceive by your downcast looks that you have not recognised the true nature of your responsibility as citizens of time. What is care? impiety. Joy? the whole duty of man. Here is an opportunity of duty it were sinful to forego. With a word, I could lighten your hearts; but I prefer to quicken your heels, and send you forth on your ingenuous errand with happy faces and smiling thoughts, the physicians of your own recovery. Fiddlers, to your catgut. Up, Bertrand, and show them how one foots it in society; forward, girls, and choose me every one the lad she loves; Dumont, benign old man, lead forth our blushing curate; and you, O bride, embrace the uniform of your beloved, and help us dance in your wedding-day. (*Dance, in the course of which* MACAIRE *picks* DUMONT'S *pocket of his keys, selects the key of the cash-box, and returns the others to his pocket. In the end, all dance out; the wedding-party, headed by* FIDDLERS, L.C.; *the* MAIDS *and* ALINE *into the inn, R. U. E. Manent* BERTRAND *and* MACAIRE.)

Scene VIII.

MACAIRE, BERTRAND, who instantly takes a bottle from the wedding-table, and sits with it, L.

MACAIRE. Bertrand, there 's a devil of a want of a father here.

BERTRAND Ay, if we only knew where to find him.

MACAIRE. Bertrand, look at me: I am Macaire; I am that father.

BERTRAND. You, Macaire? you a father?

MACAIRE. Not yet: but in five minutes. I am capable of any thing. (*Producing key.*) What think you of this?

BERTRAND. That? Is it a key?

MACAIRE. Ay, boy, and what besides? my diploma of respectability, my patent of fatherhood. I prigged it—in the ardour of the dance I prigged it; I change it beyond recognition, thus (*twists the handle of the key*); and now . . . ? Where is my long-lost child? produce my young policeman, show me my gallant boy.

BERTRAND I do n't understand.

MACAIRE. Dear innocence, how should you? Your brains are in your fists. Go and keep watch. (*He goes into the office and returns with the cash-box.*) Keep watch, I say.

BERTRAND. Where?

MACAIRE. Everywhere. (*He opens box.*)

BERTRAND. Gold.

MACAIRE. Hands off! Keep watch. (BERTRAND *at back of stage.*) Beat slower, my paternal heart! The third compartment; let me see.

BERTRAND. S'st! (MACAIRE *shuts box.*) No; false alarm.

MACAIRE. The third compartment. Aye, here it is——

BERTRAND. S'st! (*Same business.*) No: fire away.

MACAIRE. The third compartment; it must be this.

BERTRAND. S'st! (MACAIRE *keeps box open watching* BERTRAND.) All serene: its the wind.

MACAIRE. Now, see here! (*He darts his knife into the stage.*) I will either be backed as a man should be, or from this minute out I'll work alone. Do you understand? I said alone.

BERTRAND. For the Lord's sake, Macaire!———

MACAIRE. Ay, here it is. (*Reading letter.*) "Preserve this letter secretly; its terms are known only to you and me: hence, when the time comes, I shall repeat them, and my son will recognise his father." Signed: "Your Unknown Benefactor." (*He hums it over twice and replaces it. Then, fingering the gold.*) Gold! The yellow enchantress, happiness ready-made and laughing in my face! Gold: what is gold? The world; the term of ills; the empery of all; the multitudinous babble of the 'change, the sailing from all ports of freighted argosies; music, wine, a palace; the doors of the bright theatre, the key of consciences, and love—love's whistle! All this below my itching fingers; and to set this by, turn a deaf ear upon the siren present, and condescend once more, naked, into the ring with fortune—Macaire, how few would do it! But you, Macaire, you are compacted of more subtile clay. No cheap immediate pilfering; no retail trade of petty larceny; but swoop at the heart of the position, and clutch all!

BERTRAND (*at his shoulder.*) Halves!

MACAIRE. Halves? (*He locks the box.*) Bertrand, I am a father. (*Replaces box in office.*)

BERTRAND (*Looking after him.*) Well, I—am—damned!

DROP.

ACT II.

When the curtain rises, the night has come. A hanging cluster of lighted lamps over each table, R. and L. MACAIRE, E., smoking a cigarette; BERTRAND, L., with a churchwarden; each with bottle and glass.

SCENE I.

MACAIRE, BERTRAND.

MACAIRE. Bertrand, I am content: a child might play with me. Does your pipe draw well?

BERTRAND. Like a factory chimney. This is my notion of life: liquor, a chair, a table to put my feet on, a fine clean pipe, and no police.

MACAIRE. Bertrand, do you see these changing exhalations? do you see these blue rings and spirals, weaving their dance, like a round of fairies, on the footless air?

BERTRAND. I see 'em right enough.

MACAIRE. Man of little visions, expound me these meteors? what do they signify, O wooden-head? Clod, of what do they consist?

BERTRAND. Damned bad tobacco.

MACAIRE. I will give you a little course of science. Everything, Bertrand (much as it may surprise you) has three states: a vapour, a liquid, a solid. These are fortune in the vapour: these are ideas. What are ideas? the protoplasm of wealth. To your head—which, by the way, is a solid, Bertrand—what are they but foul air? To mine, to my prehensile and constructive intellects, see, as I grasp and work them, to what lineaments of the future they transform themselves: a palace, a barouche, a pair of luminous footmen, plate, wine, respect, and to be honest!

BERTRAND. But what 's the sense in honesty?

MACAIRE. The sense? You see me: Macaire: elegant, immoral, invincible in cunning; well, Bertrand, much as it may surprise you, I am simply damned by my dishonesty.

BERTRAND. No!

MACAIRE. The honest man, Bertrand, that God's noblest work. He carries the bag, my boy. Would you have me define honesty? the strategic point for theft. Bertrand, if I'd three hundred a year, I'd be honest to-morrow.

BERTRAND. Ah! Don't you wish you may get it!

MACAIRE. Bertrand, I will bet you my head against your own—the longest odds I can imagine—that with honesty for my spring-board, I leap through history like a paper hoop, and come out among posterity heroic and immortal.

SCENE II.

To these all the former characters, less the NOTARY. The fiddles are heard without, playing dolefully. AIR: "O dear, what can the matter be?" in time to which the procession enters.

MACAIRE. Well, friends, what cheer?
ALINE. No wedding, no wedding!
GORIOT. I told 'ee he can't and he can't!
DUMONT. Dear, dear me!
ERNESTINE. They won't let us marry.
CHARLES. No wife, no father, no nothing!

Together.

CURATE. The facts have justified the worst anticipations of our absent friend, the Notary.

MACAIRE. I perceive I must reveal myself.

DUMONT. God bless me, no!

MACAIRE. My friends, I had meant to preserve a strict incognito, for I was ashamed (I own it!) of this poor accoutrement; but when I see a face that I can render happy, say, my old Dumont, should I hesitate to make the change? Hear me, then, and you (*to the others*) prepare a smiling countenance. (*Repeating.*) "Preserve this letter secretly; its terms are only known to you and me; hence when the time comes, I shall repeat them, and my son will recognise his father.—Your Unknown Benefactor."

DUMONT. The words! the letter! Charles, alas! it is your father!

CHARLES. Good Lord! (*General consternation.*)

BERTRAND (*aside: smiting his brow.*) I see it now; sublime!

CURATE. A highly singular eventuality.

GORIOT. Him? O well, then, I wun't. (*Goes up.*)

MACAIRE. Charles, to my arms! (*Business.*) Ernestine, your second father waits to welcome you. (*Business.*) Goriot, noble old man, I grasp your hand. (*He does n't.*) And you, Dumont, how shall your unknown benefactor thank you for your kindness to this boy? (*A dead pause.*) Charles, to my arms!

CHARLES. My father, you are still something of a stranger. I hope—er—in the course of time—I hope that may be somewhat mended. But I confess that I have so long regarded Mr. Dumont—

MACAIRE. Love him still, dear boy, love him still. I have not returned to be a burden on your heart, nor much, comparatively, on your pocket. A place by the fire, dear boy, a crust for my friend, Bertrand. (*A dead pause.*) Ah, well, this is a different home-coming from that I fancied when I left the letter: I dreamed to grow rich. Charles you remind me of your sainted mother.

CHARLES. I trust, sir, you do not think yourself less welcome for your poverty.

MACAIRE. Nay, nay—more welcome, more welcome. O, I know your—(*business*) backs! Besides, my poverty is noble. Political . . . . Dumont, what are your politics?

DUMONT. A plain old republican, my lord.

MACAIRE. And yours, my good Goriot?

GORIOT. I be a royalist, I be, and so be my daater.

MACAIRE. How strange is the coincidence! The party that I sought to found combined the peculiarities of both:

a patriotic enterprise in which I fell. This humble fellow . . . . have I introduced him? You behold in us the embodiment of aristocracy and democracy. Bertrand, shake hands with my family. (BERTRAND *is rebuffed by one and the other in dead silence.*)

BERTRAND. Sold again!

MACAIRE. Charles, to my arms! (*Business.*)

ERNESTINE. Well, but now that he has a father of some kind, cannot the marriage go on?

MACAIRE. Angel, this very night: I burn to take my grandchild on my knees.

GORIOT. Be you that young man's veyther?

MACAIRE. Ay, and what a father!

GORIOT. Then all I've got to say is, I shan't and I wun't.

MACAIRE. Ah, friends, friends, what a satisfaction it is, what a sight is virtue! I came among you in this poor attire to test you; how nobly have you borne the test! But my disguise begins to irk me: who will lend me a good suit? (*Business.*)

SCENE III.

To these, the MARQUIS, L. C.

MARQUIS. Is this the house of John Paul Dumont, once of Lyons?

DUMONT. It is, sir, and I am he, at your disposal.

MARQUIS. I am the Marquis Villers-Cotterêts de la Cherté de Médoc. (*Sensation.*)

MACAIRE. Marquis, delighted, I am sure.

MARQUIS (*to* DUMONT). I come, as you perceive, unfollowed; my errand, therefore is discreet. I come (*producing notes from breast pocket*) equipped with thirty thousand francs; my errand, therefore must be generous. Can you not guess?

DUMONT. Not I, my lord.

MARQUIS (*repeating*). "Preserve this letter," etc.

MACAIRE. Bitten.

BERTRAND. Sold again (*aside*). (*A pause.*)

ALINE. Well, I never did!

DUMONT. Two fathers!

MARQUIS. Two? Impossible.

DUMONT. Not at all. This is the other.

MARQUIS. This man?

MACAIRE. This is the man, my lord; here stands the father: Charles to my arms! (CHARLES *backs.*)

DUMONT. He knew the letter.

MARQUIS. Well, but so did I.

CURATE. The judgment of Solomon.

GORIOT. What did I tell 'ee? he can't marry.

ERNESTINE. Couldn't they both consent.

MARQUIS. But he's my living image.

MACAIRE. Mine, Marquis, mine.

MARQUIS. My figure, I think?

MACAIRE. Ah, Charles, Charles!

CURATE. We used to think his physiognomy resembled Dumont's.

DUMONT. Come and look at him, he 's really like Goriot.

ERNESTINE. O papa, I hope he 's not my brother.

GORIOT. What be talking of? I tell 'ee, he 's like our Curate.

CHARLES. Gentlemen, my head aches.

MARQUIS. I have it: the involuntary voice of nature. Look at me, my son.

MACAIRE. Nay, Charles, but look at me.

CHARLES. Gentlemen, I am unconscious of the smallest natural inclination for either.

MARQUIS. Another thought: what was his mother's name?

MACAIRE. What was the name of his mother by you?

MARQUIS. Sir, you are silenced.

MACAIRE. Silenced by honour. I had rather lose my boy than compromise his sainted mother.

MARQUIS. A thought: twins might explain it: had you not two foundlings?

DUMONT. Nay, sir, one only; and judging by the miseries of this evening, I should say, thank God!

MACAIRE. My friends, leave me alone with the Marquis. It is only a father that can understand a father's heart. Bertrand, follow the members of my family. (*They troop out, L. U. E. and R. U. E., the fiddlers playing.* AIR: "O dear, what can the matter be?")

SCENE IV.

MACAIRE, MARQUIS.

MARQUIS. Well, sir?

MACAIRE. My lord, I feel for you. (*Business. They sit, R.*)

MARQUIS. And now, sir?

MACAIRE. The bond that joins us is remarkable and touching.

MARQUIS. Well, sir?

MACAIRE. (*touching him on the breast*). You have there thirty thousand francs.

MARQUIS. Well, sir?

MACAIRE. I was but thinking of the inequalities of life, my lord: that I who, for all you know, may be the father of your son, should have nothing; and that you who, for all I know, may be the father of mine, should be literally

bulging with bank notes. . . . Where do you keep them at night?

MARQUIS. Under my pillow. I think it rather ingenious.

MACAIRE. Admirably so! I applaud the device.

MARQUIS. Well, sir?

MACAIRE. Do you snuff, my lord?

MARQUIS. No, sir, I do not.

MACAIRE. My lord, I am a poor man.

MARQUIS. Well, sir? and what of that?

MACAIRE. The affections, my lord, are priceless. Money will not buy them; or at least, it takes a great deal.

MARQUIS. Sir, your sentiments do you honour

MACAIRE. My lord, you are rich.

MARQUIS. Well, sir?

MACAIRE. Now follow me, I beseech you. Here am I, my lord; and there, if I may so express myself, are you. Each has the father's heart, and there we are equal; each claims yon interesting lad, and there again we are on a par. But, my lord—and here we come to the inequality, and what I consider the unfairness of the thing—you have thirty thousand francs, and I, my lord, have not a rap. You mark me? not a rap, my lord! My lord, put yourself in my position: consider what must be my feelings, my desires; and—hey?

MARQUIS. I fail to grasp. . . .

MACAIRE. (*with irritation*). My dear man, there is the door of the house; here am I; there (*touching* MARQUIS *on the breast*) are thirty thousand francs. Well, now?

MARQUIS. I give you my word and honour, sir, I gather nothing; my mind is quite unused to such prolonged exertion. If the boy be yours, he is not mine; if he be mine,

he is not yours; and if he is neither of ours, or both of ours .... in short, my mind....

MACAIRE. My lord, will you lay those thirty thousand francs upon the table?

MARQUIS. I fail to grasp ... but if it will in any way oblige you.... (*Does so.*)

MACAIRE. Now, my lord, follow me: I take them up; you see? I put them in my pocket; you follow me? This is my hat; here is my stick; and here is my—my friend's bundle.

MARQUIS. But that is my cloak.

MACAIRE. Precisely. Now, my lord, one more effort of your lordship's mind. If I were to go out of that door, with the full intention—follow me close—the full intention of never being heard of more, what would you do?

MARQUIS. I!—send for the police.

MACAIRE. Take your money! (*Dashing down the notes.*) Man, if I met you in a lane! (*He drops his head upon the table.*)

MARQUIS. The poor soul is insane. The other man whom I suppose to be his keeper, is very much to blame.

MACAIRE (*raising his head*). I have a light. (*To* MARQUIS.) With invincible owlishness, my lord, I cannot struggle. I pass you by; I leave you gaping by the wayside; I blush to have a share in the progeny of such an owl. Off, off, and send the tapster!

MARQUIS. Poor fellow!

SCENE V.

MACAIRE, to whom BERTRAND. Afterwards DUMONT.

BERTRAND. Well?

MACAIRE. Bitten.

BERTRAND. Sold again.

MACAIRE. Had he the wit of a lucifer match! But what can gods or men against stupidity? Still I have a trick. Where is that damned old man?

DUMONT (*entering*). I hear you want me.

MACAIRE. Ah, my good old Dumont, this is very sad.

DUMONT. Dear me, what is wrong?

MACAIRE. Dumont, you had a dowry for my son?

DUMONT. I had; I have: ten thousand francs.

MACAIRE. It's a poor thing, but it must do. Dumont, I bury my old hopes, my old paternal tenderness.

DUMONT. What, is he not your son?

MACAIRE. Pardon me, my friend. The Marquis claims my boy. I will not seek to deny that he attempted to corrupt me, or that I spurned his gold. It was thirty thousand.

DUMONT. Noble soul!

MACAIRE. One has a heart . . . He spoke, Dumont, that proud noble spoke, of the advantages to our beloved Charles; and in my father's heart a voice arose, louder than thunder. Dumont, was I unselfish? The voice said no; the voice, Dumont, up and told me to begone.

DUMONT. To begone? To go?

MACAIRE. To begone, Dumont, and to go. Both, Dumont. To leave my son to marry, and be rich and happy as the son of another; to creep forth myself, old, penniless, broken-hearted, exposed to the inclemencies of heaven and the rebuffs of the police.

DUMONT. This was what I had looked for at your hands. Noble, noble man!

MACAIRE. One has a heart . . . And yet, Dumont, it can hardly have escaped your penetration that if I were to shift from this hostelry without a farthing, and leave my offspring to literally wallow among millions, I should play the part of little better than an ass.

DUMONT. But I had thought . . . I had fancied . . .

MACAIRE. No, Dumont, you had not; do not seek to impose upon my simplicity. What you did think was this, Dumont: for the sake of this noble father, for the sake of this son whom he denies for his own interest—I mean, for his interest—no, I mean, for his own—well, anyway, in order to keep up the general atmosphere of sacrifice and nobility, I must hand over this dowry to the Baron Henri-Frédéric de Latour de Main de la Tonnerre de Brest.

DUMONT. Noble, O noble!

BERTRAND. Beautiful, O beautiful! *Together: each shaking him by a hand.*

DUMONT. Now Charles is rich he needs it not. For whom could it more fittingly be set aside than for his noble father? I will give it you at once.

BERTRAND. At once, at once!

MACAIRE (*aside to* BERTRAND.) Hang on. (*Aloud.*) Charles, Charles, my lost boy! (*He falls weeping at L table.* DUMONT *enters the office, and brings down cash-box to table R. He feels in all his pockets:* BERTRAND, *from behind him, making signs to* MACAIRE, *which the latter does not see.*)

DUMONT. That's strange. I can't find the key. It's a patent key.

BERTRAND (*behind* DUMONT, *making signs to* MACAIRE). The key, he can't find the key.

MACAIRE. O yes, I remember. I heard it drop. (*Drops key.*) And here it is before my eyes.

DUMONT. That? That's yours. I saw it drop.

MACAIRE. I give you my word and honour I heard it fall five minutes back.

DUMONT. But I saw it

MACAIRE. Impossible. It must be yours.

DUMONT. It is like mine, indeed. How came it in your pocket?

MACAIRE. Bitten. (*Aside.*)

BERTRAND. Sold again (*aside*). . . . You forget, Baron, it's the key of my valise; I gave it you to keep in consequence of the hole in my pocket.

MACAIRE. True, true; and that explains.

DUMONT. O, that explains. Now, all we have to do is to find mine. It's a patent key. You heard it drop?

MACAIRE. Distinctly.

BERTRAND. So did I; distinctly.

DUMONT. Here, Aline, Babette, Goriot, Curate, Charles, everybody, come here and look for my key!

SCENE VI.

To these, with candles, all the former characters, except FIDDLERS, PEASANTS, and NOTARY. They hunt for the key.

DUMONT. It's bound to be here. We all heard it drop.

MARQUIS (*with* BERTRAND'S *bundle*). Is this it?

ALL (*with fury*). No.

BERTRAND. Hands off, that's my luggage. (*Hunt resumed*).

DUMONT. I heard it drop, as plain as ever I heard anything.

MARQUIS. By the way (*all start up*), what are we looking for?

ALL (*with fury*). O!!

DUMONT. Will you have the kindness to find my key? (*Hunt resumed.*)

CURATE. What description of a key——

DUMONT. A patent, patent, patent, patent key!

MACAIRE. I have it. Here it is.

ALL (*with relief*). Ah!!

DUMONT. That? What do you mean? That's yours.

MACAIRE. Pardon me.

DUMONT. It is.

MACAIRE. It is n't.

DUMONT. I tell you, it is: look at that twisted handle.

MACAIRE. It can't be mine, and so it must be yours.

DUMONT. It is NOT. Feel in your pockets. (*To the others.*) Will you have the kindness to find my patent key?

ALL. O!! (*Hunt resumed.*)

MACAIRE. Ah, well, you 're right. (*He slips key into* DUMONT's *pocket.*) An idea: suppose you felt in your pocket?

ALL (*rising*). Yes! Suppose you did!

DUMONT. I will not feel in my pockets. How could it be there? It 's a patent key. This is more than any man can bear. First, Charles is one man's son, and then he 's another's, and then he 's nobody's, and be damned to him! And then there 's my key lost; and then there 's your key! What is your key? Where is your key? Where is n't it? And why is it like mine, only mine 's a patent? The long and short of it is this: that I 'm going to bed, and that you 're all going to bed, and that I refuse to hear another word upon that subject or upon any subject. There!

MACAIRE. Bitten.
BERTRAND. Sold again. } *Aside.*

(ALINE *and* MAIDS *extinguish hanging lamps over tables, R. and L. Stage lighted only by guests' candles.*)

CHARLES. But, sir, I cannot decently retire to rest until I embrace my honoured parent. Which is it to be?

MACAIRE. Charles, to my——

DUMONT. Embrace neither of them; embrace nobody; there has been too much of this sickening folly. To bed!!! (*Exit violently R. U. E. All the characters troop slowly up stairs, talking in dumb show.* BERTRAND *and*

MACAIRE *remain in front, C., watching them go.*)

BERTRAND. Sold again, captain?

MACAIRE. Ay, they will have it.

BERTRAND. It? What?

MACAIRE. The worst, Bertrand. What is man?—a beast of prey. An hour ago, and I'd have taken a crust, and gone in peace. But no: they would trick and juggle, curse them; they would wriggle and cheat! Well, I accept the challenge: war to the knife.

BERTRAND. Murder?

MACAIRE. What is murder? A legal term for a man dying. Call it Fate, and that's philosophy; call me Providence, and you talk religion. Die? Why, that is what man is made for; we are full of mortal parts; we are all as good as dead already, we hang so close upon the brink: touch but a button, and the strongest falls in dissolution. Now, see how easy: I take you——(*grappling him*).

BERTRAND. Macaire—O no!

MACAIRE. Fool! would I harm a fly; when I had nothing to gain? As the butcher with the sheep, I kill to live; and where is the difference between man and mutton? pride and a tailor's bill? Murder? I know who made that name—a man crouching from the knife! Selfishness made it—the aggregated egotism called society; but I meet that with a selfishness as great. Has he money? Have I none—great powers, none? Well, then, I fatten and manure my life with his.

BERTRAND. You frighten me. Who is it?

MACAIRE. Mark well. (*The* MARQUIS *opens the door of Number Thirteen, and the rest, clustering round, bid him good-night. As they begin to disperse along the gallery he enters, and shuts the door.*) Out, out, brief candle! That man is doomed. DROP.

(*To be concluded in the next issue.*)

TO A CHAPMAN

["Enter Autolycus, singing."]

GOOD-DEN, O blithe Autolycus;
Thy tirra-lyra strain
Still makes yond drear Bohemia
To bloom as English lane.

Still peers the golden daffodil
Along thy foot-path way;
Still chant the jay, the thrush, the lark,
Their summer songs all day.

Thy pedlar-pack, thy ribbons, gloves—
Thy bracelets—amber clear;
Thy tawdry lace, thy stomachers,
Each clown may buy his dear

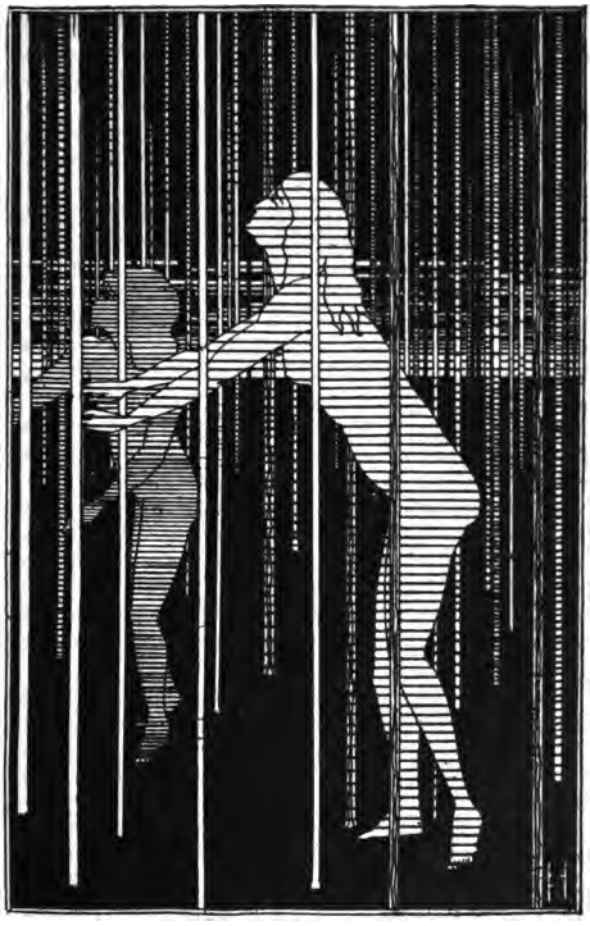
Thy ballads—sad and merry tunes,
That charm sweet wench and swain;
Thy trumpery books, thy scoff of law,
Thy princely pranks for gain.

For these—dear knave of nimble hand—
Jove love thee—aye, no worse;
Faith, barter me thy soul of mirth,
And thou mayst cut my purse!

EMMA CARLETON.

WITH THE PROCESSION

HENRY FULLER'S keen pen has pricked the bubble of flamboyant Chicagoism, with which every true Chicagoan is enveloped, and has shown us a phase of our city life which no one can truthfully say does not exist exactly as he has reproduced it. He has been kinder to us in this new venture than he was in "The Cliff Dwell-



THE BLIND

ers," although nowhere in this later one, does he surpass that graphic sweep of the imagination knitted to facts, with which he opens the story of "The Cliff Dwellers." No one who loves Chicago, who is imbued with its magnificent swing and roar—who admires it against his artistic judgment, perhaps—but who is awed, yet dazzled by the resistless power that grinds among its myriad wheels, can ever forget the sensation, when, by an effort at self detachment, this outside view of Chicago was first obtained, which is so vividly recalled by those opening pages. A master hand truly. And this hand has now given another turn to the kaleidoscopic life, and this time the gay colored prisms have taken on a more attractive form, so that we may relax our faces, and perhaps next time, we may smile.

Mr. Fuller's persistent realism is so exact that we can scarcely forbear to smile in this book—a smile of gay but fond self derision. We know so well that it is all true. Who does not know Mrs. Granger Bates? Who does not hate a Statira Belden? Who has not some dear plain friend, such as Jane Marshall was before Mrs. Bates took her in hand and girded her anew for the fray? And Truesdale—have n't we scores of him, and have n't we an abomination for him as a class, and a sneaking fondness for him as an individual?

It is so seldom that a Chicago man is picturesque. It is with mingled feelings that we view a Truesdale. We like to talk with him for—an hour. We like to look at him, as we would at a statue, but he is too expensive to buy. Our artistic tastes are yet in embryo when it comes to getting a pedestal for him in our homes. The most delicious sentence in the book is the one where old Mr. Marshall, in comparing his two sons, says of the elder one, Roger, that "he has never had any of the disadvantages of European travel." This shaft of satire is so surely aimed. Yet, at the same

time, one feels confident that the author regards European travel as of anything but a disadvantage—provided one is enough of an American to keep his bearings and not learn to love everything except America.

But one never knows exactly what Mr. Fuller's own point of view is. He has now delivered himself of four books, two on the side of idealism aud two for the realists, while he himself, thus evenly balanced, is calmly perched on the fence, watching to see upon which side the dear public will bear down the hardest. No matter which side is sent skyward, his seat is secure.

It is rather superb of him thus to be able to juggle with the public, but genius is always potent. No one ever knew what George Eliot believed. But she lived before the day of the ubiquitous interviewer, so we may not despair of one day having the truth corkscrewed from Henry Fuller. Some time a clever reporter will make him tell "where he is at."

He never will be able to clear himself of the fine touches which made the "Chevalier" so exquisite. Occasionally a bit reminds us that the Chevalier is unmistakably in our midst, "takin' notes. An' faith, he 'll prent 'em." Faith, we hope he will. He cannot print them too often to suit the very Chicagoans of whom he writes. If he is occasionally scathing, he is always veracious, and we hope we are just and generous enough to be able to laugh with him. We may not be perfect, but we love ourselves and we are receptive enough to take the gentle and kindly hints thrown out in this last book and to profit by them.

"With the Procession" will always mark an epoch in the history of our city. The true artist has covered the local allusions with the mystic veil of his art, so that nothing grates or jars.

So many of us have had to wait until the Illinois Central trains went by in order to finish our sentences without

shrieking. So many of us have taken "the leisurely green cars" which trickle along Indiana Avenue. The time will come when the trolley will have made them only a meandering memory; when Dearborn Seminary and the Game Dinners and all the one by one disappearances, which Mr. Fuller has kindly embalmed, will make "With the Procession" a necessary adjunct to memory. Perhaps by that time the Marshalls and Browers will have forgotten their struggles. Perhaps the Bateses and Beldens will have intermarried. Rosy will have come into her title—or if Scodd-Paston *should* die before his father, we might be resigned to such a dispensation of Providence! But even then it would be too soon to expect Truesdale to have come to his senses and to have learned to appreciate his father and mother and that dear sister Jane, but most of all, the strength and sturdy life of his own native city. No, Truesdale wouldn't have come to it then. What a debt we owe to the native pride of Mr. Fuller, which so assuredly stamps him as one of us, which has painted this gilded youth in such unmistakable colors that none may meet and not know him for what he is! But surely there is something radically wrong with a man whom even the "disadvantages of foreign travel" could pursuade to look with contempt on his own family and upon his own home, where he was born. One would think, if all sentiment were lacking, that common humanity would sometimes make itself felt. One does not think he would kick his dog.

The book is written with a master hand. Mr. Fuller's grasp upon our municipal life is amazing in its strength and virility. His touch upon unpleasant subjects is as light as a woman's. We thank him for what he has not said. The self detachment of the true artist is nowhere more apparent than here, when all through, one feels positive that the author has set his foot upon all the foreign soil of which he writes, so

that his clever satire is capable of covering both sides. It is what gives an airy grace to a style at once sure and strong, and which entitles Henry Fuller to a high place among American writers. LILIAN BELL.

SCENES IN THE VOSHTI HILLS

III.

THE WHITE OMEN

"AH, Monsieur, Monsieur, come quick!"

"My son, wilt thou not be patient?"

"But she—my Fanchon—and the child!"

"I knew thy Fanchon, and her father, when thou wast yet a child."

"But they may die before we come, Monsieur."

"These things are in God's hands, Gustave."

"You are not a father; you have never known what makes the world seem nothing!"

"I knew thy Fanchon's father."

"Is that the same?"

"There are those who save, and those who die for others. Of thy love thou would'st save —the woman hath lain in thy arms, the child is of this. But to thy Fanchon's father I was merely a priest—we had not hunted together, nor met often about the fire, and drew fast the curtains for the tales which bring men close. He took me safely on the out-trail, but on the home-trail was cast away. Dost thou not think the love of him that stays as great as the love of him that goes?"

"Ah, thou would'st go far to serve my wife and child."

"Love knows not distance; it hath no continent; its eyes are for the stars, its feet for the swords; it continueth, though an army lay waste the pasture; it comforteth when there are no medicines: it hath the relish of manna, and by it do men live in the desert."

"But if it pass from a man, that which he loves, and he is left alone, Monsieur?"

"That which is loved may pass, but love hath no end."

"Thou did'st love my Fanchon's father?"

"I prayed him not to go, for a storm was on, but there was the thought of wife and child on him,—the good Michel,—and he said, 'It is the home-trail, and I must get to my nest!' Poor soul, poor soul! I who carry my life as a leaf in Autumn for the West wind was saved—and he——"

"We are on the same trail now, Monsieur?"

"See: how soft a night, and how goodly is the moon."

"It is the same trail now as then, Monsieur?"

"And how like velvet are the shadows in the gorge there below—like velvet—velvet!"

"Like a pall. He traveled this trail, Monsieur?"

"I remember thy Fanchon that night—so small a child was she, with deep brown eyes, a cloud of hair that waved about her head, and a face that shone like spring. I have seen her but once since then, and yet thou say'st thy Fanchon has now her great hour, that she brings forth?"

"Yes. In the morning she cried out to me twice, for I am not easy of waking,—shame to me—and said, 'Gustave, thou shalt go for the priest over the hills, for my time is at hand, and I have seen the White Omen on the wall.' The White Omen—you know, Monsieur?"

"What does such as she with the legend of the White Omen, Gustave?"

"Who can tell what is in the heart of a mother? Their eyes are not the eyes of such as we."

"Neither the eyes of man or priest,—thou sayest well. How did she see it?"

"She was lying in a soft sleep, when something like a pain struck through her eyes, and she waked. There upon the wall over the shrine was the white arrow with the tuft of fire.

It came and went three times, and then she called me."

"What tale told the arrow to thy Fanchon, Gustave?"

"That for the child which cometh into the world, a life must go from the world."

"The world is wide, and souls are many, Gustave."

"Most true, but her heart was heavy, and it came upon her that the child might be spared, and herself taken."

"Is not that the light in thy home—yonder against the bunch of firs?"

"Yes, yes, good father, they have put a light in the window. See, see, there are two lights! Ah, *merci*, *merci*, they both live, she hath had her hour! That was the sign our mother promised me!"

"Michel's wife—ah, yes, Michel's wife! Blessed be God. A moment, Gustave, let us kneel here * * * *"

". . . . Monsieur, did you not see a white arrow shoot down the sky as the prayer ended?"

"My son, it was a falling star."

"It seemed to have a tuft of fire."

"Hast thou also the mind of a woman, Gustave?"

"I cannot tell. If it was not a human soul, it was a world, and death is death."

"Thou shalt think of life, Gustave. In thy nest there are two birds, where was but one. Keep in thy heart the joy of life, and the truth of love, and the White Omen shall be naught to thee."

"May I say 'thou,' as I speak?"

"Thou shall speak as I speak to thee."

"Thy face is pale, art thou ill, *mon père?*"

"I have no beard, and the moon shines in my face."

"Thy look is as that of one without sight."

"Nay, nay, I can see the two lights in thy window, my son."

"Joy! joy! a little while, and I shall clasp my Fanchon in my arms!"

"Thy Fanchon, and the child—and the child."

The fire sent a trembling blow through the room of a hut on a Voshti hill, and the smell of burning fir and camphire wood, filtered through the air with a sleepy sweetness. So delicate and faint between the quilts lay the young mother, the little Fanchon, a shining wonder still in her face, and the exquisite touch of birth on her—for when a child is born, the mother also is born again. So still she lay until one who gave her into the world, stooped, and drawing open the linen at her breast nestled a little life there, which presently gave a tiny cry, the first since it came forth. Then Fanchon's arms drew up, and with eyes all tenderly burning, she clasped the babe to her breast, and as silk breast touched silk cheek, there sprang up in her the delight and knowledge that the doom of the White Omen was not for herself. Then she called the child by its father's name, and said into the distance:

"Gustave, Gustave, come back!"

And the mother of Fanchon, remembering one night so many years before, said under her breath:

"Michel, Michel, thou art gone so long!"

With their speaking Gustave and the priest entered on them, and Fanchon, crying out for joy, said:

"Kiss thy child, thy little Gustave, my husband." Then to the priest:

"Last night I saw the White Omen, *mon père*, and one could not die, nor let the child die, without a blessing. But we shall both live now."

The priest blessed all, and long time he talked with the wife of the lost Michel. When he rose to go to bed, she said to him: "The journey has been too long, *mon père*.

Your face is pale and you tremble. Youth has no patience. Gustave hurried you."

"Gustave yearned for thy Fanchon and the child. The White Omen made him afraid."

"But the journey was too much. It is a hard, a bitter trail."

"I have come gladly as I went once with thy Michel. But, as thou say'st, I am tired—at my heart. I will get to my rest."

Near dawn Gustave started from the bed where he sat watching, for he saw the White Omen over against the shrine, and then a voice said, as it were out of a great distance:

"*Even me also, O my father!*"

And with awed footsteps, going to see, he found that a man had passed out upon that trail, by which no hunter from life can set a mark to guide a comrade; leaving behind the bones and flesh which God set up, too heavy to carry on so long a journey.

GILBERT PARKER.

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MACAIRE—A MELODRAMATIC FARCE IN THREE ACTS
ACT III. — ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

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How life hath cheapened, and how blank
The Worlde is! like a fen
Where long ago unstained sank
The starrie gentlemen:
Since Marston Moor and *Newbury* drank
King *Charles* his gentlemen.

If Fate in any air accords
What Fate denied, O then
I ask to be among your Swordes,
My joyous gentlemen;
Towards Honour's heaven to goe, and towards
King *Charles* his gentlemen.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

MACAIRE

A MELODRAMATIC FARCE IN THREE ACTS

ACT III.

SCENE I.

MACAIRE, BERTRAND.

(As the curtain rises, the stage is dark and empty. Enter MACAIRE, L. U E., with lantern. He looks about.)

MACAIRE (*calling off*), S 'st!

BERTRAND (*entering L. U. E.*). It 's creeping dark.

MACAIRE. Blinding dark; and a good job.

BERTRAND. Macaire, I'm cold; my very hair 's cold.

MACAIRE. Work, work will warm you: to your keys.

BERTRAND. No, Macaire, it 's a horror. You 'll not kill him; let 's have no bloodshed.

MACAIRE. None: it spoils your clothes. Now, see: you have keys, and you have experience: up that stair, and pick me the lock of that man's door. Pick me the lock of that man's door.

BERTRAND. May I take the light?

MACAIRE. You may not. Go. (BERTRAND *mounts the stairs, and is seen picking the lock of Number Thirteen.*) The earth spins eastward, and the day is at the door. Yet half-an-hour of covert, and the sun will be afoot, the discoverer, the great policeman. Yet half-an-hour of night, the good, hiding, practicable night; and lo! at a touch the gas-jet of the universe turned on; and up with the sun gets the providence of honest people, puts off his night-cap, throws up his window, stares out of house—and the rogue must skulk again till dusk. Yet, half-an-hour and, Macaire, you shall

be safe and rich? If yon fool—my fool—would but miscarry, if the dolt within would hear and leap upon him, I could intervene, kill both, by heaven—both!—cry murder with the best, and at one stroke reap honour and gold. For, Bertrand dead——

BERTRAND (*from above*). S'st, Macaire!

MACAIRE. Is it done, dear boy? Come down. (BERTRAND *descends.*) Sit down beside this light: this is your ring of safety, budge not beyond—the night is crowded with hobgoblins. See ghosts and tremble like a jelly if you must; but remember men are my concern; and at the creak of a man's foot, hist! (*Sharpening his knife upon his sleeve.*) What is a knife? A plain man's sword.

BERTRAND. Not the knife, Macaire; O, not the knife!

MACAIRE. My name is Self-Defence. (*He goes up stairs and enters Number Thirteen.*)

BERTRAND. He's in. I hear a board creak. What a night, what a night! Will he hear him! O Lord, my poor Macaire! I hear nothing, nothing. The night's as empty as a dream: he must hear him: he cannot help but hear him; and then—O Macaire, Macaire, come back to me. It's death, and it's death, and it's death. Red, red: a corpse. Macaire to kill, Macaire to die? I'd rather starve, I'd rather perish, than either: I'm not fit, I'm not fit, for either! Why, how's this? I want to cry. (*A stroke, and a groan, from above.*) God Almighty, one of them's gone! (*He falls, with his head on table, R.* MACAIRE *appears at the top of the stairs, descends, comes airily forward, and touches him on the shoulder.* BERTRAND, *with a cry, turns and falls upon his neck.*) O, O, and I thought I had lost him! (*Day breaking.*)

MACAIRE. The contrary, dear boy. (*He produces notes.*)

BERTRAND. What was it like?

MACAIRE. Like? Nothing. A little blood, a dead man.

BERTRAND. Blood! . . . Dead! (*He falls at table sobbing.* MACAIRE *divides the notes into two parts; on the smaller he wipes the bloody knife, and folding the stains inward, thrusts the notes into* BERTRAND'S *face.*)

MACAIRE. What is life without the pleasure of the table!

BERTRAND (*taking and pocketing notes*). Macaire, I can't get over it.

MACAIRE. My mark is the frontier, and at top speed. Do n't hang your jaw at me. Up, up, at the double; pick me that cash-box; and let 's get the damned house fairly cleared.

BERTRAND. I can't. Did he bleed much?

MACAIRE. Bleed? Must I bleed you? To work, or I 'm dangerous.

BERTRAND. It 's all right, Macaire; I 'm going.

MACAIRE. Better so: an old friend is nearly sacred. (*Full daylight: lights up.* MACAIRE *blows out lantern.*)

BERTRAND. Where 's the key?

MACAIRE. Key? I tell you to pick it.

BERTRAND (*with the box*). But it 's a patent lock. Where is the key? You had it.

MACAIRE. Will you pick that lock?

BERTRAND. I can't: it 's a patent. Where 's the key?

MACAIRE. If you will have it, I put it back in that old ass's pocket.

BERTRAND. Bitten, I think. (MACAIRE *dancing mad.*)

SCENE II.

To these, DUMONT.

DUMONT. Ah, friends, up so early? Catching the worm, catching the worm?

MACAIRE. Good morning, good morning!

BERTRAND. Early birds, early birds.

(*Both sitting on the table and dissembling box.*)

DUMONT. By the way, very remarkable thing: I found that key.

MACAIRE. No?

BERTRAND. O!

DUMONT. Perhaps a still more remarkable thing: it was my key that had the twisted handle.

MACAIRE. I told you so.

DUMONT. Now, what we have to do is to get the cash-box. Hallo! what 's that you 're sitting on?

BERTRAND. Nothing.

MACAIRE. The table! I beg your pardon.

DUMONT. Why, it 's my cash box!

MACAIRE. Why, so it is!

DUMONT. It 's very singular.

MACAIRE. Diabolishly singular.

BERTRAND. Early worms, early worms.

DUMONT (*blowing in key*). Well, I suppose you are still willing to begone?

MACAIRE. More than willing, my dear soul: pressed, I may say, for time; for though it had quite escaped my memory, I have an appointment in Turin with a lady of title.

DUMONT (*at box*). It 's very odd. (*Blows in key.*) It 's a singular thing (*blowing*), key won't turn. It 's a patent key. Some one must have tampered with the lock (*blowing*). It 's strangely singular, it 's singularly singular! I 've shown this key to commercial gentlemen all the way from Paris: they never saw a better key! (*more business*). Well (*giving it up, and looking reproachfully on key*), that 's pretty singular.

MACAIRE. Let me try (*He tries, and flings down the key with a curse.*) Bitten.

BERTRAND. Sold again.

DUMONT (*picking up key*). It 's a patent key.

MACAIRE (*to* BERTRAND). The game's up: we must save the swag. (*To* DUMONT.) Sir, since your key, on which I invoke the blight of Egypt, has once more defaulted, my feelings are unequal to a repetition of yesterday's distress, and I shall simply pad the hoof. From Turin you shall receive the address of my banker, and may prosperity attend your ventures. (*To* BERTRAND.) Now, boy! (*To* DUMONT.) Embrace my fatherless child: farewell! (MACAIRE *and* BERTRAND *turn to go off, and are met in the door by the* GENDARMES.)

SCENE III.

To these the BRIGADIER and GENDARMES.

BRIGADIER. Let no man leave the house.

MACAIRE. Bitten.
BERTRAND. Sold again. } *Aside.*

DUMONT. Welcome, old friend!

BRIGADIER. It is not the friend that comes; it is the Brigadier. Summon your guests: I must investigate their passports. I am in pursuit of a notorious malefactor Robert Macaire.

DUMONT. But I was led to believe that both Macaire and his accomplice had been arrested and condemned.

BRIGADIER. They were, but they have once more escaped for the moment, and justice is indefatigable. (*He sits at table R.*) Dumont, a bottle of white wine.

MACAIRE (*to* DUMONT). My excellent friend, I will discharge your commission and return with all speed. (*Going.*)

BRIGADIER. Halt!

MACAIRE (*returning: as if he saw* BRIGADIER *for the first time*). Ha? a member of the force? Charmed, I'm

sure. But you misconceive me: I return at once, and my friend remains behind to answer for me.

BRIGADIER. Justice is insensible to friendship. I shall deal with you in due time. Dumont, that bottle.

MACAIRE. Sir, my friend and I, who are students of character, would grasp the opportunity to share and—may one add?—to pay the bottle. Dumont, three!

BERTRAND. For God's sake! (*Enter* ALINE *and* MAIDS.)

MACAIRE. My friend is an author; so, in a humbler way, am I. Your knowledge of the criminal classes naturally tempts one to pursue so interesting an acquaintance.

BRIGADIER. Justice is impartial. Gentlemen, your health.

MACAIRE. Will not these brave fellows join us?

BRIGADIER. They are on duty; but what matters?

MACAIRE. My dear sir, what is duty? duty is my eye.

BRIGADIER (*solemnly*). And Betty Martin. (GENDARMES *sit at table*).

MACAIRE (*to* BERTRAND). Dear friend, sit down.

BERTRAND (*sitting down*). O Lord!

BRIGADIER (*to* MACAIRE). You seem to be a gentleman of considerable intelligence.

MACAIRE. I fear, sir, you flatter. One has lived, one has loved, and one remembers: that is all. One's *Lives of Celebrated Criminals* have met with a certain success, and one is ever in quest of fresh material.

DUMONT. By the way, a singular thing about my patent key.

BRIGADIER. This gentleman is speaking.

MACAIRE. Excellent Dumont! he means no harm. This Macaire is not personally known to you?

BRIGADIER. Are you connected with justice?

MACAIRE. Ah, sir, justice is a point above a poor author.

BRIGADIER (*with glass*). Justice is the very devil.

MACAIRE. My dear sir, my friend and I, I regret to say, have an appointment in Lyons, or I could spend my life in this society. Charge your glasses: one hour to madness and to joy! What is to-morrow? the enemy of to-day? Wine? the bath of life. One moment: I find I have forgotten my watch. (*He makes for the door.*)

BRIGADIER. Halt!

MACAIRE. Sir, what is this jest?

BRIGADIER. Sentry at the door. Your passports.

MACAIRE. My good man, with all the pleasure in life. (*Gives papers. The* BRIGADIER *puts on spectacles, and examines them.*)

BERTRAND (*rising, and passing round to* MACAIRE'S *other side*). It's life and death: they must soon find it.

MACAIRE (*aside*). Don't I know? My heart's like fire in my body.

BRIGADIER. Your name is?

MACAIRE. It is; one's name is not unknown.

BRIGADIER. Justice exacts your name.

MACAIRE. Henri-Frédéric de Latour de Main de la Tonnerre de Brest.

BRIGADIER. Your profession?

MACAIRE. Gentleman.

BRIGADIER. No, but what is your trade?

MACAIRE. I am an analytical chymist.

BRIGADIER. Justice is inscrutable. Your papers are in order. (*To* BERTRAND.) Now, sir, and yours?

BERTRAND. I feel kind of ill.

MACAIRE. Bertrand, this gentleman addresses you. He is not one of us: in other scenes, in the gay and giddy world of fashion, one is his superior. But to-day he repre-

sents the majesty of law; and as a citizen it is one's pride to do him honour.

BRIGADIER. Those are my sentiments.

BERTRAND. I beg your pardon, I——(*Gives papers*).

BRIGADIER. Your name?

BERTRAND. Napoleon.

BRIGADIER. What? In your passport it is written Bertrand.

BERTRAND. It 's this way: I was born Bertrand, and then I took the name of Napoleon, and I mostly always call myself either Napoleon or Bertrand.

BRIGADIER. The truth is always best. Your profession?

BERTRAND. I am an orphan.

BRIGADIER. What the devil! (*To* MACAIRE.) Is your friend an idiot?

MACAIRE. Pardon me, he is a poet.

BRIGADIER. Poetry is a great hindrance to the ends of justice. Well, take your papers.

MACAIRE. Then we may go?

SCENE IV.

To these CHARLES, who is seen on the gallery, going to the door of Number Thirteen. Afterwards all the characters but the NOTARY and the MARQUIS.

BRIGADIER. One glass more. (BERTRAND *touches* MACAIRE, *and points to* CHARLES, *who enters Number Thirteen.*)

MACAIRE. No more, no more, no more.

BRIGADIER (*rising and taking* MACAIRE *by the arm*). I stipulate.

MACAIRE. Engagement in Turin!

BRIGADIER. Turin?

MACAIRE. Lyons, Lyons!

BERTRAND. For God's sake. . . .

BRIGADIER. Well, good-bye!

MACAIRE. Good-bye, good——

CHARLES (*from within*). Murder! Help! (*Appearing.*) Help here! The Marquis is murdered.

BRIGADIER. Stand to the door. A man up there. (*A* GENDARME *hurries up staircase into Number Thirteen,* CHARLES *following him. Enter on both sides of gallery the remaining characters of the piece, except the* NOTARY *and the* MARQUIS.)

MACAIRE. Bitten, by God! } *Aside.*
BERTRAND. Lost! }

BRIGADIER (*to* DUMONT). John Paul Dumont, I arrest you.

DUMONT. Do your duty, officer. I can answer for myself and my own people.

BRIGADIER. Yes, but these strangers?

DUMONT. They are strangers to me.

MACAIRE. I am an honest man: I stand upon my rights: search me; or search this person, of whom I know too little. (*Smiting his brow.*) By heaven, I see it all. This morning——(*To* BERTRAND). How, sir, did you dare to flaunt your booty in my very face? (*To* BRIGADIER.) He showed me notes; he was up ere day; search him, and you 'll find. There stands the murderer.

BERTRAND. O, Macaire! (*He is seized and searched, and the notes are found.*)

BRIGADIER. There is blood upon the notes. Handcuffs. (MACAIRE *edging toward the door.*)

BERTRAND. Macaire, you may as well take the bundle. (MACAIRE *is stopped by sentry, and comes front, R.*)

CHARLES (*re-appearing*). Stop, I know the truth. (*He comes down.*) Brigadier, my father is not dead, he is not even dangerously hurt. He has spoken. There is the would-be assassin.

MACAIRE. Hell! (*He darts across to the staircase, and*

turns on the second step, flashing out the knife.) Back, hounds! (*He springs up the stair, and confronts them from the top.*) Fools, I am Robert Macaire! (*As* MACAIRE *turns to flee, he is met by the gendarme coming out of Number Thirteen; he stands an instant checked, is shot from the stage, and falls headlong backward down the stair.* BERTRAND, *with a cry, breaks from the gendarmes, kneels at his side, and raises his head.*)

BERTRAND. Macaire, forgive me. I did n't blab; you know I did n't blab.

MACAIRE. Sold again, old boy. Sold for the last time; at least, the last time this side death. Death, what is death? (*He dies.*)

CURTAIN.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

TWO POETS

IT is an event in literature when two volumes of poems are published within a few months of each other, so removed from the passing affectations of the hour, as are the "Odes and Other Poems," of William Watson, and the "Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical, Second Series," of Lord de Tabley. Both poets are well-known to all lovers of the best in literature; and each may justly claim a new laurel leaf by virtue of his latest contribution to Victorian poetry.

Since the appearance of Mr. Watson's "Lachrymae Musarum," there have been dark days, when those who loved him feared that he might write no more. He makes a very touching reference to this melancholy time in "Vita Nuova," which is perhaps the most deeply moving poem in his latest volume:

I, too, have come through wintry terrors,—yea,

Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power benificent,
Veiled though his countenance undivulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain,—nay, a string how jarred
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

Thank Heaven that the evil spell was broken, and William came out of the shadow, to strike once more those strong, high chords of the Music of Life which are his own. I am hardly prepared to assert that any single poem in this new volume will make such universal appeal to the lovers of noble verse as did "Wordsworth's Grave," or the "Ode of Lamentation for Lord Tennyson; but these latest poems are the work of a poet who has not only the grand manner, but the noble thought which deserves to be grandly uttered. I am haunted, as I write, by a poem in one of Mr. Watson's earlier books which seems to me as certain of immortality as any lyric of this century. It is the very cry of the home-sick human soul, uncertain whence it came, or whither it goes. If you do not know it already here it is:

WORLD STRANGENESS.

Strange the world about me lies,
Never yet familiar grown—

Still disturbs me with surprise,
Haunts me like a face half known.

In this house with starry dome,
Floored with gemlike plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease?

On from room to room I stray,
Yet my Host can ne'er espy,
And I know not to this day
Whether guest or captive I.

So, between the starry dome
And the floor of plains and seas,
I have never felt at home,
Never wholly been at ease.

In Mr. Watson's latest volume the poems to Richard Holt Hutton and to H. D. Traill prove that poets are not always ungrateful; but, as poetry pure and simple, I prefer such numbers, as for instance:

THE FRONTIER.

At the hushed brink of twilight—when, as though
Some solemn journeying phantom paused to lay
An ominous finger on the awestruck day,
Earth holds her breath till that great presence go,—
A moment comes of visionary glow,
Pendulous 'twixt the gold hour and the grey,
Lovelier than these, more eloquent than they
Of memory, foresight, and life's ebb and flow.
So have I known, in some fair woman's face,
While viewless yet was Time's more gross imprint,
The first, faint, hesitant, elusive hint
Of that invasion of the vandal years
Seem deeper beauty than youth's cloudless grace,
Wake subtler dreams, and touch me nigh to tears.

There are lines in this poem which could only be Watson's and which prove him to be what he, himself describes in "The Sovereign Poet:"

> He sits above the clang and dust of Time,
> With the world's secret trembling on his lip.
> He asks not converse nor companionship
> In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb.

Indeed, it is this very aloofness from the world, this dwelling "in the cold starlight," which bars William Watson from the humble and universal popularity to which lesser men have attained. He is not the poet of emotion. His is not a "heart insurgent." Nor does he follow the passing fashions of the day. He is not an impressionist, nor a symbolist. One cannot fancy him—as did another young English poet—drinking his first glass of absinthe, and waiting for the sensation out of which a poem should be made. The author of "Wordsworth's Grave" is of the high kindred in whom sensations give place to visions—who listen to the chorus of the stars, and translate the music of the spheres—a worshipper of the beauty which is immortal—a high-priest in the Inner Temple of the Muse.

It is something over thirty years since Lord de Tabley (born in the April of 1835) began to publish verse. He had not then succeeded to his title, and was John Leicester Warren. He published, before 1873, two volumes of verse; and then for some twenty years he seemed to have bidden farewell to song. In 1893, however, he again came to the front with a book entitled "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical;" and he has just now published a new volume, "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical, Second Series." The present book, like its predecessor, gives us the impression that Lord de Tabley is, above all, a poet for the classical scholar. He seemed to me like the reincarnation of some Greek of long ago; who has

A POET À LA MODE FROM "LA PLUME"
BY JOSSOT

come to life again in this alien time and place, but who is himself, still. He does not appeal, as did Burns, or Whittier, or Longfellow, to the ordinary reader. To enjoy him thoroughly one should know something of the classics, for he views most themes in a classic light. "The Glory that was Greece, and the Grandeur that was Rome," are the realms where he dwells by preference. His best work is the offspring of the intellect, rather than of the heart. No more than in William Watson do we find in Lord de Tabley the cry of passion, the clamour of insurgent longing—but, instead, we have the perception of the stately and the beautiful —the grace of the antique—the nobility of the long past. A dignified melancholy haunts his pages—let us all be thankful for a poet who dares to defy the make-believe lightness and frivolity it is just now the fashion to admire, and to sing—

> A song of dust for waning years,
> A solemn song, in sackcloth clad:
> Whose chords are wet with poignant tears,
> And its pale singer's lips are sad.

Perhaps in this new volume, one might accord the highest place to "Circe," though to do so seems ungrateful to many others, nearly if not quite its equal. It is too long for copying, but if you turn to its ten pages of flawless beauty, I promise you, you shall not be disappointed while you read of her whose song has power

> "To call her lovers in from twilight realms,
> To crowd their foolish sails for love and death.
>
> * * * *
>
> "She hath a lordly palace of delight,
> And a rich chamber where her couch is spread
> With gems like orient sunrise, flashing light."

And Circe lives on; and they who loved her are dead.

"Their feet are tangled in the nets of dream,
They cross the stream of sighs."

The prescience of the imminent and inexorable end haunts the poems of Lord de Tabley—whether we read of Phaëthon, who "rode the morning in unchecked career," and then, at last, overcome by fate and fear, plunged "like a plummet down into the spacious gulf of deep blue air;" or of "the Empire which oppressed the world, and vanished like a bead of foam."

Two of the poems which make special appeal to me, personally, are "A Song of Dust," and "Amaranth." Both are too long for full quotation, but let me give you, by a few stanzas of each, some hint of their melancholy charm. "Amaranth" opens thus:

When I have done with hornet grief
Nor fear the blind-worm envy's sting,
When graveward Lethe brings relief,
And calms the love-god's fretful wing:

When I am clear of human kind,
And slumber with the patient dead,
Will she, the cruel, care to find
Where they have laid my lonely head?

And, once or twice, when spring is here,
Forego some trivial social tie,
To bring my grave a niggard tear,
The sequel of a scanty sigh?

Weep! just enough to give your eyes
A brightness as of April rain:
One tear for all my thousand sighs
And countless kisses given in vain.

Lord de Tabley is of those few who understand that the tragedy of joy is not less bitter than the tragedy of pain.

To the glad day, as to the sad, comes the night—and for all of us is—

A SONG OF DUST.

When we, my love, are gone to dust,
And Nature, as of old, is fair:
When on thy rosy cheek is rust,
And stain sepulchral on thy hair—

When from the slab that marks our sleep,
The raindrop eats our names away;
And cushioned lichens gently creep
To make the beaming letters gray—

When March winds wake the silken palm,
And wave-worn wheat ears skim the sea;
When merles begin their marriage psalm,
And doves are tender in the tree—

When, year by year, the mosses bloom
Their little elfin caps of red,
And April dewdrops on thy tomb
Weep out in daisies o'er the dead—

These tears I weep upon thy hand
Shall pass, as leaves in autum air;
And who unborn shall understand
If thou wert sweet, if thou wert fair?

Who shall embalm thee in a song
A hundred years to cheat repose?
Oblivion rolls its flood along
Till time forgets one wasted rose.

Those who care only for dance-music need not seek it in the pages of Lord de Tabley. He is not of those who pipe a merry tune, to which Death, waiting around the corner, listens, with a mocking smile on those lips which pity no man. The sadness and the mystery of life speak from these

pages; but he who reads them once will find it impossible to forget them. They have in them the pathos of the dying sunset, the tragedy of the coming night—they are intensely human, and therefore they must live in the memories of men.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

NOTES

¶ There is to be celebration in England by that devoted band of Jacobites, the "White Rose Society." With this summer comes the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Prince Charles Edward, and the beginning of the Rebellion of '45. There is a dispute respecting the exact day of the landing; but the leading events of the rising in 1745 may be set down as follows: On July 14 the Prince sailed from Port Nazaire, in France. On Aug. 6, George II.'s proclamation, offering a reward of £30,000 for the capture of the Pretender, was issued; and on Sept. 21, Charlie defeated Sir John Cope at Prestonpans.

There will be banqueting, and indulging in Jacobite songs and toasts; also a literary souvenir of the occasion will be issued to the society and their friends.

If it be salutary for the soul to love a lost and hopeless cause, may we not look for something on this side? The Stuart Restoration is no more a lovely and belated dream here than there. Those who read Mr. Walter Blackburne Harte's "Meditations in Motley" know what of aspiration towards an ideal, of hatred of the drab monotony of our daily lives, may be read into the folly of the little Boston band of enthusiasts. Are there no others who will forget the present for a day and drink "The King, may he come to his own again"? The season for midsummer madness is not far away.

¶In Scribner's Magazine for this month a certain Western Journalist has undertaken the exploitation of his native town in a manner peculiarly brazen. Why writing of Chicago should necessitate writing up Chicago has not as yet been revealed to me. The Chicagoan's ability to speak temperately of his city is not marked, and so this recent explosion of pride is rather worse than usual. He shows—in a fatalist fashion—how the greatness of Chicago was destined from the first: from the situation of the city, one could foretell the splendid slaughter of swine, and, to the settlers of '31, the World's Fair and the census reports of '94 were as an open book. This development was inevitable: it has been evident since the beginning of things, and the future is perfectly clear.

¶ When the edition of Aubrey de Vere's poems came out last winter Mr. George Edward Woodberry, the editor, for the first time in his life ordered all the press clippings sent to him. He waited long and anxiously, and though he daily saw reviews of the book in various papers, no clippings came. After a while, however, a fat envelope arrived with the stamp of the clipping bureau on the outside. Mr. Woodberry became as excitedly interested as is possible for him. He tore open the envelope.

True now it is as when Marlowe put the words into the mouth of Tamburlaine the Great, "Ah, 't is a pretty toy to be a poet." They had sent Mr. W. a hundred clippings about a man whose name ends "bury," who manufactures facial soap, and is learned in dermatology.

¶ As clever a skit as I have seen for years is one upon Lewis Carroll's immortal verses "Jabberwocky," which I find in the London "World," and some stanzas of which I purloin with grateful acknowledgements:

THE SECOND COMING OF ARTHUR

(*A certain Past adapted to a possible Future.*)

'T was rollog, and the minim potes
Did mime and mimble in the cafe;
All footly were the philerotes,
And Daycaydongs outstrafe.

Beware the Yallerbock, my son!
The aims that rile, the art that racks,
Beware the Aub-Aub Bird, and shun
The stumious Beerbomax.

He took Excalibur in hand:
Long time the canxome foe he sought—
So rested he by Jonbul tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

One, two! One, two! And through and through
Excalibur went snicker-snack!
He took its dead and bodless head
And went jucunding back.

And hast thou slain the Yallerbock?
Come to my arms, my squeamish boy.
Oh, brighteous peace! Purlieu! Purlice!
He jawbled in his joy.

¶ A tiny brownish pamphlet, put forth by two San Francisco men, is called "The Lark." A little prose, some musings on art, and a fantasy of "The Last Nymph;" a little verse, among which "A Merry Midnight" makes me think of "A Child's Garden of Verse" or a bit from "Underwoods" a little picturing, some scrawlings of a child called in a pleasant conceit "Some Phases of Primitive Art," and a strange picture of a cow plunging through a meadow of decorative herbage to the terror of a nude savage; this last adorned with the motto—

"I never saw a purple cow, I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you anyhow, I 'd rather see than be one."

Not great literature, assuredly, but admirable. A Faddish thing, if you will, but much more than "an hearkening after novelties and rumors." It is an assertion of the right of the artist to be wayward, to indulge in innocent drollery, and to put some of his tenderest best thoughts in this guise if he will. It is not to be taken seriously. The legend about the purple cow is no shibboleth of mystic meaning; it contains the creed of no new sect. It was meant merely to amuse.

Moreover, waywardness has not meant wantonness, and the tone of the whole is refreshing.

"The Lark" is "intimate" in its charm, if one may use the expression. It is so unobtrusive that it will be bought only by its friends. Its friends will be appreciative, but there will not be many of them. We must thank the editors for a magazine which can never be "popular."

¶Ménie-Muriel Dowie (Mrs. Henry Norman) has been especially distinguished lately from the fact that Father Ignatius selected her latest book "Gallia" for damnation from the pulpit. The manner of it was rather funny. Father Ignatius said he had found the worst passage in the worst of the new school books (Gallia). He then asked if there were any persons who did not wish to hear the passage. Four persons stood up. He repeated that it was the worst passage in the worst book of the lot and then asked again that those who did not wish to hear it would stand. The same four persons stood. He then asked those who did wish to hear the passage to stand. The whole congregation arose. It is rumored that the sales of the books are greatly increased.

¶Hall Caine intends coming to America in the autumn: the trip will be purely for pleasure and rest. September 20th is the date set for his sailing.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE STORY OF SONNY SAHIB: By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan). New York: D. Appleton & Co.

AUNT BELINDY'S POINTS OF VIEW: By Lydia Hoyt Farmer. New York: The Merriam Co.

THE LADY AND HER TREE: By Charles Stokes Wayne. Philadelphia: The Vortex Co.

A MODERN PAGAN: By Constance Goddard Du Bois. New York: The Merriam Co.

TWO WOMEN: By Lida O. Vanamee. New York: The Merriam Co.

PHILIP VERNON: By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Co.

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The master showman, Time, has a strange trick of rhyme,
And the clown's most ribald jest is a tear;
But the best drawing card is the Wrestler, huge and hard,
Who can fill the tent at any time of year.

His eye is on the crowd, and he beckons with his hand,
With authoritative finger, and they come.
The rules of the game they do not understand,
But they go as in a dream, and are dumb.
They would fain say him Nay, and they look the other way,
Till at last to the ropes they cling.
But he throws them one by one till the show for them is done,
In the blood-red dust of the ring.

There's none to shun his challenge, they must meet him soon or late,
And he knows a cunning trick for all heels.
The king's haughty crown drops in jeers from his pate
As the hold closes on him, and he reels.
The burly and the proud, the braggarts of the crowd,
Every one of them he topples down in thunder.
His grip grows mild for the dotard and the child,
But alike they must all go under.

Oh, many a mighty foeman would try a fall with him,—
Persepolis, and Babylon, and Rome,

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Assyria, and Sardis, they see their fame grow dim,
As he tumbles in the dust every dome.
At length will come an hour when the stars shall feel his power,
And he shall have his will upon the sun.
Ere we know what he's about the stars will be put out,
And the wonder of the show will be undone.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE KING'S TREASURE

(Being an Episode in the Life of Dick Ryder, otherwise Galloping Dick, sometime Gentleman of the Road.)

IT WAS the narrowness of my fortunes, as much as my own giddy head, that leagued me in the business of the King's Treasure. I have always carried wise brains; there was never an adventure to my fist but I measured out its chances; and sometimes 't was taken, though against all odds, and other times 't was left for a foolhardiness. It was along of my mood. For the matter of that, we gentlemen of the road live no feather-bed lives, and it is our trade to forestall the assaults of Death. But this affair went, as it were, not only against my judgment but my will; and I make no doubt that I would not ha' taken up with it had it not been that my pockets were bare, and my head was singing with wine. Altogether, at the moment, I conceive that the world and I were on pretty lively terms. But 't was the leanness of my purse as drew me on. "My God," says I to Danny, throwing a crown at him, "and here's my last coin upon it." And there upon the spot the bargain was concluded; but the next day I was out of temper with myself. 'T was not the greatness of the peril that put me off, for I have never been stopped by a bloody point in all my days, but the truth

was, that there was never a rascal of the whole pack of our fellowship that I would care to join hands with on an emprise of the kind. I was not for couples myself; I kept myself aloof; and me and Old Irons wore the best reputations upon the road, but in very different ways, as you may fancy. Old Irons was as black a rogue as you may conjecture, being bred up from a lad for cutpurse and wheedler, and entertaining any business as would fetch him in a guinea to buy a bottle on. Out of his drink he was as cunning as he was savage, but in wine you would not match his bravadoes in Hell. And, by a curious chance, it was this very man that directed me to the folly of the adventure when it fell too late.

'T was Creech as had the information to start with, and took it from no less a person than Timothy Grubbe himself. "Aye, there you are," says Old Irons to me, "and who d' ye suppose is blind cuckoo enough for to walk into Timothy's net? Why, you, Dick Ryder," says he, "you and a chuck-head like Creech there." "As for that," I said, for I was nettled at his sneering, "I can see a point or two beyond Timothy Grubbe's back, and without even a wink from you."

"Rip me," says he, starting up, "d' ye think I could not ha' been in the job myself? And I suppose 't was not Timothy as came wheedling of me with his rat's eyes, and clapping me on the back for a lord, and thrusting forth his tongue at the sight of guineas that a man of heart might take in a night an' he used his weapons briskly. Bah!" says Old Irons, "I trust no thief-catcher, nor no go-between, not till I pull my locks at the topsman." And this was true enough about Timothy Grubbe, as every man of us knew very well. There was many as owed the Jug and the Tree to that mealy-mouthed scoundrel, with his red eyes and his complacent grin. If ever the devil came to London Town, it

was with Timothy's hide he covered himself. For it was his aim to stand in security somewhere half-way 'twixt us fellows and the Law, and squeeze the both; and but that he had the lives of scores upon his tongue, and was very useful withal at a pinch, both to cracksmen and to traps, he would have been hanged or pistolled for his pains long since. But, Devil or not, Timothy Grubbe was not a name to frighten me, nor was I to be lectured by a sot like Old Irons. And so I told him roundly; and then while we were drinking at the "Bull's Head," who should come up but the man himself. He stepped forward to us smartly, as though we were the particular game he was after, and, "Ho! Ho! Dick Ryder," says he, with his sickly grin, "and there's sport ahead, is there Dick? Pretty yellow coins to fill your pockets, eh? So, so, Dick; and you look full-spunked for business. What?" and he stood there wagging the head upon his wry neck, as though he had fallen prematurely from the topsman's cart.

Old Irons said nothing, for he was mighty quiet when Timothy Grubbe was about; but I could not keep silence before a half-hanged, mal-faced mongrel like him. "And who are you, Timothy Grubbe," said I, "to come athrusting in your nose atween two gentlemen at supper? Does his Majesty give you that right along of the privilege to clap poor canters in the Jug?" He smiled more than ever, nodding his twisted head, but shot me an evil look out of his narrow eyes. "Ah, here's a wit," says he, "Here's a wit as the ladies of the Court have lost. A fine young gentleman, Captain Irons, and a fine clean job he made nigh Petersfield last week; and a fine entertainment, too, he will make some day upon Tyburn Tree, with the Ordinary a praying over him, and his heels a kicking in the air! 'T will be a better sight than you will afford, Captain Irons, for all the little matter at Bedford, and Colonel Truscott's jade,

that died a natural death, in course, last seventh of August. Why," says he, "I have known gentlemen of this kidney now for twenty years, and I'll warrant I never put eyes upon a braver figure than Dick Ryder. This is some nobleman's byblow, surely, Captain Irons," says he, addressing him but watching me.

"Now, damn you!" I cried, getting off my seat, "an' you have not the civility to quit yourself, I'll take leave to handle you."

Old Irons stuck out an arm to hold me, being turned very white in the gills at the references to himself, but I was all amuck with fury, and I drew a knife on Grubbe.

"Ha!" says he, not changing his tone, but keeping his eyes warily upon me and slipping dexterously aside, "'t is a mettlesome lad. I'll wager him against a shipload of his Majesty's officers." Then: "Put that down," says he in another voice, very sharp, but still quiet. I looked at him, and he burst out laughing. "Oh, fie, Ryder," he said, "to take a jest amiss like this! Come, my cock, come; put up that gully, and drink for me to a fine moon to-morrow evening. I'll warrant we all love a moon. 'T is a fine sight to watch the heavens sprinkled with stars and to know that the Lord Almighty is upon His throne," and chuckling to himself over his blasphemy, he called up the landlord with some wine.

But though I was embarked upon this business, and that, as it were, in a kind of fellowship with him, I would see him burst ere I kept the knave company. And the truth was that I was now maddened to be linked with him, but I durst not go back upon Creech, as I considered coming forth from the tavern; and moreover, I had myself drawn Zachary Mills into the same ploy, a lad of spirit, with a serviceable weapon, and a merry pair of lungs. And so it fell that we made the venture, as had been already agreed, upon

the following evening. The coach was bound for Chatham with the kegs of his Majesty's guineas for the ships in that port, and first I must post down the road early in the afternoon to determine a position for our ambuscade. I reckoned to come up with the escort over Shooter's Hill, some miles this side of Dartford; and having marked the spot and laid out a rude plan, I rode on then to Dartford itself, where I pulled up at the "Pigeons" for a pint of wine. I had no thought at the first but to moisten my throat and be off, but the day was warm and the tavern mighty cool and alluring; and there I fell a-talking with a civil-mannered fellow, that was a chandler hard by. He was a comfortable old sobersides, of an affluent habit, and pretty well to do, as I suspected. He talked like a mill-stream, and, being on easy terms with the landlord, soon drew him also into the conversation; so that in a little there was the three of us discoursing together just as pleasantly as though we had been brought up from boys in a batch. The innkeeper, who was an affable man, fetched out a choice bottle for his crony, and having taken a fancy to myself, nothing will suit but I must join them. Nor was I loth to do so, for as yet it was early, and there was a dusty road 'twixt me and our place of assignation. And that, I suppose, with the good cheer and the undisguised admiration of the culleys, set me babbling rather plainer than was wise, so that in the end the chandler looks at me inquisitively.

"You have seen a deal of life," he says; "one might wonder, to be curious, what trade you might follow."

That shut me up in a trice, for I had been talking of bloody things I had seen adventured. "Ah, yes," said I carelessly, for I knew it was best to lead 'em boldly out of their suspicions, if so be they had already conceived any. "I ha' seen a damned sight more evil deeds than I could

say. But when the Law says 'Mum,' why I says 'Mum,' too, as in duty bounden."

"Oh!" says the fat chandler brightly. "Are you an officer?" he says. I winked. "Hark 'ee," said I, "when silence is called, there best be no questions," and I nodded at him meaningly. "But an' I might speak of what my masters would fain leave in oblivion, I could tell tales as would astonish you. Why even to-day——" says I, and there broke off. "Bah!" I says, "my tongue wags."

"We 'll ha' some more wine," says the chandler after a moment, and with extreme friendliness.

"Well," said I, for the whim ran into my head on the moment to set their fat eyes a-goggling, "if it be another glass, why I will not say no; but upon that limit I stop. D 'ye understand? I stop," I said, bringing my foot with the stamp on the floor. "His Majesty's business can ill afford to wait upon any man's thirst."

"His Majesty's business!" cried the fat chandler, exchanging a glance with the innkeeper, and opening his eyes.

"His Majesty!" says I sharply. "I said nothing of his Majesty. Must you be putting words between a gentleman's teeth?" "No, no," says the fat chandler hastily, "'t was my mistake," and signed to the landlord to bring another bottle. When it was come he filled the glasses and put one to his lips. "Well," he says, smiling at me amiably, "Here's to the success of any business you may have in hand, friend; and I 'm sure 'tis of importance."

"Ah!" says I, after a draught, and shaking my head, sagely, "You may say that. Why, if 't were not for me that stands here His Majesty might be ten thousand guineas the poorer this night."

The chandler lifted his brows at the landlord again, and smiled and nodded, as though he would say, "We are getting to it now." I brought my fist down upon the bench

with a thump. "Does any man tell me," I cried, "that I'm not the match of a dozen snarling rascals such as may chance to pounce upon his Majesty's coach this side of Chatham?"

"What!" said the chandler, starting. "Is there an escort to Chatham to-night?"

"Rot me," says I, feigning to stare at him stupidly. "Whose wits are wool-gathering that you gabble about Chatham? I know what I know," I says, "and I can hold my tongue with any man." "Yes, yes," says the innkeeper, soothingly. "Indeed, sir, 't is so. You are a very discreet gentleman, I'll warrant, and a brave one, too," and the two fools regarded me with fresh esteem and wonder. But I was not disposed to juggle away the afternoon in the society of a pair of tabbies, and, truth to say, I know not what put me in the humour to fool them so, unless 't was the wine, which was excellent, and for which they deserved some return. But already I was regretting my piece of sport; not that I cared two pinches for the simpletons; but 't is a wise tongue that keeps the habit of silence. So making them my adieux, which, on their part, were very respectful, I left the tavern and rode back to our rendezvous at the "Joiners' Arms" in the little village of Lewisham. There I found Creech in a black mood, but Zacchary bubbling with excitement.

"We 're on a lunatic job, and we 're a pack of fools; that's what we are," says Creech with an oath; and with that I knew that he, too, had been talking with Old Irons.

"Well," said I, "'t was you put us on to it, Dan, and why in God's name do you change your tune at this hour of night?" For it angered me to see him whimpering and maybe setting silly notions aflow in the lad's head. But Zacchary, as it turned out, was game enough. "Come out of that, Dan," he says laughing. "Fetch out old Blood-

drinker, and let's see his temper. Stab us all, Dan, but we're more than the match of King James's scum."

"There's sense," says I, well enough pleased, "and there's spunk too; and the sooner you come by your own again, the better for us all, Dan."

"You'll have your belly full soon enough, young fellow," says Dan with a sneer, turning to Zacchary. "'T is not the cock that crows the loudest as uses his spurs best. And as for you, Dick Ryder, you know I'm no white liver, and I'll trouble you to take back those words."

"Sink me, Danny, I'll swallow 'em whole," said I laughing, "if 't will serve to set you in your stirrups again." But he looked very nasty, and so I took him by the arm aside, and, "Look 'ee," I says, "Don't go for to spoil the spirit of Zacchary there. The boy's willing: and there's stuff in him to stop a regiment. And here's the moral of it. Why an' so be we have been damned fools enough to rattle the dice for Timothy Grubbe, why we're fools, and there's no more to say. But what's gone is gone, and to curl up with the mollygrubs because the milk is a trifle sour, is neither to your credit nor to mine. And that's plain," I says. He grumbled a little further, but seeing that he was coming round, I said no more; but that young bantam Zacchary, who was well primed with drink, must needs stick in his tongue in a gibing fashion.

"Let me rot for a corpse," he says, clinking his glass, "but I'd think shame to turn pale afore a small job like this, more especially after twenty years' service. 'T is not my notion of business," says he, looking very scornfully at Creech. But I saw that Dan was scowling, and the lad was getting over-ripe with liquor, so I broke in roughly.

"Hold up there, you young swine," I said, "and let less go in and less come out at your mouth."

"Damme, Dick Ryder," says Zacchary, jumping to his

feet. "I won't take no such terms from you, for all the fellow you think yourself. No, nor from a white feather, like Creech," he cries, returning again to Dan.

"Sit down, you fool," I said sharply. But Creech was on his legs too, and had his fingers on his pistol, and there was like to be trouble on my hands. I took Zacchary by the collar and threw him back into his chair, where he lay struggling with me. Creech was furious. "I'll cut the heart out of you," says he. "You muck-worm, you —— I'll slit your gizzard you ——." But this was more than I could endure, for Zacchary was struggling to be at Creech, and Creech was reaching round me to fall on Zacchary, and all because the one chose to take a fit of temper, and the other had swallowed more wine than was good for him.

"Curse you, Dan," I said, "I'm no watchdog to keep two fools from each other's throat. Drop that pistol," I says, "and shake yourself together, while I muzzle this bloody-minded young rogue."

Creech muttered, but dropped his hand, and I pinioned Zacchary with my arms. "By Gad," I said, "but I've a mind to split open that ugly head of yours. The Bedlamite I was to have bestowed a kindness on a numskull that does not know how to behave before his betters! And this your first job of any account, too!"

That seemed to sober him, for he stopped struggling and swearing filthy oaths, and sat sullen in his chair.

When we set forth, hard upon nine o'clock, the pair were both still very surly, but presently Zacchary's spirits rose, for he was but a raw hand with the temper of a boy, and the prospect of the encounter scattered his ill-humour. He said little, but whistled away cheerfully, forging on his horse ahead of us, as though impatient to be over the hill. Creech too was pretty mute, save now and then for an oath which he spat at his nag when it stumbled in a rabbit-hole. But when

we had got to the crest of the hill and looked down upon the open stretch of land beyond, he pulled in, and says he with another oath, "There 's a moon out."

"The better for us to pick 'em off, Dan," I returned, laughing at him.

"Oh, damn the moon," said Zacchary. "Let 's push forward and come to quarters."

"Softly, my young bantam," I said, "and where the Hell d 'ye suppose you 'll be finding your game by this?"

"Oh," says Creech with a sneer, "they 're ahiding from Zacchary Mills, that 's what they are. They 're all afraid of him and his barkers. They know his stomach for blood, they do. We ain't to do nothing, Dick Ryder, but to set down upon our haunches and see 'em put up their hands and cry for mercy to this fire-eater here."

"Hold your tongue, Dan," said I angrily, for I could see Zacchary's eyes gleaming. "Wait till we are finished with the job and then, if you come out clear, you can settle your jealousies together. I 'll not interfere. But there 's one road before us now, and that 's what we must follow."

There was no further word spoken until we had rode down into the flat and come up with the spot on which I had pitched for the sally. The road here was bordered upon the one side by a tall hedge with a ditch and upon t' other by a strip of green marsh; and a little below this we took up our stand beneath a clump of elms for rather more than half-an-hour. Zacchary grew very restless, but Creech was stolid enough by now, only turning an eye on the moon from time to time and cursing her for a spoil-sport. And I will admit that she was an interference, for she was a full wheel, and the road lay in a white light, twenty paces before us, so clear that the shadows of the trees lay in a dark wavering mesh along it. But if a gentleman of the road must be hindered by the impudent accidents of the weather,

he had best give up roaming and settle down with empty pockets afore a mercer's counter. By and bye Zacchary bent his ears to the ground. "They 're coming," he says, and whipped out his pistols with glee. Sure enough I could hear far away a rumbling noise, borne down on the wind, which blew sharply from the north-west. "I'll reckon to take two on the first blow," says he boastfully.

"Stand by there," said I, brusquely, "and keep your bragging tongue quiet. What would you be up to?"

"Why," said Zacchary, "shan't we march up and cock our pistols at 'em?"

"Yes," said I, "and a shot in the stomach for us all. You fall back, Zacchary Mills, and leave these appointments to me. D' ye think they will pull up for the likes of your pretty face?"

"What shall we do, then?" he asked anxiously. "You best just follow me," I answered, "and no word or stroke till I give the signal."

And a little after that the coach drew into sight away at the bend of the road. Whereupon I wheeled round, and with Dan on my left, and with Zacchary clinging close to my right, cantered slowly up the highway to meet it. It came swinging down at a merry pace, and flashed out upon the open swamp into the brilliant moonlight; and just at that we put heels to our nags and rode forward at a hand-gallop. The coach was as plain as if it had been midday, and I could count the heads of the four as sat on the box with the driver; but from the speed at which we came up, they could never have suspected our design. And the first hint of the matter, as well as the first words on the occasion, came from the coachman, who, seeing as we did not divide to let him shoot through, shouted in a warning voice. But we took no notice. "Stand close," I whispered under my breath, and they both held in tight till the flanks of our

horses grazed aud brushed against each other. And then someone rose suddenly upon the box. "What the Devil," he cried; "where are you coming, you drunken fools?"

Now I know the way of drivers, and have never met one as was not for saving his horses, an' he could; and sure enough, as I had calculated, the coachman, seeing how we still rode on abreast for him, suddenly, and upon the instant, pulled the leaders across the roadway out upon the green swamp. The swiftness of this strategy, when they were in full speed, threw the horses into confusion, and they pranced and came back upon their haunches, backing the coach with a bump into a puddle of water. But the movement came a second too late, for Creech, who, sweeping along on my left, swerved out of line and ran his mare full face upon the struggling horses. The shock sent 'em all to the ground, and Creech in the thick of the melly; but I had no time to spend upon him then, for at that moment I put a shot in the coachman, lest he should do further mischief, and the next second the firing broke out.

The first thing I was aware of was a bullet through the cuff on my wrist, but by this Zacchary and I had been carried to the rear of the coach, and were using our pistols pretty freely. Zacchary knocked over a tall fellow that was leaning over the top with a blunderbuss, and ere his dangling body had time to fall off the coach, I sent a bullet through his neighbor. I heard, too, the crack of a piece from the other side, and guessed that Danny was at work. But the top was a bad place for a seige, and the culleys in their fury came rattling down to the ground, shouting and priming their weapons as they came. The first that landed came at me with a muzzle up, and I, having no shot left for him, must needs meet him with the toasting fork, which was an ugly case for me, if his excitement should leave him any aim. But at that very moment down came the clouds upon

the moon, and the sky fell thick with darkness. I had spurred Calypso to run him down, and just as the blackness spread there was the noise of his barker, and flop she went upon her foreknees, rolling over in the dust. My shoulder came with a smack upon the road, but in a trice I was out of the saddle and on my feet, and ere he could draw his sword had spitted him like a fowl. Suddenly, to my surprise (for I thought she was done for), Calypso got to her legs, and with a whinney galloped down the road in a state of panic. But this was no time for considerations of her, and, in truth, I knew she would make for her old stables; so, gripping my iron, I rushed up to where Zacchary was being hard pressed by three stout fellows who, hacking at him with their points, were driving him step by step into the ditch. As I sprang forward it ran into my head to wonder where the Devil was Creech, for I had seen nothing of him since he had fallen in the collision, and he might be food for maggots by now. But there and then was the wonder answered, and, indeed, I might have guessed it sooner had I not been so occupied. For there were some ten or so of the escort to start with, and now but four remained, and of the dead I could lay but two to my credit, beside the coachman. Well, just as I pounced upon the nearest man that was swiping at Zacchary, a shot rang out, and slap he goes upon his face, wriggling a little. I turned at that, and there was Dan, sure enough, the white light of the moon, which shone forth again, striking on his black face, right in the middle of the frightened horses, and propping his pistol on the ribs of one that had fallen.

"Bravo, Danny!" says I, and stuck my iron through the ribs of Zacchary's second assailant. But thereupon, and while Zacchary was finishing off the last of 'em, I heard a sound behind me, and felt something tingle in my side. Turning about I came face to face with a sort of officer

man by the coach side, with a red cut across his face, which maybe was some of my own handiwork. The point had slipped through my thigh, and had I not moved would, doubtless, have gone to my midriff. I turned mighty dizzy of a sudden, and I remember that his face went from me in a mist; I had, moreover, a sickly sense of wobbling on my legs. But by an effort of my mind I recall squaring myself on them, and then, feeling still that I was going, I lunged forward blindly. The sword struck him somewhere, and he went back npon his head under the wheels. I myself was carried with a bang against the coach, and leaned there, supporting myself vaguely for a moment, until I grew conscious that the vehicle was shifting. Then I drew off somehow, and opened my eyes. It was the plunging of the scared horses that was shaking the coach, and as I looked my gaze fell stupidly upon the fellow under the wheels, who was struggling to rise in a feeble fashion. The horses backed and jumped forward, and the wheels dragged over his neck, and after that he stirred no more.

Then it seemed to me there was a long pause. There was a cricket buzzing in my ears, and a flock of sheep came dancing before my eyes, surging up and down. But after a time I looked about and there was silence upon the night; and then again someone came running up against me, and I heard Zacchary's voice, crying in jubilant tones, "I ha' killed three, Dick," says he, "I ha' killed three," slapping me on the shoulder.

"Damn you," says I, "Keep your hands off me, you dung-fork," and then I burst out laughing. Zacchary's face was pretty plain by this time, and I saw him looking at me. "Ha' they done you?" he says. "Where's Creech?" says I, but Lord, I know where Creech would be, if he were alive; and there he was, for sure, rifling the pockets of the escort as lay dead. "Give me a hand," says I to Zac-

chary, "There 's a bodkin through my kidneys." "We finished 'em off," he cries. "I ha' killed three," repeating the phrase in a silly, braggart way.

"You bloody-minded young knave," I says, "What the Hell is it who killed whom. Stand up there, Dan," I says, "and let 's get to business."

"'T was my sword as done it all," says Zacchary in excitement. "Keep your mouth, you young devil," I said, for I was fretted with my wound; and I jerked my elbow into his side for a reminder. Now, I was leaning full heavy upon Zacchary's shoulder, and my face was turned to where Creech was stooping among the corpses; when all of an instant the quiet was startled by a sharp sound, and Zacchary, loosening his hold on me, slipped to the earth with a groan. I fell with his body, which quivered under me, but pulling myself up quickly stared at Creech. "What the Hell is this?" said I.

Creech met my eyes in bewilderment. "There's no one left," he says in a low voice. "Where did that come from?" said I. And just then by way of answer came another crack, and a bullet passed Creech's nose. "My God!" says he, and whisked about. There was the pause of an instant, and a third report sounded, and Creech staggered and then began to run with a shambling, tottering gait away upon the London road. But I stood staring. And suddenly out of the coach a black figure jumped hastily, and running round to the front clambered upon the box.

"Hell!" said I, and forthwith made for the coach as fast as my shaking legs would let me. The man had gotten the reins in his hand when I reached the vehicle; and I had just time to fling myself at a strap on the rumble when the horses plunged and reared as if under the whip, and the wheels turning slowly, the coach rolled on sideways for a few paces,

and then lumbering upon the road, broke into a canter upon the road to Chatham.

Dangling from the leathern strap, I was bumped from point to point along the road, which was like to be bad for my wound, as I soon discovered from the growing pain in my groin, and a further seizure of faintness. And yet it passed my wits how I was to struggle up to the body of the coach, with it in motion and my strength running out on a tide. But as the job was fairly set for me, I was not the poltroon to give in without a wrestle, and so very slowly and very feebly I hauled myself up till my legs drew off the ground and my hands clutched the railing of the seat. By good luck my wrists held, and though I felt the muscles shaking like jelly in my arms I pulled myself higher still, until at last my nose rose over the level of my knuckles. And there I hung suspended for a time, with very quick breath, and a deathly sickness in my belly. But I was not yet in extremity, despite the ugly circumstances, and gathering my spirit for a final essay, I flung myself, as it were, forward into the air with a kick of my legs, and came down with my breast upon the iron rails and the rest of me stuck out over the road. After that it was a small matter by comparison to wriggle across the seat on to the coach-top, and here for full five minutes I lay athwart the cushions, sweating like a horse, and with the trees and the moon and the whole environing landscape rushing round and swaying in my head. But when I picked up my senses I settled down pretty comfortable in the seat and began to look about me and consider. The first thing I set eyes upon was the dark figure on the box, bent over the horses, and though I could make out very little, for the moon was in jail again, the turn of his back seemed somehow familiar. But now, when I had time to reflect, it appeared to me that I had run my neck into a damned foolish business. For here was the stage, with all

the bloody marks of battle on it, and one dead body at least, as I could perceive, rolling about on top—here was the coach, I say, running straight for Dartford, with me seated there like a lamb for to be galloped along to Tyburn. Just as these considerations turned sharply in my mind, and I was vaguely revolving the chance of an escape from the quandary I had won at so much trouble, the man on the box suddenly pulled up the horses, and we came to a stop abreast of a patch of wood. The corpse that was jumping about on the roof settled down quietly at that, and I had only time to follow his example and lie flat between the seats as the moon shown forth once more, when the man skipped down lightly from his perch and coming round the coach opened the door. This proceeding tickled my curiosity, and by edging myself along I could thrust my nose over the roof and observe his movements. Then it was for the first time that the full design of this abominable plot was reveled to me; for the moonlight struck clear upon his face, and it was the face of that wrynecked scoundrel, Timothy Grubbe. I had well-nigh screamed out in my rage to discover his double perfidy, but I kept my oaths under and watched him closely. He scrambled into the coach and reappeared next instant carrying in his arms a heavy keg under the burden of which he staggered across the road into the brushwood. As soon as this was dispatched he returned and fetched out a second, which he proceeded to hide in the same way; and he repeated the performance a third time. By this it was plain that the lousy knave was concealing the King's treasure, and I could ha' ripped the vitals out of him and would ha' done it then and there, but that I was without a weapon of any kind and my wound would barely suffer me to sit up, let alone engage with a sound man like him. But when he had mounted the box again and drove off, no doubt in high glee, I'll take oath, weapon or no weapon, that I

would have climbed over the roof and choked him from behind if I had had the free use of my limbs. Old Irons was right, and to be mixed up with a stinkard like that was a piece of folly for a boy. Why, it was for us dolts to settle the escort, while he sat comfortable in his hole, and never so much as showing a face in the fight. And when that was done, it was a pistol through the window for Zacchary and Creech and me, and the yellow-boys for him. This discovery sent me into a black choler, in which I would hear no suggestions of prudence for my own safety. I swore I would be even with him, if only for the blood of Zacchary. But the Devil of it was that here was me being driven into Dartford with never a word to say for myself. 'T was true he was in ignorance that I set behind him, and this set me thinking, so that presently I had contrived a manœuvre to pursue when we reached the town. 'T was hazardous, but, the Lord knows, I was less like to care for hazards at that moment than ever in my life.

And in this wise we rattled into Dartford, each of us I daresay, encumbered with strong emotions. Timothy Grubbe drew up before an inn, and descending from the box rapped loudly at the door. But as for me I took no heed of him after that, for letting myself in a gingerly way to the ground upon the other side I shambled off into the night. By good fortune that same afternoon I had noticed the office of the Justice, and thither I now made my way with my best speed. I could not forbear a grin to myself to think of me on an emprise like this, to confront a Justice in his own house. 'T was pitch and toss at the best, I knew, but I would have the heart out of Timothy Grubbe somehow. So when I was got unto the Justice's door I knocked smartly for admittance, and presently you might ha' seen me hob-anobbing with his worship, him all eyes and mouth, listening to my tale. "How many was there, did you say?"

says he. "There was six of 'em," I replied, "and bloody butchers all, as this rip in my side will witness." "Poor fellow!" says the Justice kindly. "Pour yourself another glass," and looking at me out of his mild eyes with interest. "But you secured one scoundrel," he says. "Secured," says I, "yes; and that's the fact. Left for dead I was, as I 'm telling you, and him standing over the poor dead bodies to filch 'em of their purses, when down comes my pistol-butt on his head." "You 're a brave fellow," says he approvingly, "and this ruffian is safely bestowed in the coach?" "Well," says I, "and that 's where he was; but' as your worship will perceive, I am all of a daze, and maybe the villain will escape his bonds, if so be your worship will not lay your hands on him forthright." "Aye, that I will," said he, "we 'll despatch the rogue"; and, rising from his chair, summoned his men. But at that instant there came a noisy clatter on the door, and the Justice stared at me. "Why, who is this at such a time?" he asked.

I knew well enough who it was, for Timothy Grubbe was not the man to leave himself touched with suspicions, and I had already fathomed his cunning purpose; which, indeed, was why I had forestalled him. His worship went to the door, and presently I heard voices in the hall, the one of which I distinguished easily enough. And after a little, as I sat sipping my wine, the Justice came back, looking very perplexed. "Why, what is this?" he says. "Here is a fellow that brings a tale as like your own as may be, save that 't is he is the hero." I started, and regarded him in an amaze. "Why," says I, "all was killed but me and the prisoner, and that I 'll swear." We stared at each other. "What like-of a man?" I asked, in a low voice. "Why, a small fellow," says he, "with his head to one side." My God!" I cried, feigning an excitement; "take him, your worship. 'T is he, do n't let him escape." "Why, what 's

amiss?" he says, surprised. "'T is the man himself," I said. "Your prisoner?" he asked. I nodded. "Oh, my Lord," says the Justice, rubbing his hands, "this is fine news. He has given himself into our hands. You shall see him, you shall face him, and identify him"; and he chuckled. I chuckled, too. "Why, yes," I says, "I 'll warrant I 'll face him." With that, out pops the Justice, and soon after returns with Timothy Grubbe, sure enough, on his heels. "Perhaps," says he, "you will repeat your statement afore this gentleman."

I could scarce keep from roaring with laughter, to see Timothy Grubbe's face so suddenly aghast at me sitting there confidential. "Yes, that is the fellow," I said, "I 'd know him among a hundred by his ugly neck." "Do you know who he is?" asked the Justice. "Well," said I dubiously, "As like as not, he would be that same black ruffian, Dick Ryder." "I 've heard of him, I 've heard of him," says the Justice, rubbing his hands again. But Timothy Grubbe was no fool, as I knew very well, and though he had started at the first, and had worn a frown of embarrassment upon his face throughout this colloquy, he was contained enough now when he addressed his worship.

"Mr. Justice," says he sharply, "I have no notion what sort of figure you play in this farce, but, whatever it be, I must interfere with your amusements for a moment and ask you to arrest this man in the King's name." His worship stared, and then laughed a little. "Oh!" says he, "That 's it, is it?" Grubbe turned on him. "This man," he said, speaking in his harshest voice, "though the Devil, his father, knows how he comes here, was the chief of the gang that attacked and robbed the stage, as I have informed you." He said it so firmly, and with such an appearance of authority, that his worship looked staggered, and said nothing. But it was time for me to put in my tongue, if I was to keep my

post. "Ah!" says I, very sarcastic, "and 't is a brave bold tongue you ply for an audacious cut-throat. You have it all pat, as one would say. And perhaps you could swear to 'em in a court of justice; no one better. And I suppose, my fine fellow, 't is me that 's this same Dick Ryder, and 't is you as had charge of his Majesty's treasure."

Timothy Grubbe looked at me, with lowered brows, out of his little red eyes. "I don't know what name you put yourself," he said in his rasping voice. "I have no such intimate acquaintance with gentlemen of the road. But I do know as I shall have you clapped in prison ere an hour passes. But why do you delay?" says he, suddenly addressing the Justice imperiously. "I have already asked you to place this fellow under arrest." His worship was very much disturbed. "Softly, softly," he says, taking a pinch of snuff absently. "How am I to judge between you?" "Judge," says Timothy with a sneer. "I warrant his Majesty will have a word to say upon judges when this incompetence reaches his ears. The Justice turned red. "Why———," he stammered and looked with hesitation at Grubbe. "Mr. Justice," I said, for I could see the case was turning against me, "I ask you to seize this man on a charge of highway robbery and murder." Grubbe gave me an ugly smile as though he had gotten the best of me now, and I will admit that I was a little afraid myself. "But there is no evidence," says his worship, frowning. "There is none to speak to the truth of either." And at that word all of a sudden I took a notion that sent the blood spinning in my veins and brought me to my feet very solemn and certain. I have always come out of difficulties upon the proper side, in some degree by the favour of fortune, but the more, I take it, thanks to my own ingenious wits. And here was the chance to turn to account an idle humour which I had till now regarded more as a piece of reckless folly.

"As to that," says I slowly, "there 's plenty to speak to my identity, but it is an ill hour to fetch 'em from Town." Timothy Grubbe grinned. "Yet I am loth to keep your worship in suspense," I says, "and myself under so foolish a suspicion, and, faith, we 'll e'en put up with a witness or two in Dartford, an' it please your worship." Timothy shot a sharp glance at me, and the Justice gave a sigh of relief. "Come," says he more cheerfully, "that is well; and we 'll take the witnesses at once." "Indeed," says I, with my eyes on Grubbe, "if your worship will but fetch 'em out of bed, there 's an honest chandler by the name of Tyrwhitt, of this town, and the host of the 'Pigeons,' that knows what my business was this day." "Tyrwhitt!" says the Justice, "yes, I know him—a worthy fellow. We 'll have 'em both," and opening the door briskly he gave an order to his men. Timothy Grubbe scowled, and scratched his chin, with his evil eyes upon me. I sat down again, indifferent, and finished my wine. But Timothy said nothing, nor indeed did anything further pass between us three until the return of the messengers. When there was a rap on the door, the Justice stepped across. "Come in, Tyrwhitt," he says, "come in, my good man." But when the fat chandler was got in, and ere the Justice could say another word, the man served my purpose better than I could have anticipated. For he gazed about in a stupid, sleepy fashion, looked vacantly on Grubbe, and then his eyes dropping on me he blinked and gave a cry. "Well, sir," says the Justice, "do you know this man?" "Why, yes," says the fat chandler, brightening up, "'t is the gentleman as had charge of his Majesty's gold to take to Chatham." Grubb started aback, and made as though to speak, but was silent. "Ha!" says the Justice, "Now, it seems we are getting upon the scent." And thereupon he called in the landlord of the "Pigeons," who entered in some trepidation. "Do you know this

man?" asked the Justice, now very stiff and formal. Old Jolly-boy looked at Grubbe and shook his head, and then with a glance at me, said in a public whisper to his worship, "'T is an officer of his Majesty's, upon a secret service," and nodded mysteriously.

"Oh, ho!" said his worship with a smile. "Faith, I think we have it now," and he regarded Timothy sternly. "I think," he says, "my good highwayman, that the gaol-house is the place for you," and chuckled as if he had made a jest. But Timothy said nothing, shifting his small dark eyes from one to another viciously. "What!" says the inn-keeper, "is this a highwayman?" and retreated a step. The Justice nodded in good humour. "But won't be one much longer, I fear me," he says. "Faith, 't was a matter I know much about," says the fat chandler complacently, "for me and this gentleman discussed it over our wine."

"Ah!" says the Justice with an approving glance at me, "a fine, brave fellow that, Tyrwhitt, whom I commend to your kind hospitality for his wound's sake." "Oh, I shall be well enough, your worship," said I, getting on my feet, "and I will e'en take the generous offer of any friend here for a bandage and a glass of wine more."

"And welcome," says the chandler, very warmly. But all the time Timothy Grubbe said nothing, only looking at me with a scowling smile. He was a reptile of spunk, was Grubbe, and no doubt he saw there was nothing more to be said that night. So he held his tongue; he was never one to waste his time, was Timothy. But I was not going to part like that. I would have an oath out of him somehow. "'t is a pity," I said, turning to go, "that the rogues got away with the gold." "Aye, 't is a pity," said the Justice. "I wish," said I, "that I knew where 't was hid—in some patch of wood, maybe." The Justice nodded, but Timothy looked up suddenly, a flash of intelligence lit his eyes,

and he ground his teeth fiercely and muttered, giving me a bloody look. I could not refrain from laughing at that. "Well," says I, "'t is a comfort to know that one rogue at least will take no share in the plunder." The Justice laughed too, and they all laughed; and upon that I got out of the house roaring with laughter. For I had left Timothy with that news to spend a very discomfortable night. But as for me, I was in high feather, and after patching up my wound, which the chandler's good lady tended, and narrating a string of adventures to the gaping ninnies over a steaming bowl, I crept out of the house when all were abed, and, mounting a nag which I found in the stables, rode without more ado to the little piece of wood in which the gold was hid. I distributed as much as I could carry in packages about my saddle, and having concealed the rest against a later opportunity, I set out in good spirits; reaching Maidstone early the next day, where I remained in quarters for a week or so.

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

DEGENERATION

I WRITE this paper as a solemn, an earnest warning, an appeal to the unsuspecting and serene general public not to read Dr. Max Nordau's book *Degeneration*. I give this word of admonition with much the same spirit of despairing yet powerless misery as might animate the warning of any slave to a despised habit, a hashish-eater, an opium smoker, an alcoholic inebriate. I have read this book of Dr. Nordau's, and through it I am become the unwilling victim of a most deplorable, most odious, most blighting habit—that of searching for degenerates. I do not want or like to do this, but I do it instinctively, mechanically. The habit has poisoned all the social relations of my life,

has entered into my views of the general public; it has sapped my delight in novelty, choked my admiration of genius, deadened my enthusiasm, silenced my opinions; and it has brought these wretched conditions not only into my regard of matters and persons of the present times, but retrospectively it has tainted the glories of history. All this is exceeded by the introspective blight of the book through exacting a miserable and mortifying self-examination, which leads to the despairing, the unyielding conclusion that I am myself a degenerate.

The book is, unfortunately, so explicit in explanation as to lure every reader to amateur investigation. Indeed, such a vast array of mental and physical traits are enumerated as stigmata—the marks of the beast—as to paralyze the thoughtless, and to make the judicious grieve. Our mental traits we can oftimes conceal from public view, our moral traits we always conceal, but many of our physical characteristics can not, alas, be wholly hidden. Dr. Nordau enumerates many physical stigmata, all interesting, but perhaps the most prominent, most visible one, is the degenerate malformation of the ear.

I was present recently at an interesting function whereat the subject of the evening was discussion of this book *Degeneration*. In the course of a brilliant and convincing address one of the lecturers chanced to name that most hateful and evident stigma, the ear-mark, so to speak, of the accursed. Though simple were his words, as subtle as sewer-gas was his poison; as all-pervading and penetrating as the sand-storm in the desert, it entered every brain in the room. I speedily and furtively glanced from side to side at my neighbors's ears, only to find them regarding mine with expressions varying from inquisitiveness through surprise and apprehension, to something closely approaching disgust. After the discussion was ended, friends advanced to speak

with me; they shook hands, not looking with pleasant greeting into my eyes, but openly staring at my ears.

Now, that would be necessarily most abhorrent to every one,—to quote Spenser:—

"For fear least we like rogues should be reputed
And for eare-marked beastes abroad be bruited."

And it is specially offensive to me—it would be anyway, for my ears are not handsome; but worse still must be admitted, they are not normal. They answer every purpose of hearing and of restraining my hat from slipping down over my eyes and on my neck, which is all I have demanded of them hitherto. But now I know that as emblems of my mental and moral characteristics they are wholly remiss, even degraded. They are .079 larger than normality; they stand out from my head at an angle which exhibits 2° too much obtusity; the lobule displays .17 too little pendulosity; and worst of all, the fossa scaphoida of my pinna is basely unconvoluted. I am sore ashamed of all this. I think of having the twin base betrayers of my degenerate nature shaved off in spots, and already I tie them close to my head at night in a feeble attempt at improvement. But I am not in my callow youth; I fear they have not been bent in the way they should be inclined, that their degeneracy is irremediable.

It is not through physical stigmata alone that I find myself branded. I find that I am impulsive, I have a predilection for inane reverie, and for search for the bases of phenomena—all sad traits. Worst of all, I have "the irresistible desire of the degenerate to accumulate useless trifles." Nordau says, "It is a stigmata of degeneration, and has had invented for it the name oniomania or buying craze. The oniomaniac is simply unable to pass by any lumber without feeling an impulse to acquire." When I read that sentence I glanced guiltily at my cabinets of old china—well, I could

use it on the table and thus make it unstigmatic; at my Dutch silver—I might melt it up and sell it; my books, my autographs, my photographs, all may find some excuse; but how can I palliate any book-plates, or ever live down having gone for a year through every village, city and town where I chanced or sought to wander, asking at every jeweler's silversmith's and watch-repairer's, "Have you any bridges of old verge watches?" I fear those watch-bridges stamp me an oniomaniac. And am I wholly free from Lombroso's graphomania? Have I not an insane desire to write? I conceal my obsession, but it ever influences me. I may confess also (since I confess at all) that I have rupophobia (fear of dirt), iophobia (fear of poison), nosophobia (fear of sickness), belenophobia (fear of needles—especially on the floor), and one or two other wretched obsessions, particularly an inordinate love for animals, upon which I had hitherto rather bridled as the mark of a tender nature.

But let me dwell no more on my own peculiar stigmata, but show how—to paraphrase Prior:

"All earth is by the ears together
Since first that horrid book come hither."

I haunt photograph shops, look over the frontispieces of illustrated magazines, and various collections of likenesses, until I am wearied to the core of looking at the ears of prominent persons, and it brings forth a sense of profound, of heartfelt gratitude that Daguerre was was not born till this century, almost till our own day; and that thus the ears of centuries of countless geniuses are disguised in their counterfeit presentments by the meaningless conventionalities of the artist's brush, which represent in peaceful and happy monotony and perfection that unfortunate, that abhorred member. I plainly see, too, what the result of all this will be. I picture to myself the poet of the future, hooded, veiled, to conceal his features; robed in flowing drapery to

cover his feet; with his hands in a muff; living alone to hide his personal habits; studiously avoiding the subject of his health; painstaking in showing no decided preferences; void of passion lest he be deemed erotic; void of epigram or humour lest his wit be taken as earnest; until I sigh mournfully for the time spoken of in Genesis, when "there was no more *earing*."

I will not sign my name to this heartfelt communication, since it would have no weight as the cognomen of either a genius or a mattoid, and perhaps the cry of warning will be more heeded from a suffering incognito. Besides, I do not wish to be shunned by my fellow creatures as one who is determined to know their innermost worst, with as cruel a mental insistence, and with a method genetic to that employed by the Inquisition in penetrating the brain of its victims by pouring boiling oil in the ears. Nor am I willing to have such an odious position in society that none of my friends will visit me, or come in my presence unless fortified with ear-muffs against my insinuating gaze.

A DEGENERATE.

SCENES IN THE VOSHTI HILLS

IV.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE FIRE

"*Height unto height answereth knowledge.*"

THIS was the first watch, the farthest fire, for Shaknon Hill towered above the great gulf, and looked back also over thirty leagues of country towards the great city there came a time again when all the land was threatened. From sovereign lands far off, two fleets were sailing hard to reach the wide basin before the walled city, the one to save, the other to destroy. If Tinoir, the Guardian of the Fire, should sight the destroying fleet, he should light

two fires on Shankon Hill, and then, even on the edge of the wide basin, in a treacherous channel, the people would send out fire-rafts to burn the ships of the foe, for they would be helpless in the turmoil and the fire. Five times in the past had Tinoir been the Guardian of the Fire, and five times had the people praised him; but praise and his scanty wage were all he got.

The hut in which he lived with his wife on another hill, ten miles from Shaknon, had but two rooms, and their little farm and the garden gave them but enough to live, no more. Elsewhere there was good land in abundance, but it had been said years ago to Tinoir by the great men, that he should live not far from Shaknon, so that in times of peril he might guard the fire, and be the sentinel for all the people. Perhaps Tinoir was too dull to see that he was giving all and getting naught; that while he waited and watched he was always poor, and also was getting old. There was no house or home within fifty miles of them, and only now and then some wandering Indians lifted their latch, and drew in beside their fire, or a good priest with a soul of love for others, came and said mass in the room where a little calvary had been put up, or, if in summer, under the good pine trees. Two children had come and gone, and Tinoir and Dalice had dug their graves and put them in a warm nest of maple leaves, and afterwards lived upon the memories of them. But only these two children came no more; and Tinoir and Dalice grew close and closer to each other, coming to look alike in face, as they had long been alike in mind and feeling. None ever lived nearer to nature than they, and wild things grew to be their friends; so that you might see Dalice at her door, tossing crumbs with one hand to birds, and with the other bits of meat to foxes, martins, and wild dogs, that came and went unharmed by them. Tinoir shot no wild animals for profit—only for food and for skins and furs to

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

ALL ANSWERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED
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wear. Because of this he was laughed at by all who knew, save the priest of St. Sulpice, who, on Easter Day, when the little man came yearly to mass over two hundred miles of country, praised him to his people and made much of him, though Tinoir was not vain enough to see it.

When word came down the river, and up over the hills to Tinoir that war was come and that he must go to watch for the hostile fleet and for the friendly fleet as well, he made no murmur, though it was the time of harvest, and Dalice had had a sickness from which she had not recovered.

"Go, my Tinoir," said Dalice, with a little smile, "and I will reap the grain. If your eyes are sharp you shall see my bright sicle moving in the sun."

"There is the churning of the milk too, Dalice," answered Tinoir; "you are not strong, and sometimes the butter comes slow, and there's the milking also."

"Strength is coming to me fast, Tinoir," she said, and drew herself up; but her dress lay almost flat on her bosom. Tinoir took her arm and felt it above the elbow.

"It is like the muscle of a little child," he said.

"But I will drink those bottles of red wine the Governor sent the last time you watched the fire on Shaknon," she said, brightening up, and trying to cheer him.

He nodded, for he saw what she was trying to do, and said: "And a little of the gentian and orange root three times a day—eh, Dalice?"

Then they both nodded at each other, and said the war would soon be over, and guarding the fire done; and after arranging for certain signs, by little fires, which they were to light upon the hills and so speak with each other, they said, "Good day, Dalice," and "Good day, Tinoir," and then drank a glass of the red wine, and added, "Thank the good God;" and then Tinoir wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and went away, leaving Dalice with a broken glass at

her feet, and a look in her eyes which it is well that Tinoir did not see.

But as he went he was thinking how, the night before, Dalice had lain with her arm round his neck hour after hour as she slept, as she did before they ever had a child; and that even in her sleep, she kissed him as she used to kiss him before he brought her away from the parish of Ste. Genevieve to be his wife. And the more he thought about it the happier he became, and more than once he stopped and shook his head in pleased retrospection. And Dalice thought of it too as she hung over the churn her face drawn and stired and shining with sweat, and she shook her head, and tears came into her eyes, for she saw further than Tinoir. And once as she passed his coat on the wall, she rubbed it softly with her hand, as she might his curly head when he lay beside her.

From Shaknon Tinoir watched, but of course, he could never see her bright sickle shining, and he could not know whether her dress still hung loose upon her breast, or the flesh of her arms still like a child's. If all was well with Dalice a little fire should be lighted at the house door just at the going down of the sun, and it should be at once put out. If she were ill, a fire should be lit and then put out two hours after sundown. If she should be ill beyond any help, this fire should burn on till it went out.

Day after day Tinoir, as he watched for the coming fleet, saw the fire lit at sundown, and then put out. But one night the fire did not come till two hours after sundown, aud it was put out at once. He fretted much, and he prayed that Dalice might be better, and he kept to his post, looking for the fleet of the foe. Evening after evening was this other fire lighted and then put out at once, and a great longing came to him to leave this guarding of the fire, and go to her —"for half a day," he said, "just for half a day." But in

that half day, in that half day, the fleet might pass, and then it would be said that Tinoir had lost his country. Sleep left him and he fought a demon night and day, and always he remembered Dalice's arm about his neck, and her kisses that last night they were together. Twice he started away from his post to go to her, but before he had gone a hundred paces he came back.

One afternoon at last he saw ships, not far off, rounding the great cape in the gulf, and after a time, at sunset, he knew by their shape and sails it was the fleet of the foe, and so he lighted his great fires, and it was answered league away towards the city by another fire.

And two hours after sunset the fire in front of Tinoir's home was lighted, and was not put out, and Tinoir sat and watched it till it died away. So he sat in the light of his own great war-fire till morning, for he could not travel at night, and then, his duty over, he went back to his home, and found Dalice lying beside the ashes of her fire, past hearing all he said in her ear, unheeding the kiss he set upon her lips.

Two nights afterwards, coming back from laying her beside her children, he saw a great light in the sky towards the city, as of a huge fire. When the courier came to him bearing the Governor's message and the praise of the people, and told of the enemy's fleet destroyed by the fire-rafts, he stared at the man, then turned his head to a place where a pine cross showed against the green grass, and said: "Dalice—my wife—is dead."

"You have saved your country, Tinoir," answered the courier kindly.

"What is that to me?" he said, and fondled the rosary Dalice used to carry when she lived; and he would speak to the man no more.

GILBERT PARKER.

NOTES

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

Inscribed with affectionate regard to the great tragedian, F. W., who told it me.

A certain Fox, being faint from hunger, saw some clusters of grapes hanging from a trellised vine. She resorted to all her tricks to come to them, but wearied herself all in vain, for she could not attain them. At length she turned away, beguiling herself of her disappointment, and saying: "No appendicitis in mine, I do n't think."

¶ If you are one of those people who were wise enough to secure a copy of the first number of the CHAP-BOOK, you may have noticed a very interesting title in the table of contents, "The Egotist." You may also have turned the leaves with disappointment to find no such department in the body of the paper. Nothing but "Notes." I have always regretted that the caption was abandoned; and have always been thankful that it was retained by accident on the outside page, in its assertive red letters. Altruism is all very well for a democracy, but egotism is the soul of art.

¶ It is a common and ridiculous fallacy for our loudest writers to proclaim the democracy of letters, the democracy of art. Art is the most aristocratic thing in the world; and it is by the aristocracy of art that the world will be saved at last from the tyranny of superstition and the anarchy of unbelief. Art will save us from superstition and the living death of dogma, because its inspiration is fresh every morning. Its sanctions are deep in the heart of the moment; a phrase of rapture is more binding to it than a volume of tradition. Art, too, will save us from anarchy and the debauchery of doubt for just the same reason. We will love its rule, because its authority will be an inward, not an out-

ward, authority. It will not supersede religion, though it will supersede the churches; for it will in itself realize the truth that the Kingdom of God is within us. As all heathen and christian hierarchies have been the pseudo-aristocracies in the past, art will be the only true aristocracy in the future.

¶ As the essence of art is inspiration, and the essence of aristocracy is individualism, art will always be egotistic. Its egotism, however, will be chastened by humility; for while it must always be conscious of the greater power or spirit for which it is a mouthpiece, that very intimacy will free it from vanity.

Criticism, on the other hand, will continue in bondage to an uninspired egotism. For while poets are egotists per force, critics are egotists *per se*.

¶It is one of the evidences of all great art, to arouse imitation. No sooner does a new painter or poet appear, than he has a hundred imitators. It is so in criticism, too. No sooner does a luminous critic begin to enlighten or enliven his fellows, than he has a score of disciples. How flattered I have been, then, in the past year, since my first child was born and christened THE CHAP-BOOK. My heart has been enlarged with pride, and at times I have been tempted to cry out, Portland is my wash-pot, over Philadelphia will I cast out my shoe. But now in one of the leafy Lowell days of June the sincerest form of flattery comes to me from East Aurora, New York, rejoicing in the happy name *The Philistine*. Alas, as I peruse its festive pages, I am constrained to change my quotation from the royal Psalmist, and say "The drunkards make songs upon me."

I wondered at first who was responsible for the new bantling. But serious thought convinced me that a certain Mr. Elbert Hubbard, author of *Little Journeys*, was now indulging in the pastime of driving periodicals tandem. The leader,

as I once before intimated, is a trifle slow and heavy, so that even this steed may prove lively enough to cause confusion. I hesitate to croak, however, for Mr. Hubbard's article in the new periodical may be a sufficient drag to prevent any such accident. It has his usual overwhelming dullness and paucity of idea, while the style has all that deftness which we have learned to know as peculiarly his own, a delicacy of touch as of a hippopotamus on a tight rope or a Nordau forging *vers de société*.

But in all justice the rest of the number is fairly amusing. To me, especially. THE CHAP-BOOK figuring as "The Chip-Munk seems to bulk very large in the Philistinic field of vision, and the doughty Elbert and his pals (mostly the latter, I judge, since I was amused) use most of their space thrusting at it. THE CHAP-BOOK appreciates the compliment, but, to be quite frank, is there a crying need for "The Philistine, a Journal of Comment on The Chap-Book?"

¶ *The Philistine* gave me what the author of The Green Carnation might call a vivid purple moment; and I gladly turn from it to pleasanter themes. Let me copy for you from my common-place book these two scraps of poetry. I am sure you will appreciate them at this time of the year, when everyone is going on a journey.

A GOOD-BY

For love of the roving foot
And joy of the roving eye,
God send you store of morrows fair
And a good rest by and by.

A FRIEND'S WISH

Give me your last *Aloha*,
When I go out of sight,
Over the dark rim of the sea
Into the Polar night!

And all the North-land give you
Skeal for the journey begun,
When your bright summer sail goes down
Into the zones of sun!

I shall leave them anonymous, so that after their author's death, they may possibly be attributed to the egotist of THE CHAP-BOOK.

¶ I notice that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne does n't hold my lofty views of art. In his new volume, "Robert Louis Stevenson and Other Poems," he says:

Art is a gipsy,
Fickle as fair,
Good to kiss and flirt with
But marry—if you dare!"

Another amusing extract may be taken from the opening of his poem on Professor Minto:

"Nature, that makes Professors all day long,
And, filling idle souls with idle song,
Turns out small poets every other minute,
Made earth for men—but seldom puts men in it."

¶ Now Mr. Andrew Lang is an egotist after my own heart. To a very graceful and genuine poetic power he has added the large, cool effrontery of the model critic. And his superbest manner is sometimes exhibited in those brief papers of his contributed to the *Cosmopolitan*. He is retained, I take it, at a decent gentlemanly fee to give us a monthly epitome of current literary events in London. And how often our poor trans-Atlantic nerves are startled to read Mr. Lang's announcement that he *has not* read such and such a book, the talk of the town just then! No doubt one would be more edified in hearing what Mr. Lang has not read, than in hearing what most critics have read; but the candor of his egotism is collossal and beautiful, just the same. I wish

I could imitate it. I should like to tell you that I have not read Miss Gertrude Hall's new volume of stories yet. I am quite sure, however, from what I know of the author's genius, and from the title of the book itself, "Foam of the Sea," that the work is well worth even my time to read. I advise you procure it at once. If you are disappointed, then you may look up her first collection of stories, "Far from To-day." If you are disappointed in that, there is no hope for you.

¶ A month or so ago I read with lively interest in an eastern newspaper that Mr. Max Beerbohm, who was in the country with the Trees, had been interviewed and had asserted that he was preparing an article for the CHAP-BOOK on "The Value of Arson." He spoke of having seen a fire in Chicago, told of how the pink and yellow flames burst out, and how then "some men in rubber coats and hats came and threw water on it." "It was an act of sacrilege," commented Max. An editor has a certain prejudice in favor of receiving such news as to the future of his magazine at first hand. But the article was apparently to be sprightly and amusing, with the peculiar Beerbohm humor. Also, the CHAP-BOOK was evidently arrived at that desirable point where, to employ common parlance, "it goes alone." I contemplated long vacations and the use of the sub-title "An Automatic Magazine." But I have never had the article and my days are become a burden with the summer heat. Will some one see Mr. Beerbohm, or write the article himself?

¶For a long time it has been apparent that a magazine in which all subscribers should be contributors, and in turn all contributors should be subscribers, would have a sure though small circulation and prove a tidy property. The incidental advantages of triumphant mediocrity and of unbridled indulgence in the most fulsome of self praise are also not to be despised.

My only wonder is that when magazines spawn in countless numbers we have been so long without "Agate Windows for Sermon Builders." I extract from the Circular:

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How insinuating is that line about the subscription price of "Agate Windows." How clever that "which may properly be called original by adaptation." Long live the Coöperative Society for the Exchange of Tommy-Rot. And Heaven help the laity.

BOOKS RECEIVED

AN AIDE-DE-CAMP OF NAPOLEON, MEMOIRS OF GENERAL COUNT DE SEGUR. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE WAYS OF YALE, by HENRY A. BEERS. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE TIME MACHINE, by H. S. WELLS. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

TENEMENT TALES OF NEW YORK, by J. W. SULLIVAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

MASTER AND MAN, by COUNT LEO TOLSTOY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

AFTER TO-MORROW, by the author of "The Green Carnation." New York: The Merriam Co.

FIDELIS, by ADA CAMBRIDGE. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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STAR of the sea, be thou my star,
Here or on wilder seas afar;
Point out my way, O favouring guide,
Between fierce winds and waters wide.

Thee has the sailor from his prow
Hailed often as I hail thee now;
As thou hast guided him, guide me
Across a stranger, bitterer sea.

He, giving thanks to God, has praised
Thy beam, when, like a curtain raised,
The night his worn eyes vainly scanned
Lifted, and dawn gave sight of land.

O, favour thou my shifting helm,
Lest leaping breakers overwhelm
My bark that, made of mortal breath,
Puts out across the sea of Death.

Save thee I have no light, no star:
The winds of sorrow howl, and far
The furious breakers seethe and fight
Beneath impenetrable night.

Alone thou shinest forth to show
The hope of dreams man may not know.
O heavenly star, guide even me
To haven and home beyond the sea!

THEODORE WRATISLAW.

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WITHOUT PREJUDICE

AT a famous theatrical club a famous actor was recounting his influenza experiences. "I tried Brighton, and suffered all the tortures of the damned; I tried the Continent, and found a little relief. But it was not till I returned to London and began rehearsing the new play that I became myself again."

"Is n't that rather a reflection on your acting?" I asked. "You began rehearsing a new play and you became yourself again."

And, indeed, it seemed to me he had blundered into an admirable description of his method and the method of so many of his fellows, who are never so much themselves as when somebody else. Of course this is one way of being an actor; for there is no reason why each of the persons you play should not happen to look and talk like you. Hamlet might have had your very figure, and Richard III. your minutest inflection, and Claude Melnotte your gait and deportment, though a series of such coincidences does seem a whit improbable, and one would scarcely expect to find King Lear and the Corsican Brothers triplets. The rival theory of acting—that it consists in playing Proteus, and that the greatest art is to conceal yourself—stirs a more responsive chord in the breast. Specious as may be the arguments on the other side, our heart goes out to the actor who hides himself away in each new *rôle*, even as amid the polished monologues of the society villain we yearn for two minutes of the good old rant in the center of the stage. Perhaps, then, the real reason why we have all raved over Irving's Waterloo veteran in *A Straggler of '15* is that he has sunk himself entirely in the part, so that Corporal Brewster challenges us as a wholly objective creation. Irving has ceased to give imitations of Irving, and the result is a unanimous

verdict of approval on the part of the dramatic critics. A musical critic, indeed, has attempted to fritter away the merit of this fine impersonation by giving all the credit of it to Conan Doyle, who, he contends, by a series of conventional touches, forces the spectator to create for himself the picture of the conventional veteran before the hero even appears on the scene. It is not unfair to assume that this very conventionality of conception, this very acceptance of the stock military tradition, served to prejudice the author of "Arms and the Man." And, indeed, it is not to be denied that Conan Doyle has added no fresh touch of realistic observation to the traditional picturesqueness of the military veteran. It is the romanticism of the Adelphi, the glorification of the army as the nursery of the heroic spirit, of the stern sense of duty and discipline, of the honor of the regiment and the religion of the flag. There is nothing of that relentless realism which Zola and Tolstoi have put into their war novels, and which lately found expression even in the ballad-monger of the barrackroom:

"It got beyond all orders and it got beyond all 'ope;
It got to shammin' wounded an' retirin' from the 'alt.
'Ole companies was 'untin' for the nearest road to slope,
It was just a bloomin' knock-out, an' our fault."

The author of the "Drums of the Fore and Aft" knows better than to draw a St. Thomas Atkins. I remember when a boy—already somewhat sceptical—asking a soldier on duty in Dover Castle if he would like to go to war. "God forbid!" he cried, with a shudder. (He did not even say "Gawd.") And yet there *is* truth in the romantic idealisation. It expresses in a general sense the spirit of the service and the poetry of war. We need the Walter Scott vision of war—nay, even the Clement Scott. Without it war would have only practical results. It would have no

imaginative value. He must be a hardened philosopher who can feel no sublimity in the Napoleonic legend, from whom the fidelity of Heine's *Zwei Grenadiere* cannot strike out a spark. There may be something to invite the satirist in the war-fever of those who stay at home, but yet these emotions do shake the souls of citizens out of the ruts of habit. It is said that great men are born in bellicose periods. The souls of the mothers are big with national hopes.

Concerning Irving's Don Quixote opinions are not so agreed. On the whole it seems to be a case of *omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset.* He was the ideal Quixote before he played it, and indeed his wonderful face and smile seemed to me so framed to express the idealist that it was a disappointment to find him making up like a portrait by Velasquez. Yet on reflection I cannot say he was wrong; and to me at least he certainly did manage to convey the essential being of Cervantes' hero across the footlights despite the intervention of Wills' play. The great surprise of the performance was the incidental revelation that many persons in the audience had never read the book. It is incredible how unknown are the most popular books. You simply cannot publish a book in the sense of making it a matter of universal public knowledge. The Bible itself is not published yet throughout the world. This difficulty of publication is not grasped by the average citizen, who thinks everybody takes in the same paper as he does. Whoso discovered how to publish facts would reap a colossal fortune and find his invention subverted to the greater glory of soaps. At present it is absolutely impossible, for example, to tell people that money-lenders' advertisements in the papers are a tissue of lies, that no one ever lends money to impecunious strangers on mere note of hand. You cannot drive the simplest fact home to more than a minority of the population. And yet there are people who are afraid of scandal.

IN *The Triumph of the Philistines* Mr. Henry Arthur Jones interweaves two of his most characteristic motives—scornful rejection of the masses, and easy-going acceptance of the classes. This may sound a rather crude and unfair summary of his social philosophy, and in point of fact is crude and unfair. But it is no more crude and unfair than the exposition through his latest play of his antithesis of Philistia *versus* Fashion. Either he is wholly out of perspective in his vision, or he is unable to express what he sees through dramatic form without laying on the colours with a trowel. Probably both these causes operate: he sees our "nation of shopkeepers" through mists of hatred and antagonism, while he is inclined to take a genial human view of the infirmaties of gentlefolk; and this preliminary fault of perspective is exaggerated by the exigencies of the stage with its demand for definite outline. It is because of his tolerance towards the humanity of society people that they come out far more human in his pictures of life than the tradespeople whom he contemns. Of the latter he needs only the unlovely attributes for his dramatic antithesis; his bourgeois are the blacks of his stage chiaroscuro, to set off the lights of his ladies and gentlemen, and thus they have little relation to real life, in which they have lights as well as shadows of their own. That was the old mistake in landscape painting—to show off the sunlight by contrast with a bituminous background; in reality, sunlight is diffused everywhere, and these violently antithetical blacks and whites do not exist. All this comes from Mr. Jones not being a humourist but a clever dramatist, who, when he is not conceiving sensational contrasts of incident, like the gambling for a woman in "The Masqueraders," is occupied with sensational contrasts of character.

IF "The Philistines" triumph, they must triumph over something that is not Philistine. But Sir Valnetine Fellows, the hero of the comedy, is himself of the very elect of Gath. He is exactly the sort of a person whom Matthew Arnold denounced as the young barbarian of fashion. He is the happy, healthy animal,—or, as Mr. Jones prefers to phrase it, "a thorough Englishman by birth and breeding,"—and his acquaintance with Art, on which the play turns, is admittedly almost *nil*. With him is associated Lady Beauboys, a worldly-minded Philistine of the grossest type. The only remaining personages who are not in the camp of triumph are Willie Hesselwood, the painting genius, and Mrs. Alma Suleny, a widow who carries on her dead father's work of giving artistic training to poor but promising boys. But it is not over these that the Philistines triumph, for if the studio is turned into an asylum for orphans, it is not before the genius has gone off to study in Rome, and the art patroness has found another occupation as the wife of Sir Valentine. And what scandalizes Market Pewbury is, after all, less the pictures of Bacchantes than the carryings-on of a vixenish French model whom Philistia would not be alone in finding an undesirable neighbour. How the gentle Alma Suleny could introduce such an obviously improper person into a studio full of budding youths I do not understand; but then this studio is absolutely shadowy and unrealized even in the mind of the author, who allows us to see only one of its students. My acquaintance with painter's models is more extensive than most men's, yet I have never met any one resembling the soulless, mercenary Sally. This is not to deny Sally's possibility, merely to impugn Mrs. Suleny's common sense in choosing such a model when the profession teems with delightful and ladylike girls. It is possible Mr. Jones has excogitated his model, as the German does a camel, and that he has fallen a

victim to the fallacy he has so often denounced, by making French synonomous with vicious? It is the Parisian minx upon whom the whole burden of the play falls, and had not the title been preoccupied, Mr. Jones might have called his play "The Artist's Model." With her, that is, with Miss Juliet Nesville, to enliven the scene, the play goes along in sprightly, low-comedy fashion. Higher comedy comes only with the scenes in which the young artist in concerned. Willie's willfully blind love for his model is admirably dramatic, and Mr. Jones might make a fine play by developing the theme so rudely broken off. As good a bit of literature as Mr. Jones has given us is the young artist's speech about the hypocrisy of art, but the best lines in *The Triumph of the Philistines* are the lines which are never spoken—I mean the thumb-nail sketches of the Philistines supplied by the author in the stage-directions. These remind one of the vivid vignettes scattered throughout Carlysle's works. Nor is it to be denied that Sir Valentine Fellowes and Lady Beauboys are in themselves perfectly natural creations.

The *Triumph of the Philistines* is a title that should be rescinded by the licenser of plays, for it was copyrighted on false pretences—that is to say, it is a capital title wasted and misapplied. It is a theft from the public treasure of titles. No one should have the right to annex permanently a title which his work does not justify. At the most he should have a five years' lease, and if his work is very bad, so as by association to damage the value of the title, he ought even to be mulcted for dilapidations. Another example of this unjust acquisition of titles is *The Prude's Progress*, which is the name of a comedy by Messrs. Jerome and Phillpotts. Apart from its pretentious title the comedy is good enough to make us regret we do not see more of Mr. Jerome as a playwright. Like Mr. Carton's, his stage-world is a Dickensian world of homely romance and honest humour and

gentle pathos and broad character-drawing. The faults of *The Prude's Progress* may be summed up in the word "old-fashioned." Coincidence plays a large part—as when the Chadbandian county councillor who is the real pivot of the play turns out to be the bigamous husband of the landlady of the very house where all the characters congregate. *The Prude's Progress*, despite its high-comedy title, is at most comedy-drama, but it is full of amusing lines and situations, relieved by bits of delicate pathos, and throughout a fresh stream of originality winds refreshingly amid the familiar scenes of stage-land. The treatment of the heroine's love-affair, for instance, is as novel as it is charming, and there is a welcome addition to stage figures in the shape of a De Goncourt kind of young novelist, who thinks that "God Almighty made the universe to know what he would say about it," and who does not want to have a literary wife because "it would be like living with a critic."

THERE is an air of domesticity over Mr. Le Gallienne's new volume of poems, "R. L. S., etc." The whole book is dedicated to his parents; there is a section inspired by his sad domestic loss, there is a new-year letter addressed to his sister and brother-in-law, he dedicates his reminiscences of Paris to the wife of the Editor of the Yellow Book, with genial references to Harry's wit, his "Ode to Spring" to Grant and Nellie Allen, his "Maiden Vote" to John Fraser, his "Ballad of London" to H. W. Massingham; and to Mr. John Lane is inscribed a poem called "Tree-Worship," beginning, "Vast and mysterious brother," a grandiose description of the genial little publisher which is likely to make the Bodley Head swell. I seem to hear a vast chorus singing:

We all figure proudly in Richard's latest chants,
And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

Mr. and Mrs. James Welch, I remember, and their potential domestic bliss, also afforded Mr. Le Gallienne a chapter of his "Prose Fancies." I experience a feeling of unreality when I meet in the flesh the clever little comedian and his pretty girl-wife, as though they had stepped out of the pages of their brother's books. And yet Mr. Le Gallienne is perhaps not all wrong to express his feelings shamelessly. In these cynic days, when we are all ashamed of having emotions, we should perhaps welcome one who is brazenly sentimental and who has pleaded manfully for long hair. And after all the poet, in writing of his domestic joys and sorrows, is writing of himself less as individual than as type. And his true intent is all for our delight, to glorify the common things of life. If Tennyson had not mourned his friend in the market-place, the world would have been the loser; and if Byron had not

> "Dragged through Europe's every mart
> The pageant of his bleeding heart,"

English literature would have been less respected on the Continent. Wherefore Mr. Le Gallienne's ingenuous audacities are to be forgiven him if we find ourselves enriched by his effusiveness. Of some of his poems at least this may be freely conceded. The poem called "If After All" is such a public treasure coined of private pain. The Stevenson Elegy has stately lines, but unquestionably the strongest piece in the volume is the "Ballad of London."

> "Ah, London! London! our delight,
> Great flower that opens but at night,
> Great City of the Midnight Sun,
> Whose day begins when the day is done.
>
> * * * *
>
> "Like dragon-flies, the hansoms hover,
> With jewelled eyes to catch the lover;

The streets are full of lights and loves,
Soft gowns, and flutter of soiled doves.

* * * *

"Upon thy petals butterflies,
But at thy root, some say, there lies
A world of weeping trodden things,
Poor worms that have not eyes or wings."

Mr. Le Gallienne's poetry is sufficiently promising to inspire the hope that he will achieve his published aspiration of making a pot of money by lecturing in America, so as to gain time for the cultivation of the Muses. At present he does far too much criticism, which, it is well known, prevents a man from reading.

Of John Oliver Hobbes' last book, *The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham*, I will only say that it is the best of all her books, perhaps because it is the longest. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but her work has tried to be more than witty. It has tried to present the tragi-comedy of life and some of the *dramatis personæ*, but in the effervescence of the wit all the rest has too frequently frothed away with it, like a too sparkling champagne. I should not like to have to answer in an examination paper such a question as:

Distinguish between *The Sinners' Comedy, A Bundle of Life, A Study in Temptations*, and *Some Emotions and a Moral*, and show why these titles are not interchangeable?

As a matter of fact, it is only because Lord Wickenham figures eponymously in the title of the last story that I shall distinguish it from those others in which the gods and some mortals are equally conspicuous.

The story itself lingers in my memory more clearly than any of her others, and not merely because it is the last read. The characters are stronger and independent on their epigrams. But John Oliver Hobbes must write a comedy. Her genius for condensation, as well as for dialogue, cries

out for the footlights. The one danger is that she may not be able to expound her personages out of their own mouths: in her books she is Mrs. Jarley and describes her figures. Three years ago, when she was asked why she didn't write plays, she said that the literary man could not look to the stage as a fruitful field for his labour till the mass of people were taught—

"(*a*) that tragedy consists rather in irony than in gore.

"(*b*) that buffoonery is not humour.

"(*c*) that life is not fairly represented by one hero, his mistress's gowns, and his wife's drawing-room."

Although the masses, at grapple with the elemental coarsenesses of life, can scarcely be expected to vibrate to that subtler tragedy and comedy which is the offspring of more complex conditions, it seems unquestionable that the prospects of the literary dramatist are far more favourable to-day than they were three years ago. His public is being educated for him, and there is also a prospect of drawing to the theatre the cultured class that finds in its horror of the English stage its one point of *rapport* with the English Puritan. The only danger is that the literary man may fail to realise the limitations of his new medium. An actress who played in an unsuccessful comedy by a distinguished man of letters told me that one of her stage directions ran thus:

Re-enter Mary, having drunk a cup of tea.

ALL good things come too late. Why am I not a boy again, or why was not *Zoraida* published when I was a boy and got books like this, with just such red covers and such fine print, for prizes? From the frontispiece, wherein the pearls of the Sultan's harem lie murdered amid mysterious marble columns and plashing fountains, to the last picture, where Zoraida, the whilom warlike Queen of the Saharah, slave to the Bond of Blood, gossips over the tea cups in her Kensington flat, there is not a line that would

not have fascinated me. How I should have revelled in the gorgeous imaginings of Mr. William Le Queux, in his easy manipulation of all the properties of romance, in his Crescent of Glorious Wonders, his Dead Hand, his Treasure of Askiá, his Tropical Houris and Harems, his Eunuchs and Sultans and Viziers, his Subterranean Sons of the Desert, his Tombs and Skeletons, his Shrine of Darkness, and Chamber of the Serpents, his Great Mystery, and over it all the Sand of the Saharah! And his Blood—his Blood, which flows at more pints to the page than any of the Blood of my youth—how I should have drunk it in! Haggard hath slain his thousands, but Le Queux his tens of thousands. His victims are as the sands of his desert for multitude. How those fights of his would have made my own blood gallop! I should not have noticed the inelegance of his style, nor the touches of burlesque; I should have been happy and worshipful instead of critical and carping. I should not have suspected that gore is not tragedy nor magnificent improbabilities romance. As it is, I can only envy those who are still boys enough to enjoy this rich opium nightmare, and who can be thrilled throughout, at I was by bits of it, notably by the scene in "The Courts of Love," where the hero tries to warn the Sultan of his attempted assassination—a scene which has real originality and imagination, and which De Quincey would not have disdained to dream.

For the satisfaction of prize-giving schoolmasters, let me add that, despite the pervasive perfume of houris and harems, Zoraida, the Daughter of the Sun, is respectably married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

IN "A Japanese Marriage," the much-travelled author of "The Japs at Home" give us rather "The English Not at Home" than a regulation novel. The Japanese Marriage in question is neither Japanese nor a marriage, for it is the informal union of the hero with his

deceased wife's sister, and the originality of the book lies in its interesting descriptions of Japanese scenes and curios, which is hardly to its credit as a novel. Half the book might be cut out and published separately under the title of "Excursions from Yokohoma" or "Half-Holidays in Japan," while the rest could be called, say, "A Sister-in-Lawful Wife." If I remember aright, when William Black makes a travel-book do duty as a novel, he refrains from bringing about serious complications. Jogging along in his Phaeton, he does not drive a team of story and sightseeing. But Mr. Douglas Sladen's novel is a "novel with a purpose," and rises here and there to tragic heights, so that these Japanese *Reisebilder* of his show like, I will not say padding, but matter in the wrong place. It is not a very pleasant picture that Mr. Slade gives us of the English colony in Yokohoma, and his sketch of the self-righteous clergyman of an English rural parish reads like a caricature.

Mr. Sladen's English, too, is free and easy, and smacks of the irresponsible wanderer. But Bryn the heroine is a charming creature, and some of the scenes with her half-crazed, dying sister reveal strong imaginative power. I do not know whether the book will do much good to the Cause. Every heart, uncorrupted by theology, must naturally desire to see the lovable Bryn wedded to the manly Phil. But this is the unfair device of all novelists with a purpose—to take an exceptional case and insidiously assume that it is typical; not everybody who wants to marry his deceased wife's sister deserves to, or would be the better for it. Incidentally Mr. Sladen airily solves the problem of existence in two lines of a happy-hearted, hedonistic preface; but if "comfort" be the "highest end of existence," there are many other things besides marrying one's deceased wife's sister that one should be allowed to do. Like Mr. Sladen, I have no personal interest in this absurd question. My deceased wife has no

A SONG

"Love blows as the wind l
Love blows into the heart.

The fickle wind blows West and East,
Love blov
The fickle moon is love's high priest,
Love

Sweet love, sweet love is lightly won,
Love blow
Sweet love, sweet love is quickly gone,
Love

April 's made of shine and shower,
Love blow
The North wind frights each timid flow
Love

June roses with their hearts on fire,
Love blow
Flame and fade in their own desire,
Love

Ah ! perfect love, for thee a sigh,
Love blow
Thou wert so fair and sweet to die,
Love

Bind with the rue thy radiant brow,
Love blow
Beloved of the gods wert thou.
Love

ews,
—Arabian.

s as the wind blows.

blows into the heart.

s as the wind blows.

blows into the heart.

s as the wind blows,
r,
blows into the heart.

s as the wind blows.

blows into the heart.

s as the wind blows.

blows into the heart.

s as the wind blows.

blows into the heart.
Jean Wright.

sister. I have not even a deceased wife; nor a living one, for the matter of that. So that question merely affords me selfish amusement. Half the world seems to want marriage abolished, and the other half to marry its deceased wife's sister. In the Old Testament, upon which the Christian marriage-law is primarily based, I find nothing about my deceased wife's sister, only a strict injunction to marry my deceased brother's wife unless she formally releases me. But the Bishops know better.

I FIND some difficulty in distinguishing clearly between Mr. Marriott Watson's "At the First Corner" and Mr. H. D. Lowry's "Women's Tragedies." They both belong to the Keynote Series, they are both made up of short stories, they are both of about the same merit, and I have read them both together. It is only by fixing my mind on the fact that Mr. Lowry's people are all Cornish, and that Mr. Marriott Watson sometimes deviates into humour, that I can remember which of the two I am admiring at any particular moment. Both reveal a certain strain, or rather a certain straining of the bizarre, and sometimes effects intended to be very clever do not come off at all. But both understand what a short story is. For sheer strength the palm must be awarded to Mr. Lowry, whose stories of "The Man in the Room" and "Maimie's Dream" grip the imagination. But for range and variety and for fantastic humour Mr. Watson surpasses his fellow-craftsman. He has largely abandoned the affectations of style which made "Diogenes of London" a brilliant bore. Some of his pieces could easily be turned into one-act plays. "At the First Corner" is an original psychological situation, curiously but improbably involved. "An Ordeal of Three" is a charming bit of artificial comedy, to which there could be no greater antithesis than the sordid pseudo-realism of "In the Basement." Untruth to nature is indeed the key-

note of Mr. Watson, whose gift of imaginative combination preponderates vastly over his faculty of observation, with the result that he makes beautiful bricks without straw, paints pictures with unreal atmospheres, and constructs elaborate psychical situations out of rarified and unnatural emotions. Thus the appallingly hideous episode "In the Basement," where a dying man is shaved in haste to save the higher charge of operating on a dead man, strikes me as entirely evolved from Mr. Marriott Watson's inner consciousness. He got hold of the fact that the charge for shaving a corpse is a shilling, and from this germ the whole grimy tragedy evolved. The revolting accessories owe nothing to observation, if I may trust my own study and experience of poor London life. The *Daily Chronicle* seems to have regarded this story as dealing with a phase of the psychology of poverty which had escaped even Dickens; but before joining in the applause I should demand to see his "human documents," not necessarily for publication but as a proof of good faith. To me, Mr. Watson's East-End scene reads like a jumble of reminiscences of Gissing, Arthur Morrison, and George Moore, with the popular superstition about "the homes of the poor." I do not dispute there may be callousness in the presence of death, but when a writer's background is entirely false I am justified in doubting his report. To begin with, families of the class described do not live "In the Basement" at all. The furniture of such a family would be far superior to the ruined stage-properties which Mr. Watson describes. Fruit-shades and shiny horse-hair chairs would be nearer the mark in a family which has produced a respectable carman, a permanent parlour-maid, and a reputable porter. The porter himself would hardly be the sort of person to bend over his father's deathbed and laugh stupidly, "Goin' to 'ear the angels?" A porter is a person with onerous duties, and, unless provided with "a good

character," would never have been able to get a place. Our author doubtless imagines that every man who labours with his hands has a physical fibre in congruous coarseness with the skin of his palms; and that there is nothing so brutal but that you may credit the British working man with it. The British working man is too often judged by his expletives. But the expletives of the lowest class may be matched in the highest, and sanguinary epithets might as freely bestrew the fashionable novel as "Esther Waters." I have dealt at some length with Mr. Marriott Watson's little story, not only because it is powerful and arrestive in itself, but because it is typical of a class of story that is coming into vogue. Real life is bad enough without this addition of imaginary horrors. Even when the facts are truly observed—which is extremely rare—there still remains the danger of their being falsely presented, of their being given in relation to the emotions of the spectator rather than in their relation to the doers and sufferers. I cannot too often insist that Art and Truth are not interchangeable terms, and that we need not be over-depressed by unlovely paper-tragedies, which are often nothing but the reproduction of the subjective impression made on an individual observer. But there is such a reaction from the rose-water pictures of life that people are now ready to credit anything, provided it is dark enough.

I. ZANGWILL.

THE FLIGHT OF THE GODDESS.

IT was at the dusk of a disheartening day that the Goddess came to him. He was sitting staring at his canvass, now a twilit blur, his thin young face set in a grimace of fretful impotence, his mouth a line of bitter emphasis, his long slight artist hands trailed nervelessly along the puffy arms of the big old chair.

Some impulse turned his gloomy eyes toward the light, and then he saw the Goddess. She was standing, half in the reddening dusk and half in shadow, a white-robed noble figure, suggesting, even in her indistinctness, so serene, so mystic, so divine a personality, that the fever of desire went from him suddenly, leaving a great awe, and peace ineffable. He clenched his hands and shivered with a sudden delicious passion of worship, his chin bent on his breast, his sombre eager eyes fixed on the lovely half-veiled presence.

Others might have to do with Success or Failure; others might deal with a world of witless words; but for him, henceforth, the service of the Goddess.

Then followed days and weeks of drudgery, of drudgery so divine that all his after-ease was pain to it. The frown of the Goddess was better than the whole world's smiling; her smile was beautiful as it was rare.

When presently the slow world blundered into extravagance of praise, the Goddess frowning saved him from himself, then smiled again to save him from despair.

So the years went by, and he grew somewhat gray in an unswerving service.

At last came a year when, as he lingered in a pink-white orchard land through the soft days of an exquisite though tardy spring, he slipped somehow into the tender belated passion that his youth had missed.

The girl was rosy, sweet-faced, lovable, ingenuously disingenuous. Through the short courtship and the shorter honeymoon he talked much of the dear divinity at home. When they returned to the old house at Chelsea it was to the great bare attic studio that he first took her. There stood the Goddess serenely solitary. The rosy little bride, tiptoeing to the other's nobler height, put tender arms around her unbending neck. "It is all arranged," she murmured, "and you are to live with us forever."

But the Goddess answered nothing. For a dozen consecutive days after that the little wife tripped up the wide old stairs to the attic studio. The adoring service that her husband gave to this distant deity she watched with eyes that showed nothing but a pretty seriousness, a devout receptivity. She stifled her mental yawns, and waited, being a creature of infinite tact and subtile perseverance.

By slow degrees her visits to the studio grew more and more infrequent. At last they ceased. Then the artist smoked and worked contentedly. From below came the sound of crunching wheels, of clicking heels, the swish of gowns, the hum of talk, the lightness of laughter. All this he heard not. The old free fervor was rising and stirring in him. He began to forget his silken chains.

But the least exacting of rosy brides has still some claim on the most dreamy of artist husbands. So she drew him with a smiling persistence, against which he was powerless, away from his solemn vigils, down from his star-lit heights, down to the brilliant rooms, the cheerful chatter, the brisk inanities dear to her little soul.

One day she came to him and put her fair little head against his grizzled locks, with a characteristic gesture of clinging confidence and gentle deference. "Dear," she said, "I do n't know— Am I suggesting the impossible? But do n't you think—? The Goddess is so beautiful, so quaint, so—so special. To keep her in that old studio where not a soul sees her! Could n't we bring her down stairs to the drawing-room? of course she should have a pedestal."

He tried to think afterwards what madness wrought in him to bend him to her bidding. Whatever it was, there came an evening when he found himself abjectly following the Goddess down the brilliant hateful room, a-buz with guests.

Down the long room she passed. There was a hush at her coming as at the coming of dawn. The crowd parted

before her, and then closed in behind her, as she swept toward the velvet-covered pedestal. There she stood, erect, indifferent, regal, looking with calm clear eyes over the heads of the surging, swaying, murmuring crowd, into illimitable space. The rosy little bride fluttered from one to another of her guests, hearing with an eager complacency their compliments on this unique possession.

The artist crept upstairs to the empty studio, and sat there in agony of soul, staring at one little dab of moonlight on the brown-stained floor. After a time he went out of the room and locked the door. Then he went downstairs. The guests had departed. At the foot of the stairs his wife was standing. Her serenity was slightly ruffled. She faltered a little as she spoke. "Your Goddess has disappeared," she said. There was a touch of malice in her tone. Then she saw her husband's face. She shivered. Her calm little face lost its roses and its calm. Her trim little figure vibrated feelingly. Her composed little voice broke into shrill unevenness.

"Ah!" she cried, "she is everything to you, and I am nothing."

He did not answer. He was very sorry, but she had said what was true.

So she went away and cried herself into calmness again. After that he was very gentle to her, and gave her everything she wanted. He did not unlock the studio door, and he did not try to find the Goddess. So in time the little wife forgot her jealousy and fluttered back into the sunshine. And presently she died.

Then he went forth to find the Goddess. It was a long, an arduous, a lonely search. It led him through strange, sad human experiences; through heart-breaking humiliation, and failure, and self-distress; but he never faltered.

At last dawned a day when gray, sad-eyed, humble, he

turned again to the old house, and toiled up the wide old stairs, and unlocked the studio door.

He threw open the windows. The room breathed a musty melancholy, but through the open windows came a flutter of spring. He sat down at the easel and began to paint. All day long he painted, and, as he worked, he hummed, he knew not why, a little lilting song of Spring and Hope.

At the first touch of twilight, he put down his brush, and turned with a subtle certainty towards the light. There—half in the reddening dusk and half in shadow—there stood the Goddess.

HILDA JOHNSON.

TWO LETTERS AND TWO TELEGRAMS.

I. Letter From Benton Fosdick, Esq., of New York, to Thomas Plankton, Esq., of Albany.

MY DEAR OLD TOM.—A very momentous question—that 's what I 'm going to ask you, and I want you to go into a corner of the club, quite by yourself, with a good big cigar, and do n't dismiss the subject from your mind till the cigar 's finished. Do it for the sake of our old college chumship.

There 's a girl I want to marry, at least I think I do, in fact I know I do. Shall I? That 's the question. Of course I love her, or I could n't feel this way, could I? She 's young, very young, always talking about her birthday—has just had it, I mean, or it is just going to be—something of that sort. She 's beautiful; the kind of hair I like: She does n't dress it in the fashion, and yet it never seems out; there 's no William Tell effect on top, or a bath bun or bustle at the back, or Dolly Vardens at the side, it 's just

coiled away somehow, somewhere, sort of parted in front, and half way wavy, without being crimpy or fancy, and is darkish—you know the kind I mean. Lovely eyes, and all the rest of it; splendid figure; hand full of character, and awfully pretty Trilbys. Her father's very rich and only has one other child, so altho' she has notions of her own, financially it's a chance most any fellow would be glad to speculate on. I only mention this to show you that I haven't completely lost my head; of course the money doesn't make any difference to me, only I want you to understand that I'm not altogether impracticable.

Her position in society is all right, better than mine, and her mother is always on the go, balls and parties and smaller things for *derniers resorts*, so she'd never be a bother.

Then the girl herself has a mind. Is tremendously interesting and original in all her conversation. Really I often ask her advice about serious things, and take it besides, and always find I am right. She knows about art, and music, and is all around cultivated. The sort of girl you'd be deuced proud of anywhere. And what I feel particularly about her is that she would take such a great interest in me and my work. She'd be a constant stimulant: she would adopt all my views, ideas, and ambitions; she would lose her own self in me, devote herself to my work, and her life be absorbed in mine! I would accomplish twice what I do now. She could do all the tedious mechanical work that takes so much time I might be giving to other things. She could help me in a thousand ways. She'd always be on hand to protect me from the hundred and one sacrifices that come daily kicking one to take notice of them.

May be my love blinds me, but I feel she has a beautiful character fully capable of doing all this for me. It seems to me it's a chance in a life time that I ough n't to let slip by. And yet it's an irretrievable sort of thing, this marriage, and

I don't want to go into it too hastily, and perhaps find I'd made a mistake after all and ruined my career instead of aiding it. So I come to you, remembering the old talks about marriage over the midnight wood-fire that lasted almost till we heard the chapel bell for prayers.

You were always falling in love; I never. You ought to understand the business better than I. (I heard, too, you almost ruined yourself a couple of years ago for a worthless girl, and nothing teaches like experience.) Think it out carefully, and send me word, shall I marry her?

Yours always sincerely,

BENTON FOSDICK.

P. S.—I shall only wait a day to hear from you.

II. Telegram from Thomas Plankton, Esq., of Albany, to Benton Fosdick, Esq., of New York.

"In God's name, for the sake of the girl; DON'T.

"TOM."

III. Letter from Miss Beatrice Hauton, of New York, to Benton Fosdick, Esq., of New York.

DEAR MR. FOSDICK.—I am very sorry. I trust I haven't been unconsciously flirting with you, for to be honest, while I enjoy enormously having you take me in to dinner, I could n't for one moment think of sitting opposite to you at the breakfast table! I thank you sincerely for the honor you pay me, but I cannot be your wife.

Sincerely your friend,

BEATRICE HAUTON.

IV. Telegram from Benton Fosdick, Esq., of New York, to Thomas Plankton, Esq., of Albany.

"Thanks, old man. Have taken your advice. B. F."

CLYDE FITCH.

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Part I.—Genesis of the Constitution, Part II.—The Federal Constitution. Part III.—Constitutional and General Law of the Seperate States. Appendix.—The Constitution, with references to the body of the work. Bibliographies and historical notes increase the value of the work.

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OMEN.

THE sun burns down the westward way; afar
The shadows eastward wane, while to a swoon
Of silence falls the day's symphonic tune;
And riding lightly by a cloudland bar,
Where heavenly shoals of drifted roses are,
I watch the lovers' lustre-laden moon,
And thrill to see the sure love-light that soon
Doth flash in gold from its attendant star.

The drowsy flowers nod, save those blanched blooms
That lure the night-moth through the dusky deeps;
The song-hushed birds flit through the glooms;
And, nested in the dark, the day-world sleeps:
I, too, would sleep—but for the bat that flies
Athwart the umbrous amber of my skies.

CHARLES STUART PRATT.

NOTRE DAME DES EAUX

WEST of St. Pol de Leon on the sea cliffs of Finisterre stands the ancient church of Notre Dame des Eaux. Five centuries of beating winds and sweeping rains have moulded its angles, and worn its mouldings and sculpture down to the very semblance of the ragged cliffs themselves, until even the Breton fisherman, looking lovingly from his boat as he makes for the harbour of Morlaix, hardly can say where the crags end and where the church begins. The teeth of the winds of the sea have devoured it, bit by bit, the fine sculpture of the doorway and the thin cusps of the window tracery; gray moss creeps lovingly over the worn

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walls in ineffectual protection; gentle vines, turned crabbed by the harsh beating of the fierce winds, clutch the crumbling buttresses, climb up over the sinking roof, reach in even at the louvres of the belfry, holding the little sanctuary safe in desperate arms against the savage warfare of the sea and sky.

Many a time you may follow the rocky highway from St. Pol even around the last land of France, and so to Brest, yet never see sign of Notre Dame des Eaux, for it clings to a cliff somewhat lower than the road, and between grows a stunted thicket of harsh and ragged trees, their skeleton white branches, tortured and contorted, thrusting sorrowfully out of the hard, dark foliage that still grows below, where the rise of land where the road winds give some protection. You must leave the wood by the two cottages of yellow stone, about twenty miles beyond St. Pol, and go down to the right around the old stone quarry, then, bearing to the left by the little cliff path you will, in a moment, see the pointed roof of the tower of Notre Dame, and, later, come down to the side porch among the crosses of the arid little grave yard.

It is worth the walk, for though the church has outwardly little but its sad picturesqueness to repay the artist, within it is a dream and a delight. A Norman nave of round, red stone piers and arches, a delicate choir of the richest flamboyant, a high Altar of the time of Francis I, form only the mellow background and frame for carven tombs and dark old pictures, hanging lamps of iron and brass, and black, heavily carved choir stalls of the Renaissance.

So has the little church lain unnoticed for many centuries, for the horrors and follies of the Revolution have never come near, and the hardy and faithful people of Finisterre have feared God and loved our Lady too well to harm her church. For many years it was the church of the Comtes de Jarleuc,

and these are their tombs that mellow year by year under the warm light of the painted windows, given long ago by Comte Robert de Jarleuc when the heir of Poullaouen came safely to shore in the harbour of Morlaix, having escaped from the Isle of Wight, where he had lain captive after the awful defeat of the fleet of Charles of Volois at Sluys. And now the heir of Poullaouen lies in a carven tomb, forgetful of the world where he fought so nobly; the dynasty he fought to establish, only a memory; the family he made glorious, a name; the château Poullaouen a single crag of riven masonry in the fields of M. du Bois, mayor of Morlaix.

It was Julien, Comte de Bergerac, who rediscovered Notre Dame des Eaux, and by his picture of its dreamy interior in the Salon of '86, brought once more into notice this forgotten corner of the world. The next year a party of painters settled themselves near by, roughing it as best they could, and in the year following, Mme. de Bergerac and her daughter Heloise came with Julien, and, buying the old farm of Pontivy on the highway over Notre Dame, turned it into a summer house that almost made amends for their lost château on the Dordogne, stolen from them as virulent Royalists by the triumphant Republic in 1794.

Little by little a summer colony of painters gathered around Pontivy, and it was not till the spring of 1890 that the peace of the colony was broken. It was a sorrowful tragedy. Jean d' Yriex, the youngest and merriest devil of all the jolly crew, became suddenly moody and morose. At first this was attributed to his undisguised admiration of Mlle. Heloise, and was looked on as one of the vagaries of boyish passion, but one day when, riding with M. de Bergerac, he suddenly seized the bridle of Julien's horse, wrenched it from his hand, and, turning his own horses towards the cliff, lashed the terrified animals into a gallop,

straight towards the brink, only being thwarted in his mad object by Julien, who, with a quick blow sent him headlong in the dry grass, and reined in the terrified animals hardly a yard from the cliffs. When this happened, and no word of explanation was granted, only a sullen silence that lasted for days, it became clear that poor Jean's brain was wrong in some way. Heloise devoted herself to him with infinite patience, though she felt no special affection for him, only pity, and while he was with her he seemed sane and quiet. But at night some strange mania took possession of him. If he worked on his Prix de Rome picture in the day time, while Heloise sat by him, reading aloud or singing a little, no matter how good the work, it would have vanished in the morning, and he would again begin, only to erase his labour during the night.

At last his growing insanity reached its climax, and one day in Notre Dame, when he had painted better than usual, he suddenly stopped, seized a palette knife, and slashed the great canvas in strips. Heloise sprang forward to stop him, and in crazy fury he turned on her, striking at her throat with the palette knife; the thin steel snapped, and the white throat only showed a scarlet scratch. Heloise, without that ordinary terror that would crush most women, grasped the thin wrists of the madman, and though he could easily have wrenched his hands away, d'Yriex sank on his knees in a passion of tears. He shut himself up in his room at Pontivy, refusing to see any one, walking for hours up and down, fighting against growing madness. Soon Dr. Charpentier came from Paris, summoned by Mme. de Bergerac, and after one short, forced interview, left at once for Paris, taking M. d' Yriex with him.

A few days later came a letter for Mme. du Bergerac, in which Dr. Charpentier confessed that Jean had disappeared, that he had allowed him too much liberty, owing to

his apparent calmness, and that when the train stopped at Le Mans he had slipped from him and utterly vanished.

During the summer word came occasionally that no trace had been found of the unhappy man, and at last the Pontivy colony realized that the merry boy was dead. Had he lived he *must* have been found, for the exertions of the police were perfect, yet not the slightest trace was discovered, and his lamentable death was acknowledged, not only by Mme. de Bergerac and Jean's family,—sorrowing for the death of their first-born, away in the warm hills of Lozere,—but by Dr. Charpentier as well.

So the summer passed, and the autumn came, and at last the cold rains of November, the skirmish line of the advancing army of winter, drove the colony back to Paris.

It was the last day at Pontivy, and Mlle. Heloise had come down to Notre Dame for a last look at the beautiful shrine, a last prayer for the repose of the tortured soul of poor Jean d' Yriex. The rains had ceased for a time, and a warm stillness lay over the cliffs and on the creeping sea, swaying and lapping around the ragged shore. Heloise knelt very long before the Altar of our Lady of the Waters, and when she finally rose, could not bring herself to leave as yet that place of sorrowful beauty, all warm and golden with the last light of the declining sun. She watched the old verger, Pierre Polou, stumping softly around the darkening building, and spoke to him once, asking the hour. But he was very deaf, as well as nearly blind, and he did not answer.

So she sat in the corner of the aisle by the Altar of Our Lady of the Waters, watching the checquered light fade in the advancing shadows, dreaming sad day dreams of the dead summer, until the day dreams merged in night dreams, and she fell asleep.

Then the last light of the early sunset died in the gleam-

ing quarries of the west window; Pierre Polou stumbled uncertainly through the dusty shadow, locked the sagging doors of the mouldering south porch, and took his way among the leaning crosses up to the highway and his little cottage, a good mile away, the nearest house to the lonely Church of Notre Dame des Eaux.

With the setting of the sun great clouds rose swiftly from the sea; the wind freshened, and the gaunt branches of the weather-worn trees in the church yard lashed themselves beseechingly before the coming storm. The tide turned, and the waters at the foot of the rocks swept unceasingly up the narrow beach and caught at the weary cliffs, their sobbing growing and deepening to a threatening, solemn roar. Whirls of dead leaves rose in the church yard and threw themselves against the blank windows. The winter and the night came down together.

Heloise awoke, bewildered and wondering; in a moment she realized the situation, and without fear or uneasiness. There was nothing to dread in Notre Dame by night; the ghosts, if there were ghosts, would not trouble her, and the doors were securely locked. It was foolish of her to fall asleep, and her mother would be most uneasy at Pontivy, if she realized before dawn that Heloise had not returned. On the other hand, she was in the habit of wandering off to walk after dinner, often not coming home till late, so it was quite possible she might return before Madame knew of her absence, for Polou came always to unlock the church for the low mass at six o'clock; so she arose from her position in the aisle, and walked slowly to the choir rail, entered the chancel, and felt her way to one of the stalls, on the south side, where there were cushions and an easy back.

It was really very beautiful in Notre Dame by night; she had never suspected how strange and solemn the little church could be when the moon shone fitfully through the south

windows, now bright and clear, now blotted out by sweeping clouds. The nave was barred with long shadows of the heavy pillars, and when the moon came out she could see far down almost to the west end. How still it was! Only a soft low murmur without of the restless limbs of the trees and of the creeping sea.

It was very soothing, almost like a song, and Heloise felt sleep coming back to her, as the clouds shut out the moon and all the church grew black.

She was drifting off into the last delicious moment of vanishing consciousness, when she suddenly came fully awake with a shock that made every nerve tingle. In the midst of the far faint sounds of the tempestuous night she heard a footstep! Yet the church was utterly empty, she was sure. And again! A footstep, dragging and uncertain, stealthy and cautious, but an unmistakable step, away in the blackest shadow at the end of the church.

She sat up, frozen with the fear that comes at night, and that is overwhelming, her hands clutching the coarse carving of the arms of the stall, staring down into the dark.

Again the footsteps, and again; slow, measured, one after another at intervals of perhaps half a minute, growing a little louder each time, a little nearer.

Would the darkness never be broken? Would the cloud never pass? Minute after minute went like weary hours, and still the moon was hid, still the dead branches rattled clatteringly on the high windows. Unconsciously she moved as under a magician's spell, down to the choir rail, straining her eyes to pierce the thick night. And the step: it was very near. Ah! the moon at last! A white ray fell through the westermost window, painting a bar of light on the floor of sagging stone. Then a second bar, then a third, and a fourth, and for a moment Heloise could have cried out with relief for nothing broke the lines of light, no figure, no

shadow. In another moment came a step and from the shadow of the last column appeared in the pallid moonlight, the figure of a man. The girl stared breathless, the moonlight falling on her as she stood rigid against the low parapet. Another step, and another, and she saw before her,—was it ghost or living man?—a white, mad face staring from matted hair and beard, a tall thin figure half clothed in rags, limping as it stepped towards her with wounded feet. From the dead face stared mad eyes that gleamed like the eyes of a cat, fixed on hers with insane persistence, holding her, fascinating her as a cat fascinates a bird.

One more step, it was close before her now! those awful, luminous eyes dilating and contracting in awful palpitation. And the moon was going out, the shadows swept one by one over the widows, she stared at the moonlit face for a last fascinated glance. Mother of God! it was—the shadow swept over them, and now only remained the blazing eyes and the dim outline of a form that crouched waveringly before her as a cat crouches, drawing its vibrating body together for the spring that blots out the life of the victim.

In another instant the mad thing would leap, but just as the quiver swept over the crouching body, Heloise gathered all her strength into one action of desperate terror.

"Jean, stop!"

The thing crouched before her, paused, chattering softly to itself, then it articulated dryly and with all the trouble of a learning child the one word *Chantez!*

Without a thought Heloise sang; it was the thing that she remembered, and old Provençal song that d' Yriex had always loved. While she sang the poor, mad creature lay huddled at her feet, separated from her only by the choir parparet, its dilating, contracting eyes never moving for an instant. As the song died away, came again that awful tremour indicative of the coming death spring, and again

she sang; this time the old *Pange lingua*, its sonorous Latin sounding in the deserted church like the voice of dead centuries.

And so she sang; on and on, hour after hour, hymns and chansons, folk songs and bits from comic operas, songs of the boulevards alternating with the *Tantum ego*, and the *O Filii et Filiae*. It mattered little what she sang. At last it seemed to her that it mattered little whether she sang or no, for her brain whirled round and round like a dizzy mælstrom, her icy hands gripping the hard rail alone supported her dying body. She could hear no sound of her song, her body was numb, her mouth parched, her lips cracked and bleeding; she felt the drops of blood fall from her chin. And still she sang, with the yellow palpitating eyes holding her as in a vice. If only she could continue until dawn! It must be dawn so soon! the windows were growing gray, the rain lashed outside; she could distinguish the features of the horror before her, but the night of death was growing with the coming day, blackness swept down upon her, she could sing no more, her tortured lips made one last effort to form the words "Mother of God, save me!" and night and death came down like a crushing wave.

But her prayer was heard; the dawn had come and Polou unlocked the door for Father Augustin, just in time to hear the last, agonized cry. The maniac turned in the very act of leaping on his victim, and sprang for the two men, who stopped in dumb amazement. Poor old Pierre Polou went down at a blow, but Fr. Augustin was young and fearless and he grappled the mad animal with all his strength and will. It would have gone ill with even him, for no one can stand against the bestial fury of a man in whom reason is dead, had not some sudden impulse seized the maniac who pitched the priest aside with a single movement, and, leaping through the door, vanished forever.

Did he hurl himself from the cliffs in the cold, wet morning, or was he doomed to wander, a wild beast, until he beat himself in vain against the walls of some asylum, an unknown, pauper lunatic? None ever knew.

The colony at Pont Ivy was blotted out by the dreary tragedy, and Notre Dame des Eaux sank once more into silence and solitude. Once a year Fr. Augustin said Mass for the repose of the soul of Jean d' Yriex, but no other memory remained of the horror that blighted the lives of an innocent girl, and of a gray-haired mother, mourning for her dead boy in far Lozere.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

REBUKE

I

I BUILT my house before the hill
Where his rose who had done me ill.

'T was dear to scan him, night and day,
Bent low along his icy way,

Between the tall black trees that stood
Stark, like his own ingratitude.

'T was dear to mark how fortune mocked
The child her lulling hand had rocked;

To see him totter, old and gray,
Who was defiant yesterday.

For hate had given into my hand
Revenge. I loved his sterile land.

II

Then, ere I guessed it, in the night
A verdure dulled the deeps of white;

DRAWING FOR "REBUKE." BY E. S. HOLLOWAY

Grew, till the way he walked was hid
Behind a sylvan pyramid:

For April loosed a flight of leaves
Between him and my spying eaves,

And I—I bowed like a beaten god
Below Olympia's mightier nod.

III

O hands that have a touch more thin
Than any fairy fingers win!

O little leaves that blow and be
For one year's day green company!

Is there in you that coax the sun
To light voluptuous woman's fun

A heart that yearns to a broken heart,
A blood that beats for friends apart?

HARRISON S. MORRIS.

THE POET OF THE LEAVES

IF Celtic poetry is likely at last to come to its own, thanks to such younger writers as the author of "The Countess Kathleen," it is surely impossible that Davyth, too, delightful Davyth, should, after all these centuries, not find his modern opportunity. For now, when it is clear that the true lovers of poetry make a race by themselves, superior to the old racial lines and the old confusion of tongues, whose language, in fact, is polyglot, whose music as various as Homer and Merlin, it is high time that Davyth of Gwilym should be acclaimed for what he is; a prince of that race, a prince in his own right.

In making this princely claim for him, I know that not everyone, even of that eclectic race, may care for him and

his mediæval forest songs. There are those who find even Petrarch frigid, even Spencer too mellifluous or too long; and there will be some who, in any case, under the most engaging auspices, will not quite like Davyth. Moreover, in transferring his exquisite rhythms, his airy irrepressible spirit of wit and all various fancy, to another tongue, it is sad to think how much must inevitably be lost. The difficulty is great, and I for one quite recognize it in attempting now to act as his interpreter.

Davyth, whom I have called the Poet of the Leaves, because he has sung their praise as no one else, before or since, in any tongue, was one of the fortunate poets in his life, about which we know enough, but not too much, as well as in his lyric opportunity, which came so early in the centuries. He lived before the art of biography was practiced, as now, not wisely but too well. There is thus a sufficient veil, like the veil of green leaves, that he is fond of describing in his poems, over the insignificant parts of his history; and this gives just that honourable mystery, that agreeable glamour, which ought to enshroud all poets' lives. So the ideal Davyth, let us trust, in spite of occasional rumours of newly discovered records and the like, will remain undisturbed in his leafy circumstance to the end of the chapter. It is one of the convincing things in his favour, indeed, that as with Shakespeare, the fates hoodwinked the gossips and busybodies about his comings and goings. A sign of no common condescension on their part, since they refused it to Keats. The fates are capricious, as we know, and do not always act discreetly or kindly even by their favourites. But they were so far kind to Davyth. We have no love-letters of his save his poems, though he was as irrepressible in his love-affairs as Burns. And as for his sins, if he had any beyond those necessary for salvation, which, that is to say, gave the divine heat to the poet in him, and the humanity to

the man, after five centuries they are all forgotten. *Tempus consessit*, Time is the great palliator!

In the middle ages it was more possible, perhaps, for men to follow their bent, and for poets to be natural than now. Davyth was not only a child of nature—

"The summer sun his sire,
His mother was the lady moon,"

but what used to be very prettily called a "natural child," and is said to have been born under a hedge, although his parents were of noble family. That the Poet of the Leaves should be cradled thus in the brake, shows at once that rarer sense of fitness, which is the sign of an exceptional history. It is only the great to whom it is given to be lowly born. The date of his birth, without being too precise, fell in the first half of the fourteenth century, about 1340. He was thus an exact contemporary of Chaucer; and it touches one's sense of propinquity strangely to reflect now, that these two poets, one the morning star of English poetry, and the other the master-singer of Mediæval Wales, whose magic harp once awakened may go on sounding far into time, should have lived so long, islanded in the same country, within a few score leagues of each other, and never heard a note of each other's music, never indeed so much as heard one another's names.

Chaucer, before everything a poet of men, was born in London; very appropriately, our Poet of the Leaves was born in a remote hamlet of Cardiganshire, at Bro Gynin, in the parish of Slanbadarn. An old Welsh poem, which has come down to our times, assures us that Taliesin himself foretold the birth there of a poet whose song should be like wine. Who could resist such a prophecy?

There is no song liker fine wine than Davyth's; but so much of its aroma goes, alas, in putting it into English flagons;

"Twi-coloured sounds, ah, maiden of my love,

Within the swinging branches weave a spell;
The cuckoo there, so amorous, or sad,
Within them hid, calls to the summer-sun;
He is my forest clock that chimes and chimes again,
The mystic bird that makes the summer rhyme;
And there the grey descanting nightingale
Sends forth his voice, to find me 'neath the eaves,
And the fighting blackbird crows as I withdraw,
And the brown thrush, childlike, prattles to himself;
And so, sweet maiden, I adorn my song,
With many a rhyme, the only gift I have."

The rhyme, unluckily, is gone in my version: since to retain it would be to do more violence than I dare offer to his exquisite effects. Here, however, is an attempt, by no means hyperliteral, to capture some of his music, in another passage of the same song of summer:

"And now in the nimble airy sky
The summer sun again rides high;
And the white, white light I love is come,
Where in the joy of life I roam.
O summer, with my winter's pain,
And body's hurt made whole again.
Old Earth! this is the Summer's way!
Where the forest leaves in the sunlight sway;
'Come hither, come! to my sanctuaries,'
He called, 'where resting in the breeze,
The birchtree tops, in mimic seas,
Or maiden-hair, in green device,
Make it a poet's paradise!'
Ah! who, so dear a retreat,
Would fail to seek with eager feet
Where midsummer is so sweet?"

But before we venture further into the leafy labyrinth of his poetry, let us recall something more of his life whose

mediæval colour and spirit is so naturally and so finely reflected in his poems. One word, too, I should like to say about his forbears, if only to point out that he was remotely descended from the same stock which in the eleventh century produced Howell the Tall, poet and prince, writer of most exquisite love-songs, and Howell's brother, Madoc; that Madoc whom some people still claim was the discoverer of America:

"Madoc of the sailor's fame."

Davyth's father was Gwylym Gam; his mother Arddoyl; she was beautiful, I am sure; certainly she was of noble blood, but I spare you her pedigree. Though her people were noble by blood, they did not treat her nobly. They turned her out of doors, when she most needed pity, a few months before Davyth was born. Her lover married her afterwards; but his people, too, disapproved of the match, and their child was, in a worldly sense, hardly circumstanced in his first beginnings. In fact, all his boyhood was passed in an uncertain state of vagabondage; carried as he was, from pillar to post, now in the great house of some princely uncle, now lodged in some out-of-the-way cottage with only the greenwood, or the mountain-side, to serve as his guide and comforter,—

"Where, free of toll, like a god of the caves,
No cold could hurt me all the summer day."

On the whole, a fine, stirring, healthy and natural boy's life, full of charm, full of colour, full of adventure. A better prentice-ship for a poet than our suburban standards are likely to afford. He lived well in touch with all that brisk pageantry of the open air, which makes for a natural life; and in those days, it was easier to expand one's pulses, than in ours; easier to be a man first, and a poet afterwards.

Davyth must have become fairly saturated in his youth with the essence of an open air, and with all that incom-

municable forest lore which peeps out of his poetry at every turn However, I am not one of those who believe that he was only, or even mainly, a poet of nature. He was so good a poet of nature because he was so good a love-poet. Morvyth, it was, and certain other and earlier mistresses of his heart and soul, who brought him the talisman at last, by which all his forestry became as lyrical as the songs of his favorite bird—"speckle-breast," as the Welsh have it—the song thrush.

Yes! it was Morvyth who made him, from a casual gallant into a true lover, and from a true lover into a perfect poet.

In the forest they nearly always kept their stolen tryst; and so the leaves were more than leaves to him. They became part of Morvyth's appanage; they took on a more human colouring as she passed, and she gained an added sylvan grace and charm from them. The birchtree was her friend; the holly her sentinel; the blossoms of the broom gave her of their gold, to add to the gold of her own hair, whose praises Davyth sings with such delight in its beauty. He, too, had the same hair, which he wore flowing in long ringlets over his shoulders, in his earliest period; and he sings the praise of his own beauty, and his own fitness as a creature of the forest, with just as much naiveté, as he does Morvyth's.

Indeed, there is no more taking portrait in all the picture gallery of the poets, than Davyth's rhymed miniature of himself,—a slender, graceful figure; with flowing yellow locks and eyes bright as a blackbird's, lying in wait for Morvyth among the golden blossoms of the broom, and weaving for himself as he waits a hat of birch-bark and birch-leaves.

In the prime of youth and the prime of the year, Davyth was wed to Morvyth in the forest by an irregular bardic

ritual that held in Wales then, and that he, at least, thought sufficient. But her friends married her against her will afterwards to a rich hunchback, whom Davyth always called "Bwa Bach," the little crookback. Thereafter, the lovers had to meet in secret, in the forest;—always in the forest. And often Davyth waited for her in vain; and encountered cold winds and colder despairs. Sometimes he reproached her bitterly. He pictured himself dead, slain by her neglect, in one of his most hauntings poems, full of his finest imagery. With this imaginary death and forest funeral, I cannot do better than conclude these brief memorials of our Poet of the Leaves, whose history in truth, well garnished with his haunting rhymes, to be truly told, would need a quarto's grace at least. This last passage, I should say, is not merely my translation; but is altered from that in the little volume by Johnes, published in 1803, and lately lent me by Professor Palgrave:

"To-morrow I must in my grave be laid,
Amid the leaves and floating forest shade.
In yon ash-grove, whose neighbouring birchen trees
Shall serve as mourners at my obsequies:
My spotless shroud shall be of summer flowers,
My coffin hewn from out the branching bowers;
And fern and trefoil too shall be my pall,
My bier eight forest branches, green and tall;
And e'en the very woodlands shall be seen
To start and join the sad funereal scene.
There holy church built of the rocks shall be,
Where watch as keepers of the sanctuary,
Two nightingales,—enchantress, chosen by thee!"

ERNEST RHYS.

SCENES IN THE VOSHTI HILLS

V.

BY THE PLACE CALLED PERADVENTURE.

BY that Place called Peradventure in the Voshti Hills dwelt Golgothar the strong man, who, it was said, could break an iron pot with a blow, or pull a tall sapling from the ground.

"If I had a hundred men so strong," said Golgothar, "I would go and conquer Nooni the city of our foes."

Because he had not the hundred men he did not go, and Nooni still sent insults to the country of Golgothar, and none could travel safe between the capitals. And Golgothar was sorry.

"If I had a hundred men so strong," said Golgothar, "I would build a dyke to keep the floods back from the people crowded on the lowlands."

Because he had not the hundred men, now and again the floods came down, and swept the poor folk out to sea, or laid low their habitations. And Golgothar pitied them.

"If I had a hundred men so strong," said Golgothar, "I would clear the wild bear from the forests, that the children should not fear to play among the trees."

Because he had not the hundred men the graves of children multiplied, and countless mothers sat by empty beds and mourned. And Golgothar put his head between his knees in trouble for them.

"If I had a hundred men so strong," said Golgothar, "I would with great stones mend the broken pier, and the bridge between the island should not fall."

Because he had not the hundred men at last the bridge gave way, and a legion of the King's army were carried to the whirlpool, where they fought in vain. And Golgothar

made a feast of remembrance to them, and tears dripped on his beard when he said, "Hail and Farewell!"

"If I had a hundred men so strong," said Golgothar, "I would go against the walls of chains our rebels built, and break them one by one."

Because he had not the hundred men the chain walls blocked the only pass between the hills, and so cut in two the kingdom: and they who pined for corn, went wanting, and they who wished for fish went hungry. And Golgothar, brooding, said his heart bled for his country.

"If I had a hundred men so strong," said Golgothar, "I would go among the thousand brigands of Mirnan, and bring again the beloved daughter of our city."

Because he had not the hundred men the beloved lady languished in her prison, for the brigands asked as ransom the city of Talgone which they hated. And Golgothar carried in his breast a stone image she had given him, and for very grief let no man speak her name before him.

"If I had a hundred men so strong—" said Golgothar, one day, standing on a great point of land and looking down the valley.

And as he said it, he heard a laugh, and looking down he saw Sapphire, or Laugh of the Hills, as she was called. A long staff of ironwood was in her hands, with which she jumped the dykes and streams and rocky fissures; in her breast were yellow roses, and there was a tuft of pretty feathers in her hair. She reached up and touched him on the breast with her staff, then she laughed again, and sang a snatch of song in mockery:

"I am a king,
I have no crown,
I have no throne to sit in—"

"Pull me up, boy," she said. She wound a leg about

the staff, and taking hold, he drew her up as if she had been a feather.

"If I had a hundred mouths I would kiss you for that," she said, still mocking, "but having only one I'll give it to the cat, and weep for Golgothar."

"Silly jade," he said, and turned towards his tent.

Suddenly as they passed a slippery and dangerous place, where was one strong solitary tree, she threw a noose over him, drew it fast and sprang far out over the precipice into the air. Even as she did so, he jumped behind the tree, and clasped it, else on the slippery place he would have gone over with her. The rope came taught, and presently he drew her up again to safety, and while she laughed at him and mocked him, he held her tight under his arm, and carried her to his lodge, where he let her go.

"Why did you do it, devil's madcap? he said.

"Why didn't you wait for the hundred men so strong?' she laughed. "Why did you jump behind the tree?

'If I had a hundred men, higho,
I would buy my corn for a penny a gill.
If I had a hundred men or so,
I would dig a grave for the maid of the hill, higho!'"

He did not answer her, but stirred the soup in the pot and tasted it, and hung a great piece of meat over the fire. Then he sat down, and only once did he show anger as she mocked him, and that was when she thrust her hand into his breast, took out the little stone image, and said:

"If a little stone god had a hundred hearts,
Would a little stone goddess trust in one?"

Then she made as if she would throw it into the fire, but he caught her hand and crushed it, so that she cried out for pain and anger, and said: "Brute of iron, go break the posts in the brigand's prison-house, but leave a poor girl's bone alone. If I had a hundred men—" she added, mocking wildly

again, and then, springing at him, put her two thumbs at the corners of his eyes, and cried: "Stir a hand, and out they will come—your eyes—for my bones!"

And he did not stir till her fury was gone. Then he made her sit down and eat with him, and afterwards she said softly to him, and without a laugh: "Why should the people say, 'Golgothar is our shame, for he has great strength and yet he does nothing, but throw great stones for sport into the sea'?"

He had the simple mind of a child, and he listened to her patiently, and at last got up and began preparing for a journey, cleaning all his weapons, and gathering them together. She understood him, and she said, with a little laugh like music: "One strong man is better than a hundred—a little key will open a great door easier than a hundred hammers. What is the strength of a hundred bullocks without this?" she added, tapping him on the forehead.

Then they sat down and talked together quietly for a long time, and at sunset she saw him start away upon great errands. And before two years had gone, Nooni, the city, was taken, the chain wall of the rebels opened to the fish and corn of the poor, the children wandered in the forest without fear of wild boars, the dyke was built to save the people in the lowlands, and Golgothar carried to the castle the King had given him, the daughter of the city, freed from Mirnan. "If Golgothar had a hundred wives—" said a voice to the strong man as he entered the castle gates.

Looking up he saw Sapphire. He stretched out his hand to her in joy and friendship.

"—I would not be one of them," she added with a mocking laugh, as she dropped from the wall, leaped the moat by the help of her staff, and danced away laughing. Yet there are those who say that tears fell down her cheeks as she laughed.

GILBERT PARKER.

NOTES

¶The letter which I print below may seem vague, although all will be beguiled by it. I take it to refer to a tempest among our literary brethren across the border. I remember that lately one Canadian poet in a fretful mood accused another of being the arch-plagiarist of modern times. Ah! when poets disagree——, but to the letter.

To the editor of the CHAP-BOOK,

Dear Sir:

A question has been agitating my mind lately. And that is, why do we only write epitaphs on people who have departed this life? We often lose our friends long before death takes them to himself. Human nature, (alas, that I should know it!) is not always equal to the strain of a life-long attachment. And when we must sadly lose our former companions, through some untoward misunderstanding, or through envy, hatred, malice or some uncharitableness, why not commemorate them in fitting elegies? When you come to think about it, it is much sadder to lose a friend so, than by the natural disposition of Providence, as it is called. When a man dies, his faults are forgotten. Only the beauties of the character survive. He has passed forever beyond the possibility of disappointing us more. We cherish him in perpetual and jealous memory, a princely being, worthy of our utmost loyalty. And so, likely enough, he must have been, if he could stand our petty temper and our small demands of selfishness so many years. But the friend who withdraws himself from the circle of your life before his time—Shall you have no tears for him?

I have lately been suffering from an acute attack of literary egomania. That is to say, the attack was on myself; but the egomania was on my late lamented friend. So small a thing as a magazine article in which, naturally enough, he

with his modesty came in for a smaller share of eulogy than a shameless and rampant egotist like myself, seems to have stirred his gall; and I have been "spat upon and cursed" in the choicest journalese.

I wish I knew how to be reconciled with him; but I don't. I fear his ire is too hot to be cooled by words. There is really nothing left for me to do, but to write his *Hic jacet*, and let him depart into the limbo of false loves and broken idols. As I cast about for a final word to write above the empty nitch this man occupied in my effections, a jesting demon is at my elbow. The first thing that occurs to me is that familiar quatrain from Mother Goose's Melodies:

"Here lies little Willie deep down in the dumps;
He perished one day in a fit of the grumps.
He sulked, and refused to come in to his tea,
Because his big brother was bigger than he."

And then my roving demon wanders back to a little village in Maine, where he once read this pious Epitaph on a lumberman killed in his perilous employment:

"Here lies my Willie's last remains.
He was a tender lamb.
It was the rolling of the logs
That crushed him in the jam."

And yet that is not quite appropriate. It is too flippant and lacks any note of serious regret. Were it not for the unwarranted and fulsome assumption of superiority on my own part, I should be tempted to make use of Congreve's lines:

"O Willie, little Willie,
Is it envy, is it guile,
When you criticise your brother,
Makes you dip your pen in bile?
"But Willie, little Willie,
Do you think it worth your while,
To break your pretty baby teeth

Against your brother's file?"

And even that does not quite please me; and I shall be driven to my own resources after all:

"Farewell, lamented W!
Wherever you may be,
May no one ever trouble you
More than you trouble me."

I think that is neat and of a proper Christian spirit. My only regret is, that my tribute should be so brief. However, time is long, if art is impatient, and I promise myself the opportunity of returning to the memory of my departed friend in future. When the first pangs of grief for such a loss have subsided, I doubt not I shall be able to commemorate this gentle soul in a worthy and more extensive elegy.

I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

¶I don't see but that people want just as much as if they deserved it.

¶I see announced in *The Critic* an American edition of "In the Year of Jubilee," by "Guy Boothby." It was my impression that Mr. George Gissing was the author of the book. He has been so masquerading in England. Is *The Critic* written in a naive ignorance of literary affairs, or is it such a partisan of Mr. Boothby as to wish to deck him out in borrowed plumage?

¶I wish I were in a position of such authority as would allow me to use new words with impunity. A moment ago I was sorely tempted to say that the *Critic* was apparently "bizzled." This excellent word has been long in domestic use with some friends of mine. It expresses a general condition of being mentally confused, "tangled," or in any

way askew; but nothing conveys the idea of being "bizzled" quite so well as "bizzled" itself. It is a crying shame that a meritorous and charming word should exist only as an unknown fragment of domestic patois.

¶If I cannot repay a kindness, let me entertain it with my best behavior.

¶Occasionally one sees lamentable examples of the extreme folly of attempts on the part of newspaper critics to think. The persons who "conduct literary columns" in the daily press are not often guilty of such rashness. They usually follow an admirable rule, "think twice before you speak once," and so supply their required amount of copy with magical ease. All that is needed is a careful indiscrimination as to the merits of any given work and a few general ideas as to literary tendencies.

It is these general tendencies in literature which work the ruin of the newspaper critics.

I am moved to this remark by sundry journalistic judgements on Tolstoy's "Master and Man." The story itself is wonderfully simple and human, telling of how the rich man of a Russian village and his servant died together in the snow, and how at the last all the harsh memories of the past were lost in a revelation of the universal brotherhood of man.

But Mr. Howell's introduction has played the mischief. It is not merely for the simple story we must read, he says, but for "the drama of the race playing itself in a corner as it has played itself through all history on the stage of the world."

Tolstoy's fiction apparently means something beside the story. He is perhaps not quite sure of the changeless beauty of the social order. In short there lurks an idea somewhere. My critics are aghast, and go a-tilting at degeneration and socialism, with beautiful deductions from their theory of general tendencies.

For example, one, who has heard it alleged that we are at present accomplishing a reaction in favor of the blood and thunder school of fiction, where Weyman and Doyle do make "the vorpal blade go snicker snack," and who is feverish from the idea, infers that fiction which means anything is "written with a purpose," tiresome and damnable. Another newspaper gentleman, vehemently regenerate and skittish as his confrère at sight of an idea infers that fiction which means anything is insidiously if not hideously immoral.

It may possibly appear to these gentlemen an ideal state of affairs that the thought of the suffering one should not lead to the thought of the suffering many. But it is at least impossible. An intense human sympathy such as Tolstoy's cannot be kept within bounds. The harsh relations of Master and Man are transmuted in any mind to those of Masters and Men. It is the alchemy of simple art and truth.

What is ordinarily called "purpose fiction" I do not care much for, mainly because it is all purpose, and little fiction. But in this "Tolstoy" affair there seems no great crime in inducing thought. As to the hideous purpose, implications as to the value and beauty of the Golden Rule will probably appear periodically in our best literature for years to come. I trust they will never cause my gorge to rise.

¶A while ago in Tennessee there was a discussion about style which would have delighted Mr. Andrew Lang. He would have proof that the great American people is weaving the very woof of its national life to the accompaniment of dissertations on the niceties of expression in the language.

It appears that there was a convention at Memphis to settle all questions as to the currency. Whether it was for gold, silver, or anything else in particular, I do not know, as I am anything but political. At any rate the convention

rioted in discussion for some days and at last proceeded to draw up resolutions.

The first signs of the approaching outbreak was a question whether "bimetalism" were not after all preferable to "bimettalism." The radical element hurled defiance at dictionaries, but was finally calmed, and the word was inscribed with but one "t." A lull followed almost the end.

Then came a part of the resolution where something, I do n't know just what or who, was to be allowed to "slumber and sleep." The phrase seems to me both inelegant and fitting. But one delegate, pluming himself upon his taste, asserted that there were two words where one would suffice. The euphonious flow of the phrase had, however, pleased the opposition and the storm burst. Two words were always better than one. The language at least might safely be inflated.

The fury of the "slumberites" might have burned itself out had not a gentleman lately from England alleged that the phrase was pleonasm. At this the assembly was one in its indignation. Pleonasm, indeed—a likely thing in a meeting of patriotic American citizens. The scholarly gentleman's voice was stilled, and the resolutions were engrossed "slumber and sleep."

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THE Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

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HYPOTHESES

THE wise men dream and, waking, make us hear
Till slowly their strange fancies draw our faith;
And so in days remote, bright, hot, and sere
God after god rose but to flee in fear.

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

THE SUPERLATIVE IN CRITICISM

IN that fine and incisive essay on "The Literary Influence of Academies" Matthew Arnold, rebuking Macaulay, insists upon the vulgarity of the superlative. It is not only vulgar, he says, but retarding, for the critic to give the rein so readily to complacency, and to affirm with self-satisfaction that his own age, and its literature, stand upon the summit of progress. Without a sense of proportion, a scheme of perspective, criticism (he adds in effect) is dead: its very function lies in preserving us from exaggeration, in helping us to distinguish between the sound and the unsound. That essay was written thirty years ago, but like all literature that is touched by truth it stands good for all time. Especially is it true of the present day; and many of us, turning those familiar pages from time to time for inspiration, must feel inclined to divert the sentiment of Wordsworth's sonnet into another channel, and to cry with no common sincerity,

"Arnold! Thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee."

It is difficult, indeed, to conceive any voice that would be more hale and helpful in the arena of English letters to-day than that of Matthew Arnold, any rebuke more needed

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than those which he had ever upon the tip of his tongue for the provinciality of excess, for the *brutalité des journaux anglais*. That pliant lash of witty criticism which he shook so dexterously over the shoulders of Sir Charles Adderly and Mr. Roebuck has long hung idle on the walls of our academe; and yet there was never an hour that had greater need of a master. We have our poets and our novelists, but where is our critic? The mantel of Arnold has fallen upon a barren shore, and there is none to pick it up. And yet the opportunities of criticism just now are great, far greater than they were in the days of Arnold's prime. Never, perhaps, was there so much writing about writing, such a plethora of reviews, and such a demand for occasional papers. Almost every journal, whether metropolitan or provincial, has its literary page, where what passes for criticism is poured out with ceaseless regularity. The fruits of it appear in the press-notices quoted in the publishers' advertisements, and the trail of the superlative is over them all. Really, the gross vulgarity of these advertisements is the reduction to absurdity of the entire system of contemporary reviewing. During the last few years there has scarcely been a single wretched, incompetent novel, put forth by an adventurous amateur, but some generous reviewer has spoken of it in terms of excessive enthusiasm. If ever the motto "Live and Let Live" was carried to its logical conclusion, it is carried thither to-day. Everything is "best," "cleverest," "most suggestive," "frankest," "epoch-making;" there can be no bad books now-a-days. So far one school of criticism, and that the loudest.

As a sort of reaction to all this, however, another school has arisen to take its stand at the farther pole, and to revel in condemnation. Feeling the absurdity of their environment, these wiseacres of revolution divorce themselves from the prevailing custom, betake themselves to the opposite ex-

treme, and pride themselves upon holding all things "worst," "most incompetent," "most ignorant." "It is at least the better course to admire and to condone," says one school: "it is always safest to preserve the judgment, and to discriminate," says the other; and forthwith they proceed, the one to the insanity of praise, the other to the insanity of blame. The tawdry superlative shakes out her vulgar train across both pages alike.

One would think the fallacy of the thing must be apparent upon the face of it. To admire it is not necessary to become obsequious; to insult is not to blame. But there seems to be a current idea that the employment of highly-sounding, richly-coloured words is an evidence of strength, that it is manly to be vulgarly impertinent, magnanimous to "add to golden phrases golden phrases." The thing reminds one of the world of schoolboys. The one set are puny, white-fingered little prigs, who hang about the pavilion to shout whenever the captain of the eleven fields a rolling ball: the other the loud-tongued, blustering bullies, to whom both games and studies are alike (in schoolboy phrase) "rot" and "rubbish." It is all child's play prolonged into manhood: and when no longer childish it grows not only "vulgar," but "retarding." The situation, moreover, is exceedingly hard upon the unfortunate author. At the outset, the enthusiasts, scavenging for new material, seize upon his books and laud and magnify them into a lively sale: then he begins to think, good, easy man, his greatness is a-ripening, and his future assured. Suddenly, with a howl and a clatter, up come the pessimists, who have hitherto left him to his own devices. In an instant their pens are spluttering, and a dozen journals pronounce the unpretentious novelist an imposter, a blackleg, an impotent charlatan. The public, always floundering after the latest impression, begins to believe it has been taken in; and the harmless

author, whose work was never very good nor very bad, who deserved as well as most and better than some, suddenly finds his little hour of popularity at an end, his occupation gone. This paper shall contain no names, for personality is as vulgar as ill-judgment; but every reader will at once recall a dozen instances of the kind we indicate, and will appreciate the injustice that is done alike to the author and to his audience.

To a great extent the modern editor is responsible for the situation. In the rush of daily journalism, where half a a hundred papers must please to live, the temptation to be smart and sensational is undoubtedly insistent. Just as political reports and the loathsome stories of the law courts must, to catch the popular taste, be wrought in with splashes of brilliant colour, so, too, the literary criticism must, it is supposed, deal in flashy effects, lampblack and lightning. Nevertheless, in this the editor underrates his public. From perpetually pronouncing, with Carlyle, that his clients are mostly fools, the editor comes at last to cater for fools alone. By far the larger proportion of those who are sincerely interested in literary movements has wit enough to see that it is being merely hoodwinked and insulted by the incessent superlative. As a rule the reputations that have been made and marred by newspaper comments have never reached the higher class of readers at all. These are slower to believe, and harder to change, when once they have believed. After a few disappointments, born of hopes engendered by eulogy, after a few discoveries of the injustice of condemnation, they cease to read the offending papers at all, and turn to others in which they find more discernment and greater unpartiality. The sequel is the death of the journal,—a thing of almost monthly occurrence in the history of the modern press. The editor, therefore, has greater responsibility, for the tone which he sets must needs be the tone of his follow-

ers, and there is abundant room just now for a sane and honest school of editorship. Literary academies and the like may have, indeed must have, their influence, but their very establishment is a matter of machinery which requires both time and organization. And, indeed, at the moment, organization is the one thing most lacking to English literature: we have arrived at a pass where every one does what is good in his own eyes, where the air is full of a foolish individualism, and it would take length of time and labour to set a central authority upon its throne. The case for the editor is easier. New journals spring into existence every day, journals for the interest of sport, of commercialism, of petty prattle, of scandal and of indecency. They have their reward. But may we not hope for a journal launched in the cause of the sane and helpful judgment, a journal which shall eschew partiality, espouse honour, and cast to the four winds of heaven the unconsidered, the superfluous superlative? The man who will start such a journal, and edit it with sincere consistency, will be handing on to posterity that fire of true criticism, which has faltered and all but faded in inaction since Matthew Arnold died.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE FOUNDLING

"FOUND on the step." The raindrops blur;
This is the place. Oh! In the door—
'T is he!—This once, considerate sir,
And I shall trouble you no more.

Lead on, fear not; my lips are shut,
And well-looped skirts will leave no stain.
Say to the lady I am but
A curious woman, caught—in the rain—

The mother!—Madame, I entreat you
Forgive a victim of—the shower;
Out of the storm fain would she greet you,
And after you, the wee wind-flower.

You play the mother well, believe me,
Fair as the babe herself is fair;
Though you have not—do they deceive me?—
Quite those deep eyes, that brow, that hair.

More like my own? (How kind words scatter
One's thoughts! and answ'ring is an art.)
Pray, tell her so—a trifling matter—
And let her wear this next her heart.

She smiles toward me.—Peace, gentle woman,
I shall grow better in the air.—
Tell her a fair girl, lost but human,
Asked that she wear the trinket there.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

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PROLOGUE.

LIST to the tale I 'm about to tell,
Of a lovely maid and a howling swell;
And the cruel adventures which them befel.
I trust you will say I have told it well.

The maid was a beauty of great renown
In an upper-ten part of an upper-ten town;
Her face was a dream, and so was her gown;—
You may see for yourself and note them down.

(*The lovely maid appears in the shadow and exhibits her many charms.*)

The name of the maid I 'll reveal forthwith.
'T is a name suggestive of strength and pith;
I 'm sure you will say it is not a myth:
Penelope Jane Angelica Smith.

(*The lovely maid vanishes.*)

The howling swell was a college man,
Built on a rare and expensive plan;
The girls, as he passed, to the windows ran,
And sighed as only the dear girls can.
Now he looked this way when the trouble began.

(*The eyes of the spectators are allowed to feast on the howling swell.*)

The name of this swell, I forgot to state,
Was Plato Augustus, surnamed the Great;
As the custom ran to abbreviate,
He was known in college as simply Plate;
For such is the queer caprice of fate.

(*The howling swell disappears, and the father is shown in his manly strength.*)

This is the father whom next I show,
The head of the firm of Smith & Co.

And you will find, wherever you go,
That his check is good for a million or so;
A pretty soft snap for Penelope's beau;
That is, if he happened to suit, you know.
(*The father retires and the mother makes her courtesy to the admiring public.*)

There is the mother, a woman rare;
Of the burdens of life she assumed her share;
Of the house of Smith she had special care;
But had always a moment or two to spare
In a neighborly way, if wanted there.
And while I admit it is hardly fair
To lay these family secrets bare,
I am forced to say that old Smith *père*
Was often a little the worse for wear,
After a tiff, in the way of hair.
And as for Penelope's beaux, I swear
I have frequently heard the boys declare
Not one of the crowd would ever dare
To enter the room and sit in a chair,
Under her spectacle's awful glare,
Which ill-concealed her stony stare,
And added much to her austere air;
While poor Penelope wondered where
They could go to escape from old Smith *mère*.
(*The mother majestically fades away and Bobbie comes upon the scene.*)

This is the brother, a little boy,
Whose presence at times was wont to cloy;
For he always felt the keenest joy
In juvenile purposes to annoy.
And when Penelope was most coy,
His fiendish arts he would employ,

And her and her beau's chagrin enjoy.
(*Bobbie is withdrawn.*)

This is our prologue, then, in this
You see our *personæ dramatis.*
If anything you may take amiss,
Please have the politeness not to hiss.
I know I shall show the dire abyss,
Into which poor Plato was hurled from bliss,
From venturing near a precipice;—
The awful end of an ill-timed kiss.

ACT I.

The Kiss.

SCENE, *the Smith family seated in the drawing-room. Pa Smith is reading the evening paper. Mother Smith is remonstrating with Bobbie, who is performing in the manner peculiar to his youth. Penelope is reading a book. Plato is ushered in.*

In the family circle Penelope sat;
Her heart went rapidly pittity-pat;
And a very good cause there was for that,
For Plato had entered the room, whereat
The old man thoughtfully reached for his hat,
And on persuasion the small boy gat
Up stairs with his Ma for a family spat,
And such diversion as comes with a slat.
(*The family retire, as indicated, leaving Penelope alone with Plato.*)

Young Plato was tickled to death to find
Penelope's folks so uncommonly kind;
And he said to himself: "It 's a regular grind
On the rest of the fellows;—but why should I mind?

For some time past I have opined,
That to me Penelope 's half inclined,
While the family seem to be resigned,
As all can see, if they are not blind."
And he smoothed himself before and behind,
With the air of a man who has dined and wined.
(*Plato greets Penelope, and expresses his satisfaction.*)

These thoughts went through Penelope's head,
And all to herself she communed and said:
"If ever I am induced to wed,
Or into a summer engagement led,
'T will be when Plato allays my dread,
And gives me comfort and hope instead,
With his college wisdom and air high-bred."
Then a maidenly blush o'er her features spread,
And a lustrous smile round the room she shed,
Which, in college parlance, got Plato "dead."
(*Penelope modestly acknowledges Plato's greeting with an entrancing smile.*)

When Plato had taken a proffered seat,
And fully composed his hands and feet,
He remarked that Penelope looked quite sweet;
Which, by way of a starter, was certainly neat.
(*Plato compliments Penelope.*)

Thereat Penelope fain did blush;
For a minute or two fell an awkward hush;
Which assured the youth at the very first flush,
He had made what in college is called a "crush."
(*Penelope blushingly acknowledges the compliment.*)

Then close to the maiden he drew his chair,
So close in fact that I must declare
There was precious small room, if any, to spare;

And this, I am told by the girls, is where
They came to regard him so *débonnaire.*
(*Plato draws a chair close to Penelope.*)

They talked for a while as young folk should;
And Plato, as only Plato could,
Explained what in college is understood
By the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.
(*Plato discourses on the T. B. and G.*)

He talked so wisely, this college man,
That she, as only a sweet girl can,
Peeped shyly at him behind her fan,
And wondered was ever on such a plan
Another man made since the world began.
(*Penelope coyly admires Plato.*)

Then, quite unconscious, you understand,
He caught in his own the fair girl's hand;
For he had plenty at his command,
Of what in college is known as "sand."
(*Plato ensnares the hand of Penelope.*)

Of course she blushed, and at first essayed
To withdraw her hand, like a modest maid;
Not that she was in the least afraid,
Or wished for a moment to upbraid;
But because she wanted the rules obeyed,
Never in college to skip a grade.
(*Penelope modestly endeavors to disengage her hand.*)

But Plato was too intent to see
A fact so apparent to you and me;
With eloquent gesture and fancy free,
He warmed to his ardent task, while she,
With looks as loving as looks can be,
By way of encouragement, said, "tee-hee!"

Not much of a speech you will agree,
But a sign of assent from a bargainee.
(*Plato makes many demonstrations of affection, while Penelope modestly giggles.*)
And so it happened with proper haste,
Young Plato's arm stole 'round her waist;
A stroke in tennis they call well placed,
And on rational expectation based.
(*Plato embraces Penelope.*)
Penelope smiled, and a sweet surprise
Stole into her blue confiding eyes;
And she said to herself: "If this youth applies
His mind to his books and what in them lies
In this vigorous way, no wonder he 's wise."
Then she heaved a few contented sighs,
And leaned on his bosom and asked no whys.
(*Penelope rests her head on Plato's shoulder.*)
Thus Plato sailed on a sea of bliss,
And he said to his heart: "What 's the matter with this?"
Which is college for saying there 's naught amiss.
But here 's where they stood near a deep abyss;
For he went too far, and purloined a kiss.
(*Plato kisses Penelope with a resounding smack.*)

ACT II.

The Explosion.

SCENE I.

Now it chanced that the boy, who, I have said,
Had been sent to the chamber overhead,
And carefully tucked in his nice warm bed,
Was into a scheme of villainy led
By depraved Old Nick, whom we all should dread.
(*Bobbie is revealed in his nice bed.*)

And plotting revenge on his sister's beau,
As the reason why he had been treated so,
Before the time when he aught to go;
He made up his mind that he 'd quietly show
The danger of making a boy your foe.
(*Bobbie plans a fearful revenge for his banishment.*)

So out of his nice warm bed he crept,
And over the floor he softly stepped;
One eye on his mother's room he kept,
For he knew, this rascally young adept,
That if she surmised that he had not slept,
His plans she would certainly intercept.
(*Bobbie departs on his mission of vengeance.*)

And he recalled with ghoulish glee,
And side remarks of malign*itee*,
That among his treasures there ought to be
A suitable joke on his ene*mee*,
Prepared by the heathenish Chinee,
For just such times of emergen*cee*.
(*Bobbie provides himself with a fire-cracker.*)

SCENE 2.

Still stepping softly he stole down stairs;
And he laughed when he saw the close-drawn chairs,
And the critical state of love's affairs.
He thought of his Ma and the shoe she wears,
But he said like a boy of spunk: "Who cares!"
(*Bobbie approaches the enemy.*)

SCENE 3.

Now Plato was busy, as you have learned;
The fire of love in his bosom burned;
And still for another kiss he yearned
From the lovely mouth to his own upturned.

And this is why he had not discerned
That the boy from his bed-room had adjourned.
(*Plato, intent on other business, is unconscious of the advance of the enemy.*)

Penelope, too, was quite intent
To know exactly what Plato meant;
Although the evening was well-nigh spent,
And she knew it was time that the young man went,
To the matter in hand her mind she bent,
And such assiduous heed she lent,
And gave such gratified assent
To each osculatory incident,
That she did not think it pertinent
To provide against a dire event.
(*Penelope is likewise distracted by more pressing affairs.*)

So into the room the demon came;—
Bobbie, in fact, was his other name;—
And gleefully he surveyed his game,
And prepared to annihilate the same.
I say it with proper sense of shame.
(*The enemy enters.*)

Plato, you see, had reached that state,
Which grows in warmth as the hour grows late;
And all unconscious of their fate,
And the fierce revenge which the boy would sate,
The lovers sat. Said he: "It's great!"
"I'm glad you like it," said she to Plate.
But she said to herself: "At the present rate,
I shall not have a very long time to wait,
For in college slang he has 'struck his gait';
Though I'm bound to explain that slang I hate."
(*The lovers commune more closely.*)

PORTRAIT OF STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ F. VALLOTTON

Crawling slowly to Plato's chair,
Bobbie grinned at the luckless pair.
You have not a moment, young man, to spare.
Fly for your life! go anywhere!
Vain my entreaty and vain my prayer;
Who thinks of danger in love's affair?
(*The enemy cautiously advances.*)

Under the chair he placed a pail,
And in it his weapon;—pray heaven he fail!
Though such result would have spoiled my tale,
And also a very good rhyme in "ail."
'T is Nick against Cupid;—now which will quail?
(*The enemy gets his batteries in position.*)

I pray you all who have heard this lay,
Fearfully turn your heads away;
For I 've come to the point where I must say,
That those, for whom firing spoils a play,
And who wish to leave the audience, may;
For each small boy must have his day,
Or rather his night;—so go or stay.
(*The enemy intimates his plan of operations, and suspends hostilities till non-combatants can retire.*)

The bird in the lovers' hearts still sang,
But was soon to feel the serpent's fang;
For a loud report through the chamber rang,
And the weapon went off with a dreadful bang.
High in the air young Plato sprang!
(*The enemy having placed the fire-cracker in the pail, applies the match and the explosion follows.*)

While we have seen young Plato soar,
And the wicked Bobbie sneak through the door,
Penelope lay upon the floor,

Pale and persumably drenched in gore.
Of what further trials are in store,
Worse than those which have gone before,
In a subsequent act I shall tell you more.

(*Penelope faints, Plato is panic stricken, and Bobbie runs away unperceived.*)

ACT III.

The Scrimmage.

The old Dutch clock was striking ten,
And Pa from the club returning, when
The trouble occurred which inspires my pen.
Ah! there was a scene of tumult then;
A scene to appall the stoutest men;—
I fear to recall that scene again.

Into the room Pa came in haste;
And down the stairs Ma madly chased;
And Bobbie from his bed-room raced;
And all the frightened Plato faced.

(*Plato is confronted by Penelope's alarmed and indignant family.*)

All still and pale Penelope lay;
While the youth was much too scared to say
How she happened to be in this dreadful way.
But the smell of powder seemed to betray
The deplorable fact as plain as day,
That a tragedy was *un accompli fait.*

(*The horror-stricken family discovers Penelope apparently cold in death.*)

"My child! my murdered child!" Ma cried,
And threw herself down by Penelope's side;
While Pa, who was corpulent, vainly tried

To catch the youth, who, with arms stretched wide,
Called on his fair and promised bride,
If she had not really and truly died,
To arise and the facts in the case confide.
(*General perturbation over Penelope's condition.*)

But Plato had reason for dire complaint;
For Penelope was in a very bad faint;
And in no situation to acquaint
Her folks with the horrors I 've tried to paint.
(*Penelope remains oblivious to the tumult.*)

So Plato, perceiving his chance was small
To get out at once, if he got out at all,
Made a sudden, undignified break for the hall.
And, indeed, he had a very close call;
For Bobbie contrived, as you see, to crawl
And grab his legs as they do in ball,
When they try to precipitate a fall.
And the old man stood like a Chinese wall.
Then they all mixed up in a fearful brawl,
Or what might be better termed, a sprawl.
(*Pa and Bobbie intercept Plato.*)

Short is the tale I have now to tell;
For Plato played football and played it well;
Indeed as a tackle he did excell,
And so, opportunely, it befell
That he just gave vent to his college yell,
And into the scrimmage he went pell mell.
(*Plato mixes up with Pa and Bobbie.*)

Now you shall see that this act is done.
The battle is over, the game is won.
Pa is still with us, and so is the son;
But Plato,—well, Plato is making the run.

As they say in college, "he took the bun."
(*Plato downs Pa and Bobbie, and escapes.*)

Penelope's eyes have opened wide,
But instead of her Plato there by her side,
The ample form of her Ma she spied.
And then, as she heard her parents chide
The youth of her heart, this promised bride
Did what she ought to do;—she cried.
(*Penelope comes to and weeps copiously.*)

ACT IV.

Reparation.

Two years have passed, and now you shall see,
If you care to follow this tale with me,
That Plato had taken his first degree,
And in place of the Great he wrote A. B.
With a very good prospect of LL. D.
(*Plato appears as an honor man.*)

Penelope, too, has grown in grace;
Trim was her figure and fair her face;
And on her features was left no trace
Of the awful scene which you saw take place.
And with her beauty her mind kept pace;
A notable fact in a very rare case.
(*Penelope is revealed in the charm of womanhood.*)

For it seems that the story of Bobbie's crime
Had all leaked out in the course of time.
And Bobbie had gone to an unknown clime;
But that will be told in a subsequent rhyme.

And Pa to Plato regrets had sent;
And Ma to her daughter's beau unbent;

While much of the young man's time was spent
At the Smith's, which was cheaper than paying rent.
And the neighbors said that all this meant
There would be a wedding soon after Lent.
(*Pa and Ma express a preference for Plato.*)

And right they were, for the people say
The sun danced merrily Easter day;
And Plato came to the Smith's to stay,
While Penelope swore to love and obey,
As all girls do when they go that way.
(*Plato and Penelope are married, while Pa, making too merry, is rebuked by Ma.*)

And ever thereafter naught amiss
Came to disturb their dream of bliss.
So that now you may happily see that this
Was a very good end of a very small kiss.
(*Plato and Penelope renew their pledges of affection without fear of interruption.*)

ACT V.

Retribution.

"But what of Bobbie?" I hear you cry;
"Did he come to a wicked end, and why?"
Listen to me, for I shall try
To tell you how Bobbie was forced to hie
At the dead of night to the By-and-by.
The reason you may yourselves apply.

When Bobbie had gone to his bed that night,
He chuckled with glee at Plato's plight,
At his father's wrath and his sister's fright;
And his mother's grief was his chief delight.
While to add to his sins already at height,

He forgot his prayers;—which you know 's not right.
(*Bobbie in his nice warm bed chuckles over the misery he has caused.*)

At twelve, when the house was dark and still,
Bobbie awoke with a singular thrill;
And he said to himself: "After all, it will
Not surprise me if I am in for a chill."
(*Bobbie experiences the symptoms of a chill.*)

Then out from the clothes he popped his head,
And there he saw right close to his bed,
An awful creature, all dressed in red,
With horns and a tail, who presently said:
"Come, Bobbie, come," in a tone well-bred.
(*Bobbie spies Old Nick at his bedside.*)

Under the clothes he vanished quick;
For he knew at once 't was his friend, Old Nick;
With whom he always had been quite thick;
But this was a different kind of trick.
(*Bobbie hides under the bed-clothes.*)

But busy Old Nick had no time to waste;
He yanked the clothes from the bed in haste;
And 'round the chamber poor Bobbie raced,
While Nick with a grin his victim chased.
(*Old Nick pursues Bobbie around the room.*)

Then Bobbie fell on his knees, they say,
And begged for a minute or two to pray;
But Old Nick laughed and he said: "Nay, nay;
I do n't do business in any such way;
It 's too late, Bobbie; you 've had your day."
(*Bobbie vainly implores Old Nick for a little time.*)

So off poor Bobbie was hauled in fright,
Out in the dark and lonesome night;

But where they went I am not quite
Prepared to say, though I think it right
To assume that the place was a mighty long sight
Worse than the one where they first took flight.

(*Old Nick drags Bobbie out into the darkness, while a thunder storm is raging.*)

And I happen to know that Old Nick took care
That when Ma called Bobbie no Bobbie was there.
She looked in the bed and she looked on the stair;
And she searched through the closet and peeped everywhere.
And when she at last gave up in despair,
She found this letter pinned back of a chair.

(*Ma hunts vainly for Bobbie and finds a mysterious letter on the chair.*)

"My dear Mrs. Smith: I am grieved to convey
The tidings that Bobbie has gone away.
'T is possible he may come back some day;
But the chances are he has gone to stay.
Yours, Old Nick.—P. S.—Please say
To the children, 'be careful what tricks you play.'"

(*Ma reads Old Nick's letter, and is much affected thereat.*)

THE END.

ETTA DEXTER FIELD.

NOTES

¶A writer usually makes his title an advertisement of his wares; consequently Mr. Zangwill's caption, "Without Prejudice," seems to imply a belief that to be "without prejudice" is desirable. It may be or it may not be. At any rate what Mr. Zangwill thinks is another question. One cannot so easily make words and meanings interchangeable, while with a man so young, so clever, and so modern,

one may always suspect that English is used as a cipher.

P rejudice is, I believe, an unfavorable judgment, unsupported by knowledge. Prejudice, then, which knowledge could only support—a just prejudice, in short—approaches the sublimity of inspiration. What can be finer than to know one's pet dislikes without knowing anything of the things disliked; to condemn the books one could never stomach without the pangs of reading them? Such a prejudice is an attainment, a proof of the sureness of our instincts, the untainted blood in our veins. One may be prouder to condemn the novels of Miss Marie Corelli without warrant, than to love the poems of Mr. George Meredith with reason.

Other prejudices, unjust ones, which knowledge might prove false, have also great advantages, in that they may be demolished by the young. The surperfluous energy of youth is bound to be spent somewhere, and if there be no narrowmindedness among the elders it will fritter itself away.

Vigorous and bigoted national prejudices we sadly lack. Broadmindedness has ceased to be a virtue, and become a habit. It indicates no vitality of thought, but rather the lethargy of a "*laissez faire*" attitude towards literature. I mean that Cosmopolis is grown too cosmopolitan, and that we are losing all feeling for the remote, the foreign, the picturesque. We accept everything, and the welcome of Zola, Ibsen, Tolstoy, and, for aught I know, of the newest Chinese minor poet, is a mere incident of the passing of the sun from east to west. True, the fact that the last gentleman eats for breakfast a quite unspeakable salad, might impress us, but that there was anything in his verses racy of the Chinese soil, would fail to move us. The wonderful, the strange, is slowly disappearing from our world.

So convinced am I of this that if no real prejudice is at hand I believe we should raise a phantasm. A few years

ago Mr. Hamlin Garland assaulted, with sledge-hammer blows, an alleged prejudice against western literature. This cooled Mr. Garland's blood, I doubt not. But now, in the twilight of the battle,—seriously, was there a prejudice, was there even literature? Yet such was the power of the wraith of prejudice exorcised by Mr. G's incantations in magazine columns, that the west was roused to work for something really worthy.

A while ago I tried something of the sort myself. Among my intimates I endeavored to institute the cult of the Alaskan drama. But alas, there was no bitterness against it; worse still, it did not exist! I lacked Mr. Garland's power, Alaska is still dumb; yet I think my case very like his.

Opposition is evidently the forerunner of recognition, and the stupidity necessary to a healthy prejudice against imported literature we might well endure. Indeed the great foreigners are worth a few victims slain in their defence. Standards of appreciation do not descend like the gentle dew from heaven, but are fought for. Controversy means thought, and even poor thought is better than none at all.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FLOTTILLE DANS LE GOLFE: By Henri Mazel. Paris: Bibliothèque Artistique et Littéraire.

THE EVERGREEN; A Northern Seasonal: Published in the Lawnmarket in Edinburgh by Patrick Geddes & Colleagues. Imported by J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE MASTER KNOT AND "ANOTHER STORY": By Conover Duff. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE NEW MOON: By C. E. Raimond. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

CHIFFON'S MARRIAGE: By Gyp: Translated by Mrs. Edward Lees Coffey. New York: Hurst & Co.

FOOTBALL AND LOVE: By Burr W. McIntosh. New York: The Transatlantic Publishing Co.

KAFIR STORIES: By W. Charles Scully. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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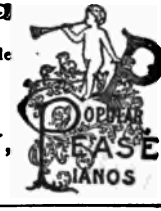

SCENES IN THE VOSHTI HILLS

VI.

THE SOJOURNERS

"MY father, shall we soon be there?"

The man stopped, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked long before him into the silver haze. They were on the southern bank of a wide valley, flanked by deep hills looking wise as greyheaded youth, a legion of close comrades, showing no gap in their ranks. They seemed to breathe; to sit, looking down into the valley, with heads dropped on their breasts, and deep overshadowed eyes, that never changed, in midst of snow, or sun, or any kind of weather; dark brooding lights that knew the secrets of the world, watchful, yet kind. Races, ardent with longing, had come and gone through the valley, had passed the shining porches in the North, on the way to the Quiet Country, and they had never come again, though shadows flitted back and forth when the mists came down; visiting spirits, hungering on the old trail for some that had dropped by the way. As the ages passed, fewer and fewer traveled through the Valley —no longer a people or a race, but twos and threes, and sometimes a small company, like soldiers of a battered guard, and, oftener still, solitary pilgrims, broken with much travel and bowed with loneliness. But they always cried out with joy when they beheld, far off in the North, at the end of the long trail, this range of grey and violet hills break into golden gaps with scarlet walls, and rivers of water ride through them pleasantly. Then they hurried on to the opal haze that hung at the end of the valley—and who heard ever of any that wished to leave the Scarlet Hills and the Quiet Country beyond?

The boy repeated his question, "My father, shall we soon be there?"

DRAWING FOR "THE SOJOURNERS" BY WILL H. BRADLEY

The man withdrew his hand from over his eyes, and a strange smile came to his lips.

"My son," he answered, "can'st thou not see! Yonder through the gentle mist are the Scarlet Hills; our journey is near done."

The boy lifted his head, and looked. "I can see nothing but the mist, my father; not the Scarlet Hills. I am tired, I would sleep."

"Thou shalt sleep soon. The wise man told us of the Delightful Château at the gateway of the hills. Courage, my son. If I gave thee the golden balls to toss, would it cheer thee?"

"My father, I care not for the golden balls, but if I had horse and sword and a thousand men, I would take a city."

The man laid bis hand upon the boy's shoulder. "If I, my son," he said, "had a horse and sword, and a thousand men, I would build a city."

"Why dost thou not fly thy falcon, or write thy thoughts upon the sand as thou did'st yesterday, my father?"

The man loosed the falcon from his wrist, and watched it fly away. "My son, I care not for the falcon, nor any more for writing on the sands."

"My father, if thou did'st build a city I would not tear it down, but I would keep it with my thousand men."

"Thou hast well said, my son," and the man stooped and kissed the lad on the forehead.

And so they traveled on in silence for a long time and slowly they came to the opal haze, which smelled sweet as floating flowers, and gave their hearts a halcyon restfulness. And, glancing down at him many times, the father saw the lad's face look serenely wise, without becoming old, and his brown hair clustered on his forehead with all the life of youth in it. Yet in his eyes, the lad seemed as old as himself."

"My father," said the lad again, "would'st thou then build a city?"

And the father answered: "Nay, my son, I would sow seed and gather it into harvest, enough for my needs, no more; and sit quiet in my doorway when my work was done, and be grateful to the gods."

The lad waited a moment, then answered: "When thou wast a governor in our own country, thou had'st serfs and retainers without number, and fifty men to beat upon the shields of brass to tell of the coming through the gates of the King's house; now thou would'st sow a field and sit quiet in thy doorway, like the blind seller of seed-cakes 'gainst the temple."

"Even so, my son." Then he stooped down, knelt upon his knees, and kissed the earth solemnly, and when he rose there was a smile upon his face.

Then the lad said: "When I was the son of a governor I loved to play with the golden balls, to shoot at the target for pearls, and to ride the flamingo down; now I would grind the corn which thou did'st reap, and with oil make seed cakes for our supper, and sit quiet with thee in thy doorway." Then he too stooped down and kissed the earth, and got up again with a smile upon his face.

And as they went, the earth seemed suddenly to blossom anew, the glory of the Scarlet Hills burst upon them, and they could hear bugles calling far off, and see giant figures trooping along the hills, all scarlet too with streaming hair. And presently, near to a lake, there was a great gateway, and perched upon a rock near it, a château of divine proportions, on which was written above the perfect doorway;

"*The Keeper of the house awaits thee; Enter into Quiet.*"

And they entered, and were possessed of an incomparable peace. And then came to them an old man of noble countenance, with eye neither dimmed nor sunken, and cheek

dewy as a child's, and his voice was like an organ when it plays the soft thanksgiving of a mother.

"Why did ye kiss the earth, as ye traveled?" he said.

And they told him, each with his own tongue, and he smiled upon them, and questioned them of all their speech by the way, and they answered him all honestly, and with gladness, for the searching of their hearts was a joy and relief. But he looked most lovingly upon the lad.

"Would'st thou then, indeed, go to the Quiet Country?" he asked.

And the lad answered: "I have lived so long in the noise!"

Thou hast learned all, thou hast lived all," he answered the boy. "Beyond the Hills of Scarlet there is quiet, and thou shalt dwell there, thou and he. Ye have the perfect desire. Go in peace, and know that though ye are of different years, as men count time, God's clock strikes the same for both, for both are of equal knowledge, and have the same desire at last."

Then, lifting up his hands, he said: "O children of men, O noisy world, when will ye learn the delectable way?"

Slowly they all three came from the Château, and through the great gateway, and passed to the margin of the shining lake, and the two stepped into a boat that waited for them, of which the rowers were nobly fashioned, like the Keeper of the House, and as they bowed their heads to a melodious blessing, the boat drew away. Soon in the sweet haze, they looked transfigured and enlarged, majestic figures moving through the Scarlet Hills to the Quiet Country. And the valley through which they had passed was the Valley of Death, when the young become old and the old young, and all become wise.

GILBERT PARKER.

The fair maid who the first of
May,
Goes to the fields at break of
day,
And washes in dew from the
hawthorne tree,
Forever after shall handsome
be.

A DRAWING **BY FRANK HAZENPLUG**

THE TWENTY-FIRST OF OCTOBER

IN the matter of general culture and attainments, we youngsters stood on pretty level ground. True, it was always happening that one of us would be singled out at any moment, freakishly, and without regard to his own preferences, to wrestle with the inflections of some idiotic language long rightly dead; while another, from some fancied artistic tendency which always failed to justify itself, might be told off without warning to hammer out scales and exercises, and to bedew the senseless keys with tears of weariness or of revolt. But in subjects common to either sex, and held to be necessary even for him whose ambition soared no higher than to crack a whip in a circus-ring —in geography, for instance, arithmetic, or the weary doings of kings and queens—each would have scorned to excel. And, indeed, whatever our individual gifts, a general dogged determination to shirk and to evade kept us all at much the same dead level—a level of ignorance tempered by insubordination.

Fortunately there existed a wide range of subjects, of healthier tone than those already enumerated, in which we were free to choose for ourselves, and which we would have scorned to consider education; and in these we freely followed each his own particular line, often attaining an amount of special knowledge which struck our ignorant elders as simply uncanny. For Edward, the uniforms, accoutrements, colours and mottoes of the regiments composing the British Army had a special glamour. In the matter of facings he was simply faultless; among chevrons, badges, medals, and stars, he moved familiarly; he even knew the names of most of the colonels in command; and he would squander sunny hours prone on the lawn, heedless of challenge from bird or beast, poring over a tattered Army List. My own accom-

plishment was of another character—took, as it seemed to me, a wider and a more untrammelled range. Dragoons might have swaggered in Lincoln green, riflemen might have donned sporrans over tartan trews, without exciting notice or comment from me. But did you seek precise information as to the fauna of the American continent, then you had come to the right shop. Where and why the bison "wallowed"; how beaver were to be trapped and wild turkeys stalked, the grizzly and how to handle him, and the pretty pressing ways of the constrictor—in fine, the haunts and the habits of all that burrowed, strutted, roared, or wriggled between the Atlantic and the Pacific—all this knowledge I took for my province. By the others my equipment was fully recognized. Supposing a book with a bear-hunt in it made its way into the house, and the atmosphere was electric with excitement: still, it was necessary that I should first decide whether the slot had been properly described and properly followed up, ere the work could be stamped with full approval. A writer might have won fame throughout the civilized globe for his trappers and his realistic backwoods, and all went for nothing. If his pemmican were not properly compounded I damned his achievement, and it was heard no more of.

Harold was hardly old enough to possess a special subject of his own. He had his instincts, indeed, and at bird-nesting they almost amounted to prophecy. Where we others only suspected eggs, surmised possible eggs, hinted doubtfully at eggs in the neighbourhood, Harold went straight for the right bush, bough, or hole as if he carried a divining-rod. But this faculty belonged to the class of mere gifts, and was not to be ranked with Edward's lore regarding facings, and mine as to the habits of prairie dogs, both gained by painful study and extensive travel in those "realms of gold," the Army List and Ballantyne.

Selina's subject, quite unaccountably, happened to be naval history. There is no laying down rules as to subjects; you just possess them—or rather, they possess you—and their genesis or protoplasm is rarely to be tracked down. Selina had never so much as seen the sea; but for that matter neither had I ever set foot on the American continent, the by-ways of which I knew so intimately. And just as if set down without warning in the middle of the Rocky Mountains, I should have been perfectly at home, so Selina, if a genie had dropped her suddenly on Portsmouth Hard, could have given points to most of its frequenters. From the days of Blake down to the death of Nelson (she never condescended further) Selina had taken spiritual part in every notable engagement of the British Navy; and even in the dark days when she had to pick up skirts and flee, chased by an ungallant De Ruyter or Van Tromp, she was yet cheerful in the consciousness that ere long she would be gleefully hammering the fleets of the world, in the glorious times to follow. When that golden period arrived, Selina was busy indeed; and, while loving best to stand where the splinters were flying the thickest, she was also a careful and critical student of seamanship and of manœuvre. She knew the order in which the great line-of-battle ships moved into action, the vessels they respectively engaged, the moment when each let go its anchor, and which of them had a spring on its cable (while not understanding the phrase, she carefully noted the fact); and she habitually went into an engagement on the quarter-deck of the gallant ship that reserved its fire the longest.

At the time of Selina's weird seizure I was unfortunately away from home, on a loathsome visit to an aunt; and my account is therefore feebly compounded from hearsay. It was an absence I never ceased to regret—scoring it up, with a sense of injury, against the aunt. There was a splendid

uselessness about the whole performance that specially appealed to my artistic sense. That it should have been Selina, too, who should break out this way—Selina, who had just become a regular subscriber to the *Young Ladies' Journal*, and who allowed herself to be taken out to strange teas with an air of resignation palpably assumed—this was a special joy, and served to remind me that much of this dreaded convention that was creeping over us might be, after all, only veneer. Edward, also was absent, getting licked into shape at school; but to him the loss was nothing. With his stern practical bent he would n't have seen any sense in it—to recall one of his favourite expressions. To Harold, however, for whom the gods had always cherished a special tenderness, it was granted, not only to witness, but also, priestlike, to feed the sacred fire itself. And if at the time he paid the penalty exacted by the sordid unimaginative ones who temporarily rule the roast, he must ever after, one feels sure, have carried inside him some of the white gladness of the acolyte who, greatly privileged, has been permitted to swing a censer at the sacring of the very Mass.

October was mellowing fast, and with it the year itself; full of tender hints, in woodland and hedgerow, of a course well-nigh completed. From all sides that still afternoon you caught the quick breathing and sob of the runner nearing the goal. Pre-occupied and possessed, Selina had strayed down the garden and out into the pasture beyond, where, on a bit of rising ground that dominated the garden on one side and the downs with the old coach-road on the other, she had cast herself down to chew the cud of fancy. There she was presently joined by Harold, breathless and very full of his latest grievance.

"I asked him not to," he burst out. "I said if he 'd only please wait a bit and Edward would be back soon, and it could n't matter to *him*, and the pig would n't mind, and

Edward 'd be pleased and everybody 'd be happy. But he just said he was very sorry, but bacon did n't wait for nobody. So I told him he was a regular beast, and then I came away. And—and I b'lieve they 're doing it now!"

"Yes, he 's a beast," agreed Selina absently. She had forgotten all about the pig-killing. Harold kicked away a freshly thrown-up mole-hill, and prodded down the hole with a stick. From the direction of Farmer Larkin's demesne came a long-drawn note of sorrow, a thin cry and appeal, telling that the stout soul of a black Berkshire pig was already faring down the stony track to Hades.

"D' you know what day it is?" said Selina presently, in a low voice, looking far away before her.

Harold did not appear to know, nor yet to care. He had laid open his mole-run for a yard or so, and was still grubbing at it absorbedly.

"It 's Trafalgar Day," went on Selina trancedly: "Trafalgar Day—and nobody cares!"

Something in her tone told Harold that he was not behaving quite becomingly. He did n't exactly know in what manner; still, he abandoned his mole-hunt for a more courteous attitude of attention.

"Over there," resumed Salina—she was gazing out in the direction of the old highroad—"over there the coaches used to go by. Uncle Thomas was telling me about it the other day. And the people used to watch for 'em coming, to tell the time by, and p'r'aps to get their parcels. And one morning—they would n't be expecting anything different—one morning, first there would be a cloud of dust, as usual, and then the coach would come racing by, and *then* they would know! For the coach would be dressed in laurel, all laurel from stem to stern! And the coachman would be wearing laurel, and the guard would be wearing laurel; and then they would know, then they would know!"

Harold listened in respectful silence. He would much rather have been hunting the mole, who must have been a mile away by this time; if he had his wits about him. But he had all the natural instincts of a gentleman; of whom it is one of the principal marks, if not the complete definition, never to show signs of being bored.

Selina rose to her feet, and paced the turf restlessly with a short, quarter-deck walk.

"Why can't we *do* something?" she burst out presently. "*He*—he did everything—why can't we do anything for him?"

"*Who* did everything?" enquired Harold, meekly. It was useless wasting further longings on that mole. Like the dead, he travelled fast.

"Why Nelson, of course," said Selina shortly, still looking restlessly around for help or suggestion.

"But he's—he's *dead*, is n't he?" asked Harold, slightly puzzled.

"What's that got to do with it?" retorted his sister, resuming her caged-lion promenade.

Harold was somewhat taken aback. In the case of the pig, for instance, whose last outcry had now passed into stillness, he had considered the chapter as finally closed. Whatever innocent mirth the holidays might hold in store for Edward, that particular pig, at least, would not be a contributor. And now he was given to understand that the situation had not materially changed! He would have to revise his ideas, it seemed. Sitting up on end, he looked towards the garden for assistance in the task. Thence, even as he gazed, a tiny column of smoke rose straight up into the still air. The gardener had been sweeping that afternoon, and now, an unconscious priest, was offering his sacrifice of autumn leaves to the calm-eyed goddess of changing hues and chill forebodings who was moving slowly about the

land that golden afternoon. Harold was up and off in a moment, forgetting Nelson, forgetting the pig, the mole, the Larkin betrayal, and Selina's strange fever of conscience. Here was fire, real fire, to play with, and that was even better than messing with water, or re-modelling the plastic surface of the earth. Of all the toys the world provides for right-minded persons, the original elements rank easily the first.

But Selina sat on where she was, her chin on her fists; and her fancies whirled and drifted, here and there, in curls and eddies, along with the smoke she was watching. As the quick-footed dusk of the short October day stepped lightly over the garden, little red tongues of fire might be seen to leap and vanish in the smoke. Harold, anon staggering under armfuls of leaves, anon stoking vigorously, was discernible only at fitful intervals. It was another sort of smoke that the inner eye of Selina was looking upon—a smoke that hung in sullen banks round the masts and the hulls of the fighting ships; a smoke from beneath which came thunder and the crash and the splinter-rip, the shout of the boarding-party, the choking sob of the gunner stretched by his gun. A smoke from out of which at last she saw, as through a riven pall, the radiant spirit of the Victor, crowned with the coronal of a perfect death, leap in full assurance up into the ether that Immortals breathe. The dusk was glooming towards darkness when she rose and moved slowly down towards the beckoning fire; something of the priestess in her stride, something of the devotee in the set purpose of her eye.

The leaves were well alight by this time, and Harold had just added an old furze bush, which flamed and crackled stirringly.

"Go 'n' get some more sticks," ordered Selina, "and shavings, 'n' chunks of wood, 'n' anything you can find.

Look here—in the kitchen-garden there 's a pile of old pea-sticks. Fetch as many as you can carry, and then go back and bring some more ! "

" But I say,—" began Harold amazedly, scarce knowing his sister, and with a vision of a frenzied gardener, pea-stickless and threatening retribution.

" Go and fetch 'em quick ! " shouted Selina, stamping with impatience.

Harold ran off at once, true to the stern system of discipline in which he had been nurtured. But his eyes were like round O's, and as he ran he talked fast to himself, in evident disorder of mind.

The pea-sticks made a rare blaze, and the fire, no longer smouldering sullenly, leapt up and began to assume the appearance of a genuine bonfire. Harold, awed into silence at first, began to jump round it with shouts of triumph. Selina looked on grimly, with knitted brow ; she was not yet fully satisfied. "Can't you get any more sticks ? " she said presently. " Go and hunt about. Get some old hampers and matting and things out of the tool-house. Smash up that old cucumber frame Edward shoved you into, the day we were playing scouts and Mohicans. Stop a bit ! Hooray ! I know. You come along with me."

Hard by there was a hot-house, Aunt Eliza's special pride and joy, and even grimly approved of by the gardener. At one end, in an out-house adjoining, the necessary firing was stored ; and to this sacred fuel, of which we were strictly forbidden to touch a stick, Selina went straight, Harold followed obediently, prepared for any crime after that of the pea-sticks, but pinching himself to see if he were really awake.

" You bring some coals," said Selina briefly, without any palaver or pro-and-con discussion. " Here 's a basket ; *I 'll* manage the faggots ! "

In a very few minutes there was little doubt about its being a genuine bonfire and no paltry makeshift. Selina, a Mænad now, hatless and tossing disordered locks, all the dross of the young lady purged out of her, stalked around the pyre of her own purloining, or prodded it with a pea-stick. And as she prodded she murmured at intervals, "I *knew* there was something we could do! It is n't much—but still it 's *something!*"

The gardener had gone home to his tea. Aunt Eliza had driven out for hers a long way off, and was not expected back till quite late; and this far end of the garden was not overlooked by any windows. So the Tribute blazed on merrily unchecked. Villagers far away, catching sight of the flare, muttered something about "them young devils at their tricks again," and truged on beer-wards. Never a thought of what day it was, never a thought for Nelson, who preserved their honest pint-pots, to be paid for in honest pence, and saved them from *litres* and decimal coinage. Nearer at hand, frightened rabbits popped up and vanished with a flick of white tails; scared birds fluttered among the branches, or sped across the glade to quieter sleeping-quarters; but never a bird nor a beast gave a thought to the hero to whom they owed it that each year their little homes of horsehair, wool, or moss, were safe stablished 'neath the flap of the British flag; and that Game Laws, quietly permanent made *la chasse* a terror only to their betters. No one seemed to know, nor to care to sympathise. In all the ecstasy of her burnt-offering and sacrifice, Selina stood alone.

And yet—not quite alone! For, as the fire was roaring at its best, certain stars stepped delicately forth on the surface of the immensity above, and peered down doubtfully—with wonder at first, then with interest, then with recognition, with a start of glad surprise. *They* at least knew all about it, *they* understood. Among *them* the Name was a daily fa-

miliar word; his story was a part of the music to which they swung, himself was their fellow and their mate and comrade. So they peeped, and winked, and peeped again, and called to their laggard brothers to come quick and see.

* * * *

"The best of life is but intoxication"; and Selina, who during her brief inebriation had lived in an ecstasy as golden as our drab existence affords, had to experience the inevitable bitterness of awakening sobriety, when the dying down of the flames into sullen embers coincided with the frenzied entrance of Aunt Eliza on the scene. It was not so much that she was at once and for ever disrated, broke, sent before the master, and branded as one on whom no reliance could be placed, even with Edward safe at school, and myself under the distant vigilance of an aunt; that her pocket money was stopped indefinately, and her new Church Service, the pride of her last birthday, removed from her own custody and placed under the control of a trust. She sorrowed rather because she had dragged poor Harold, against his better judgment, into a most horrible scrape, and moreover because, when the reaction had fairly set in, when the exaltation had fizzled away and the young lady had crept timorously back to her wonted lodging, she could only see herself as a plain fool, unjustified, undeniable, without a shadow of an excuse or explanation.

As for Harold, youth and a short memory made his case less pitiful than it seemed to his more sensitive sister. True, he started upstairs to his lonely cot bellowing dismally, before him a dreary future of pains and penalties sufficient to last to the crack of doom. Outside his door, however, he he tumbled over Augustus the cat, and made capture of him; and at once his mourning was changed into a song of triumph, as he conveyed his prize into port. For Augustus, who was ever more knave than fool, detested above all

things going to bed with little boys, and the trapper who was wily enough to ensnare him had achieved something notable. Augustus, when he realized that his fate was sealed, and his night's lodging settled, wisely made the best of things, and listened, with a languorous air of complete comprehension, to the incoherent babble concerning pigs, and heroes, moles and bonfires, which served Harold for a self-sung lullaby. Yet it may be doubted whether Augustus was one of those rare fellows who thoroughly understood.

But Selina knew no more of this source of consolation than of the sympathy with which the stars were winking above her; and it was only after some sad interval of time, and on a very moist pillow, that she drifted into that quaint inconsequent country where you may meet your own pet hero strolling down the road, and where you may commit what hair-brained oddities you like, and everybody understands and appreciates.

KENNETH GRAHAME.

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need not live below the water line, nor at either end of a see-saw to begin with, and sea-sickness is not the condition of so large a proportion of his fellows. The best part of the deck space is not taken up with rows of mummies, laid out in steamer chairs, and the fetching and carrying of broths and doses are not the usual and nauseous incidents of deck life So many nationalities are represented, such cosmopolitan and veteran travelers are gathered together on one of these Pacific steamers, that the complacent young tourist, whose town and family viewed him as a Columbus or a Stanley, when he started to circle the globe, shrinks into nothingness beside the tea, silk or opium merchant at his elbow, who is making his twentieth or thirtieth round. Veteran travelers, 'the oldsters' of the East, have their regular whist set, long-running tourneys enliven the smoking rooms, games on the board decks divert the company, and everything is done for the entertainment of the travelers. If a ball is wanted, the promenade deck is enclosed with flags, a few more electric lights are connected, a piano is brought up, and lo! a ball room worthy of Pacific dancers."

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AN AUTUMN TWILIGHT

GRAY broods the sky, a pathless chart,
The wind bays like a stag-hound bold,
And closer closes round my heart
The keen, inevitable cold.

Fond memory beside the fire
With the old smile is fain to stir
The embers of the dead desire,
And yet I have no word for her.

The one I seek, of vernal air,
Swift ever at my call before,
She with the violets in her hair,
Hope, morning-hearted, comes no more.

The gathering shadows will not part,
The wan west shows no line of gold,
And closer closes round my heart
The sharp, irrevocable cold.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BITS OF CRITICISM

THE difference between a precious stone and a common stone is not an essential difference—not a difference of substance, but of arrangement of the particles—the crystalization. In substance the charcoal and the diamond are one, but in form and effect how widely they differ. The pearl contains nothing that is not found in the coarsest oyster shell.

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Two men have the same thoughts; they use about the same words in expressing them; yet with one the product is real literature, with the other it is a platitude.

The difference is all in the presentation; a finer and more compendious process has gone on in the one case than in the other. The elements are better fused and knitted together; they are in some way hightened and intensified. Is not here a clew to what we mean by style? Style transforms common quartz into an Egyptian pebble. We are apt to think of style as something external, that can be put on, something in and of itself. But it is not; it is in the inmost texture of the substance itself. Polish, choice words, faultless rhetoric, are only the accidents of style. Indeed, perfect workmanship is one thing; style, as the great writers have it, is quite another. It may, and often does, go with faulty workmanship. It is the use of words in a fresh and vital way, so as to give us a vivid sense of a new spiritual force and personality. In the best work the style is found and hidden in the matter.

I heard a reader observe, after finishing one of Robert Louis Stevenson's books, "how well it is written!" I thought it a doubtful compliment. It should have been so well written that the reader would not have been conscious of the writing at all. If we could only get the writing, the craft, out of our stories and essays and poems, and make the reader feel he was face to face with the real thing! The complete identification of the style with the thought; the complete absorbtion of the man with his matter, so that the reader shall say, "how good, how real, how true"; that is the great success. Seek ye the kingdom of truth first, and all things shall be added. I think we do feel, with regard to some of Stevenson's books, like *An Inland Voyage*, *Travels with a Donkey*, etc., how well they are written. Certainly one would not have the literary skill any less, but

would have one's attention kept from it by the richness of the matter. Hence I think a British critic hits the mark when he says Stevenson lacks homeliness.

Dr. Holmes wrote fine and eloquent poems, yet I think one does not feel that he is essentially a poet. His work has not the inevitableness of nature; it is a skillful literary feat; we admire it, but seldom return to it. His poetry is a stream in an artificial channel; his natural channel is his prose; here we get his freest and most spontaneous activity.

One fault that I find with our younger and more promising school of novelists is that their aim is too literary; we feel that they are striving mainly for artistic effects. Do we feel this at all in Scott, Dickens, Hawthorne or Tolstoi? These men are not thinking about art but about life; how to reproduce life. In essayists like Pater, Wilde, Lang, the same thing occurs; we are constantly aware of the literary artist; they are not in love with life, reality, so much as they are with words, style, literary effects. Their seriousness is mainly an artistic seriousness. It is not so much that they have something to say, as that they are filled with a desire to say something. Nearly all our magazine poets seem filled with the same desire: what labour, what art and technique; but what a dearth of feeling and spontaneity! I read a few lines or stanzas and then stop. I see it is only deft handicraft, and that the heart and soul are not in it. One day my boy killed what an old hunter told him was a mock duck. It looked like a duck, it acted like a duck, it quacked like a duck, but when it came upon the table—it mocked us. These mock poems of the magazines remind me of it.

Is it not unfair to take any book, certainly any great piece of literature, and deliberately sit down to pass judgment upon it? Great books are not addressed to the critical judgment, but to the life, the soul. They need to slide into one's life earnestly, and find him with his guard down, his doors

open, his attitude disinterested. The reader is to give himself to them, as they give themselves to him; there must be self-sacrifice. We find the great books when we are young, eager, receptive. After we grow hard and critical we find few great books. A recent French critic says: "It seems to me works of art are not made to be judged, but to be loved, to please, to dissipate the cares of real life. It is precisely by wishing to judge them that one loses sight of their true significance."

"How can a man learn to know himself?" inquires Goethe. "Never by reflection, only by action." It not this a half-truth? One can only learn his powers of action by action, and his powers of thought by thinking. He can only learn whether or not he has power to command, to lead, to be an orator, or legislator, by actual trial. Has he courage, self-control, self-denial, fortitude, etc.? In life alone can he find out. Action tests his moral virtues, reflection his intellectual. If he would define himself to himself he must think. "We are weak in action," says Renan, by our best qualities; we are strong in action by will and a certain one-sidedness." "The moment Byron reflects," says Goethe, "he is a child." Byron had no self-knowledge. We have all known people who were ready and sure in action who did not know themselves at all. Your weakness or strength as a person comes out in action; your weakness or strength as an intellectual force comes out in reflection.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

POLITICALLY SPEAKING

TWICE in succession has it befallen me to be privately busy in a backwater when the main stream was spuming and ramping with the great bore of a general election. I have been able to hear the swallows twitter at

A DRAWING
BY FRANK HAZENPLUG

You must not sing o' Sunday,
Because it is a sin;
But you may sing o' Monday,
Till Sunday comes again.

sunrise in serene unconciousness of the crisis, to watch the rooks homing at twilight, as though the course of Nature were still the same, and to see the moonlight rippling over the sombre water at midnight in unaffected tranquility. Myself was scarcely better informed of the tidal flood: stray echoes of speech, odd fragments of newspaper floated down to me, and at intervals some visitant from the greater deep held, like a sea-shell, the rumour of its sounding waters.

And, indeed, where shall we find a better metaphor for party-government than this of the tide, of the ebb and flow of political power—remorseless, inevitable, regardless of those who, tossed high on the stream, imagine they direct it? And in this metaphor the People must play Moon, like the clown in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon."

The cause of this inconstancy has not escaped even the philosophers. The Whig and the Tory, rival lovers of Luna—moonstruck ravers—woo her with honeyed words and dulcet promises, and she inclines her coquettish ear—to the highest bidder. But when she comes to her full—and is all eye—then she perceives her swain faithless and empty-handed, and straightway she plights her troth to his clamorous and expostulant fellow, who dangles his untried promises before her disappointed vision. And the days pass, and she rises and sets; but lo! the bridal gifts linger still, and the horn of plenty is an empty trumpet, and, forgetful of her first lover's failure, she turns to him again. And so for ever, in a fickle quest of fidelity, pathetic enough. Perhaps she—with two strings to her bow—shares the just fate of coquettes, happy with neither; perhaps she were wiser to give herself to a single lover, and be rid for ever of these hesitancies. And yet, would she profit by the change? Endymion, the one youth whose beauty drew her from heaven, remained perpetually asleep. Is there not some profound

significance in the ancient myth, some truth that would have pleased Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam (as the pedants will have us call the man who did not write Shakespeare.)

BUT the philosophers, who have understood the levity of mind that underlies changes of Cabinets, have not always understood the numerical pettiness of the voting power by which the change is affected. Just as every philosopher is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian, so, as Mr. Gilbert sings, is every Englishman born a little Liberal or a little Conserva*tive*: even if his politics be not original sin, it is early acquired. Thus, then, the nation consists of two great camps—the Liberals and the Conservatives—which are practically fixed; standing armies that may be relied upon. Apart from these two great standing armies, there is a shifting body of free-lances, guerillas, Jacks-o'-both-sides, call them what you will—waverers who have too much conscience or too little, who are swayed by their reason or their pocket, or who are gullible enough to believe that the opposition will do better, or sportsmen enough to desire fair play and a chance for the other side, and who are found fighting now in this camp, now in that. The camps themselves are fairly matched: Rads and Tories—the sexes of politics—are as evenly created as men and women. They are like ten-pound weights standing on either scale of a balance. What, then, determines the oscillation this way or that! Evidently the miserable little half-ounce weight placed sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. In fine, 't is the tiny squadron of free-lances that wins general elections, the voters who think or who do n't think, or who veer to be with the majority. The Jacks-o'-both-sides rule England, even as the Parnell brigade ruled Parliament. To this floating population it is given to make or unmake Cabinets; their's is the righteous indignation that sweeps the country like a new broom, and sweeps Ministries into limbo;

to them is made the magniloquent "appeal to the country!" *L'état c'est nous!* might be the motto of this third party, were it but conscious of itself as a party.

POPULAR suffrage is much maligned. "Think," says Bouvard, one of the tragi-comic twain who serve for title to that saddest of all humorous books, Flaubert's *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, "think of all those who buy pomades and patent medicines. These blockheads form the electorate and we submit to their will. Why can't one make three thousand a year breeding rabbits? Because too much crowding together is fatal to them. In like manner, by the mere coming together of a crowd the germs of stupidity which it contains get developed and the consequences are incalculable." But popular suffrage does not operate like this at all. One might almost say that half the stupidity contradicts and annihilates the other half: in practice the franchise carries its own antidote, the "germs of stupidity" do not get developed but destroyed. The metaphor of germs would be more appropriate if applied to the ideas of the party-programmes, for these ideas are introduced by a few wise or foolish men and disseminated epidemically throughout their respective parties. Democracy never escapes aristocracy, for the people never invent ideas; it's whole power is that of choice between the ideas offered by its would-be leaders, and even these ideas it accepts less as a philosopher than as a patient, rather as "germs" than as thoughts. And when once it has accepted its leaders or its representatives, the beautiful parliamentary system deprives them of all further rights of interference for a term of years, and the policy of the country is far more dependent on the intestine rivalries and manœuvrings of the representatives than on the desires and demands of the represented.

And moreover the position of my Member of Parliament is scarcely less paradoxical than my own *rôle* of free and

independent elector. He is the mouthpiece of his constituents, and yet he is expected to have a will and conscience of his own. Why? why should he be any more honest than a lawyer or a journalist? Each of these classes is paid to maintain certain propositions and the most successful in these lines are those with the highest powers of persuasion. The constituency wishes certain opinions and desires put forward in Parliament,—why should the man who offers to execute the job be presumed to share those opinions and desires? The point is, can he represent them more forcibly than the rival candidates?

To be strictly logical, indeed, M. P.'s should confine themselves to stating the wishes of the people they represent: they might as well be automatic, fitted with phonographs. Or, for the matter of that, they might be superseded altogether by written summaries of the opinions of the winning majority in each constituency on all the points at issue in the current session. The chiefs of the party could play the game with markers. But indeed what is the use of dealing the cards at all, when the Prime Minister holds all the trumps in advance, not up his sleeve, but openly on the table? As for the speeches in the House, they have as much effect upon the issue as the conversations at the card table.

In so confused a constitution, or so constitutional a confusion, it ill becomes one to inquire why pre-eminence in Parliament is attained by dexterity in the word-duel, and why a John Stuart Mill, who gave his life to the study of sociological questions, is a failure in the House, while a Randolph Churchill, who confessedly found politics more exciting than any other form of sport, including even horse-racing, should be a success. As in Athens of old, the rhetorician is master of the field. But perhaps the discrepancy is less than meets the eye. The House of Commons is a *Representative*

Assembly; the rhetoricians and fencers represent the unreason and the pugnacity of the partisans. A country has the politicians it deserves. I have heard the most ignorant girls rage against Mr. Gladstone; damsels in their teens who knew nothing of life or its problems, nor could have studied any question for themselves; pretty girls withal, but who at the mention of the veteran statesman took on the avenging aspect of the Eumenides.

It was a girl of quite another temper who replied to me when, talking over old times and old discussions, I said I had not yet become a Socialist: "I don't think you ever knew what you were." I winced as at a just reproach, yet when I had left her the retort occured to me (as retorts will, when too late) that there was no particular merit in being a "what," that men were not necessarily "'ists" or "'ites," that thoughts did not fit into pigeonholes, and that if there was any merit in the matter it consisted rather in preserving free play and elasticity of mind. Because certain men had put certain ideas into the world it did not follow that every other man had definitely to accept or reject each and all of them, and to become an "'ite" or an "anti-'ite" in so doing. Plague take great men! What right had they to force one into the jury-box? Still less was it compulsory to return a verdict if, as the vulgar were apt to think, the acceptance of any one "'ism" precluded the acceptance of another, so that to be an Ibsenite was synonymous with detesting the dramas of Sardou, and to be a Wagnerite involved a horror of Mendelssohn. It was only the uncultured who held their artistic and political creeds with the narrowness of Little Bethel, importing into thought and æsthetics the zealotry they had lost in religion. The book of Experience, thought I, is not an Encyclopædia, with every possible topic neatly ranged in alphabetical order; 't is no A B C Time Table, with the trains docketed for the enlightenment of the simple,

't is rather an Encyclopædia torn into a million million fragments by kittens and pasted together again by infants, so that all possible things are inextricably interfused, every one with every other; 't is a Bradshaw edited by a maniac, where the trains that start but do n't arrive are not even distinguished from the trains that arrive but do n't start. Wherever persons are conscious of the infinite complexities of things, they will be found cautious of creed and timid of assertion. You have probably noted that at Waterloo Station, in London, no porter will ever bind himself to a definite statement concerning any train. It is only the inartistic who hold that black is black and white is white, unconditionally, irretrievably; and who have invented the proverb "He 'd say black 's white" to express the Sophist *in excelsis*. It must be true, as Ruskin contends, that not one man in fifteen thousand has ever observed anything, else how account for this widespread fallacy! The "wit of one," instead of crystallising this "wisdom of the many," should have flatly contradicted it. For, take two black-boards and place them at right angles to each other: let a ray of bright sunlight fall upon them, so that one cast a shadow on the other. The portion of the blackboard overshadowed will indeed be blackish, but the portion illuminated by full sunlight will be comparatively white, although it is still thought of as a "*black*-board." So, too, ask the man in the street for the colour of trees, and he will reply "green." If I may permit myself a vulgar locution, the green is in his eye. Trees are, of course, all colours of the rainbow, according to kind and season; and grass, too, is by no means always so green as people think it. We start in our childhood with prejudices on these subjects—what is education but the systematic imparting of prejudice?—and we rarely recover. Even the primitive rhymes of childhood fix ideas unalterably in our minds:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet and so are you."

Tea-roses are not red nor Neapolitan violets blue; sugar is only sweet to those unversed in metaphysics, and sugar of lead not even to them. As for the compliment to the juvenile petticoat, let it remain. But the blackness of black is a superstition that deserves no such courteous concessions. There is, in fact, no black and no white at all, as any black-and-white artist will tell you. Black is not a colour: it is merely the negation of light. By day nothing is ever black—it always contains reflected light from surrounding object or objects: if you look at a "black" thing by day, you see its details, which convincingly proves that light is not absent. If there were such a thing as a black object, it could only prove its existence by being seen; but if it is seen it is no longer black, and if it is black it is no longer seen. The mourners at a funeral no more wear black than the bridesmaids at a wedding wear white. To be white, a thing would have to escape all reflected light; and even if this were possible, the sunlight itself, the source of all light and colour, would tinge it with yellow, or red, or pink, according to the time of day. "What!" the injudicious reader will cry, "is not snow white? Does not the dictionary boast even a double-barrelled epithet 'snow-white?' How about the 'great white sea' that stretches around the Pole?" I cannot help it: these adjectives, these expressions were invented before artists had taught men to see: hastily, as by men falling in love at first sight, who are destined to make discoveries concerning their idol later on. Snow is never white, any more than the beloved is absolutely blameless. For snow to be "snow-white," the sky would have to be white, whereas in those arctic circles it should be either blue or grey. Moreover, the snow being only semi-opaque, must be tinctured by the shadow of the darkness of its own depths; as for ice-

bergs, well, you may see green, brown, and even deep-grey ice, whilst the whitest have pinnacles and crags that must break the light like prisms into all the colours of the spectrum, and all these hues, again, do not fail to tint the snow. Nor will the white bear improve the situation, for, to judge by the specimen in our London Zoological Gardens, white bears are a dirty yellow, just as black bears are dirty brown.

But, so far from realising that black may be white, your average voter seems to imagine that neither is ever even tempered: that his party is purest white, and the opposition party impurest black. That the other side reverses this colouring does not trouble him: it is merely due to the aforesaid sophistical faculty of proving black white. I once knew a man—no average voter he—who owned two comic papers, the one Radical, the other Conservative. How he must have chuckled as he planned the cartoons, and settled the chiaroscuro! What blacks for the Tories to be answered by counter-blacks for the Radicals! Beaconsfield as a sweep, Gladstone as an Angel of Light; Beaconsfield as Ormuzd, Gladstone as Ahriman; each in turn Lucifer, Son of the Morning, and Satan, the discomfited demon. I tremble to think what would have happened if, by one of those *contretemps* which sometimes occur even in real life, the cartoons had got interchanged. And caricatures such as these influence the elections! The most childish nonsense, written in the picture-language so dear to children! And on such ineptitudes the destinies of the nation are supposed to turn! 'T is a comforting reflection, then, that the whole thing is so largely a farce, that the real axis of events is elsewhere—by no means a thing to grieve over. If the British Constitution is a paradox not to be fathomed by human intellect, why, that is a quality which it shares with Space and Time and all deep and elemental things.

SO that, though Politics be as absurd as the Constitution, God bless her, it may yet fufil as useful a function. Who would deprive the hosts of working-men of their generous enthusiasms, even though these be to the profit of the professional politician? Who would narrow their horizon back to the public-house and the workshop or the clerical desk and the music-hall, by assuring them that all these great national and international questions will be no penny the worse or the better for their interest in them? For it is they, not the State, that will be benefited. Politics is a great educative force: it teaches history, geography, and the art of debate, and is not without relation to Shakespeare and the musical glasses. The flies on the wheel are not moving the wheel, but they are travelling and seeing the world, whereas they might otherwise be buzzing around the dust-bin. Politics sets the humblest at the centre of great cross-roads of history: it promotes clubs and all manner of fellowship, and enables the poorest—on polling-day at least—to know himself the equal of the greatest. Even the most illiterate is spared the mortification of being reminded that he cannot sign his name. And finally, and most of all, it preserves among us the lost art of fighting. The long and oft-vaunted immunity of England from the foot of a foreign foe has its drawbacks: we have forgotten what war really means, we have delegated our courage and patriotism to an army of mercenaries, who represent us in the field as a nobleman's carriage represents him at a funeral; we are valiant vicariously and sublime by deputy; we take the war-fever in its pleasant heats, and contract out the chills and the blood-letting. And so the blood-letting fails to purge us as before; the evil humours are still in the system. All those seething, restless spirits which generate in the blood of a once war-like race clog us up and turn to bile and dyspeptic distempers. Our militant instincts, suppressed by a too-secure civilization

break out in sordid maladies of the social organism. As a vent-hole for the envy, hatred and uncharitableness of mankind, politics cannot be overestimated. In the absence of real battles on our soil these sham fights of the polling-booth —sham because they determine nothing, because the great silent forces are working behind all the noises—are the national purge for "our present discontents"; no more truly efficacious than that ancient therapeutics of the lancet, a General Election yet comforts the patient, he takes a lease of fresh hope, the sun leaps out, the clouds pack, the sky is blue, the grass is new-pearled, God's in His heaven, and all's right with the world. Even the beaten party feels that it has won a moral victory, and confidently looks forward to victory without morality at the next turn of the wheel. And so all these diseased humours of the body politic pass harmlessly off.

No one but a confirmed cynic would wish to do away with all this harmless dissipation, all the innocent fun of electioneering, the speeches, riotings, mud-throwings, everybody happy as sandboys or mudlarks. What a great day that was—Plancus being M. P., and I a boy in a provincial town—when the Blues and the Reds meant broken heads, and the flowing tide of beer, and spruce carriages with beribboned horses, and jocund wagonettes, and bands and banners, and "hoorays," and shuttered shops, and an outpour of citizens; a day festive, yet solemn, pregnant with mysterious dooms and destines, fatal, ineluctable, if victory fell to the wrong-coloured ribbons. I remember when my father went to poll his vote—a strange, weird article that had to be carried carefully concealed on the person, lest the roughs of the opposition should catch a glimpse of the tip of it and bash in the holder's head—with what awed imagination we followed his course, as of a hero gone to storm a redoubt or lead a forlorn hope! with what anxiety we waited at home

with the bandages! For the civil war, which our constitution foments, was less of a sham then than now, and the polling booths vied with the playing fields of Eton as the nursery of England's heroes. Ah, the brave old times! An anæmic age languishes for want of you, and finds its solace in "bluggy" tales. For just as politics supplies the shadow, the simulacrum of fighting, so art supplies the shadows of life to those who lack the substance. We herd in towns, and take the country in dashes of water-colour framed in gilt. We marry for money, and satiate our baulked sense of romance with concoctions from Mudie's. We lie and haggle and cheat, only the better to apprehend the subtleties of spiritual discourse in fashionable churches, and our generous appreciation of the consummate chivalry of the hero of melodrama is the reward we owe ourselves for the pain it gave us to kick our wives. Poetic tragedies owe their attraction to the doimnence in real life of the drab and the unlovely, and the overstrain of the intellect in modern life gives a peculiar flavour to the ineptitudes of Gaity burlesque. All the primal instincts and passions are still in us, though distorted, exaggerated, diminished, modified, applied to different objects and purposes. The man with vagabond instincts becomes an explorer, Ishmael writes social dramas, the happier son of a defalcating cashier rises to be a minister of finance, the born liar turns novelist, the man with murder in his soul hunts big game in foreign lands, or settles down at home as a critic. And so, too, the born warrior becomes a political leader; and politics, if it does not do any of the things it professes to do, plays yet an invaluable part in modern life, bridging over, perchance, the transition from the bellicose ages to those belauded days when the warm-drum shall throb no longer, "and the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

I. ZANGWILL.

MR. ZANGWILL DRAWN BY FRED RICHARDSON

A FOLK SONG

THE MARINE

(*Poitevin*)

THE bold Marine comes back from war,
All so kind:
The bold Marine comes back from war,
So kind:
With a raggety coat and a worn-out shoe.
"Now, poor Marine, say, whence come you,
All so kind?"

I travel back from the war, madame,
All so kind:
I travel back from the war, madame,
So kind:
For a glass of wine and a bowl of whey,
'T is I who will sing you a ballad gay,
All so kind.

The bold Marine he sips his whey,
All so kind:
He sips and he sings his ballad gay,
So kind:
But the dame she turns her against the wall,
For to wipe her tears that fall and fall,
All so kind.

What aileth you at my song, madame,
All so kind:
I hope that I sing no wrong, madame,
So kind.
Or grieves it you that a beggar should dine
On a bowl of whey and this good white wine,
All so kind?

"It ails me not at your ballad gay,
All so kind:
It ails me not for the wine and whey,
So kind:
But it ails me sore at the voice and eyes
Of a good man long in Paradise.
All so kind."

You have fair children five, madame,
All so kind:
You have fair children five, madame,
So kind:
Your good man left you children three;
Whence came these twain for company,
All so kind?

"A letter came from the war, Marine,
All so kind:
A letter came from the war, Marine,
So kind:
For a while I wept for the good man dead,
But another good man in a while I wed,
All so kind."

The bold Marine he drained his glass,
All so kind:
The bold Marine he drained his glass,
So kind.
He said not a word, though the tears they flowed,
But back to his regiment took the road,
All so kind.

Q.

NOTE.—From "Chants et Chansons Populaires des Provinces de l'Ouest," by M. Jerome Burgeaud.

IN THE GARDEN — DRAWING BY GEORGES PISSARO

NOTES

FROM AN OLD BOOK PLATE

OU may borrowe my Horse,
You may borrowe my Purse;
I 'll lend you my Wyfe or my Cooke:
But an Answer most Rude
You 'll surely get shudde
You aske me to Lende you Thys Booke!

R. S. P.

¶It is become a breezy fashion of the later journalism for the editor to gossip with his readers: he confides to them the story of his past life: he explains to them his plans for the future: he tells them also how it happened that he was the first to print a cheap magazine. These points I have not hitherto insisted upon: the question of cheapness is—I fancy—sufficiently blazoned on the title page. Once, indeed, the confidential mood was upon me: it came in gently with the April rains, and I told my aims and plans, although few people took the utterence at its full value as the CHAP-BOOK's creed. Belatedly, therefore, I begin my manifesto. It is not, however, of promises for the future that I would speak: it is a complaint of the past. A portion of the public, with its gaze rigidly fixed upon my foolings, accuses every contributor of methods on which is the bloom of perpetual youth. I could confidently copy pages from the *Athenæum*, or the *Dial*, or from anything there may be more respectable, and have them hailed as the whimsies of youth. Note-book in hand I might sit at the feet of the sages of criticism and find their god-like utterences—once transferred to these pages—called the crapulous ravings of a degenerate.

I have the same experience with regard to pictures.

Beardsleyism was ill-sustained by our friends. It was discovered that certain artists produced their effects with black and white. This had apparently never been observed before, and the swift deduction was that such work had come in with the Yellow Book. I shall never forget the day when the distinguished president of a Woman's Club, spying an elaborately printed volume, which lay open on my desk, exclaimed, "What curious borders and initials! More of your Beardsley *fin-de-siècle* art, I suppose." For the moment it required no little courage to explain that the book was St. Jerome on Genesis and the Prophets—printed in the sixteenth century.

There once appeared in the CHAP-BOOK a little tale which I thought a delicious satire on the Neo-Poe-Imitations. But a Boston paper mistook the death of the feline heroine for a real tragedy, and remarked that "it touches deeply the mystery and pain of life."

After that what could one say? Words are almost inadequate. It seems wise, however, to give some sort of a warning for the future. There used to be a song we sang in Paris:

"Une femme est comme un éléphant,
Ca trompe, ça trompe, ça trompe!"

Dear public, will you understand? *Le* CHAP-BOOK *aussi, ça trompe parfois.*

¶I am hoping—perhaps hopelessly—that a recently established periodical entitled "*M'lle New York*" may live. It is a modest little thing with considerable green on its front page, and it is started with the pleasing motto: "O Lord! the dark Americans convert." The editor is Mr. Vance Thompson, and there are signed pictures by Messrs. T. Fleming and T. E. Powers. Incidentally there are other pictures by Henri Boutet and Robida and other French art-

ists, to whom "*M'lle New York*" has not seen fit to give credit. But this is incidental. The most noteworthy fact in connection with the paper is that Mr. Vance Thompson knows something of new movements in literature: that he has undoubtedly read the writings of several symbolists—and that he is clever enough in his notions of them to lead one to wish for more.

¶To vary the Lang method of criticism, instead of announcing that I have not read Mr. Francis Thompson's new book of verse, I shall say that while I have indeed read it, I mean to say nothing about it—except as a pretext for talking of something else.

If Mr. Thompson's verse is perhaps not the stuff that poems are made of, it is at least the way they are made; the means without the end, the manner of expressing fine thought without the fine thought, or, indeed, much thought at all. The experience of reading them is worth the while, if only to confirm the reader in the belief that to give lasting satisfaction one must say something. The story is an essential, after all, Messieurs Poets—as well as Novelists.

This is why, instead of the flutter of Mr. Thompson's measures in my head, I have had memories of an old ballad which is all story and no style. Perhaps its conciseness might be considered style, for there is certainly enough material in its twenty stanzas to equip many a well-known novelist, and send him on his way towards a fat volume.

YE BALLAD OF BETSY

Betsy she is a lady fair,
That 's lately come from Lancashire,
A servant-maid all for to be,
More fitted for some high degree.

Her mistress had an only son;
His heart had Betsy's beauty won.

He said to her one evening fair,
"Betsy, Betsy, I love you, dear.

I love you, dear, as I do my life,
I do intend to make you my wife."

She heard those words come from her son,
And knew his heart Betsy had won.

And she resolvéd in her mind,
She would break up her son's design.

And so, next morning, she arose,
And said "Betsy, put on your clothes,"

And said to Betsy, "You must go
And wait on me a day or so."

Betsy arose, put on her clothes,
And with her mistress rode away.

A ship lay ready in the town,
And to Virginia, poor Betsy 's bound.

And when her mistress did come home,
The first salute came from her son,

For he resolvéd in his mind
A welcome should his mother find.

He welcomed her, and then he said,
"Where is Betsy, your waiting-maid?"

She told him she could plainly see
That all his love was for Betsy.

"Leave off your love, for 't is in vain,
Betsy 's a sailing the raging main."

Now this young man was very sad;
No merry news could make him glad.

In slumbering dreams he oft would cry,
"Betsy, Betsy, for you I die!"

And when she see her son lay dead,
She wrung her hands and shook her head,

"If he would only breathe again,
I 'd send for Betsy across the main."

A MORAL STORY

¶Mamma had given little Lucy a nice new skipping rope, and Lucy hurried out into the street to try it. She had not been playing long when a huge truck stopped in front of Lucy's house. The driver told Lucy that the harness was broken, and asked her if she would not lend him her skipping rope to mend it with. There was a tear in Lucy's eye at the thought of parting with her skipping rope. But, good little girl that she was, she merely said: "Yes, sir, you may have it to mend your harness with."

The next day little Lucy received a big box of candy and another new skipping rope from the driver, and mamma said: "It 's nice to have a new skipping rope, but far better to have a kind heart."

¶When "A Prisoner of Zenda" began to be talked about a year ago, lovers of romance felt that they had made a great discovery. A second Dumas had appeared and joined that small band of young writers, including Barrie, Doyle, and Weyman, who were to drive realism out of the field of literature. Most of them had never heard the name of the new author before, and they supposed the little volume of adventure and intrigue that bore his signature to be his first book.

I fancy that a great many of these readers have not been disillusioned: for them, Anthony Hope still remains untaint-

ed with realism. So it is perhaps a little cruel to tell them that long before Anthony Hope had thought of Zenda and its illustrious prisoner, he was the author of several novels, conceived and executed in the manner dear to Mr. W. D. Howells. It is no reflection on realism that most of these novels are now almost forgotten. A few people, like myself, have been so charmed with the wit and the style of Anthony Hope's first notable literary success, that we have hunted up his other books. I, for one, have felt repaid for the trouble. I should be willing to take very much more trouble for the enjoyment that "Mr. Witt's Widow" gave me. That is a charming story, realistically told.

But of most of Anthony Hope's other novels, I think that little need be said. I fancy that he himself would not feel reproached if they were viewed in the light of practice work. It is, I confess, practice work of a very high quality, work that bubbles with wit, sparkles with gaity, abounds in epigram, in keen incisive criticism of life and character, and in terse and vigorous narrative; but it lacks the precise workmanship, the vivid interest, the sustained power that has placed Anthony Hope among the romanticists in spite of his record as a realist.

My interest in "A Prisoner of Zenda" made very welcome a chance that I had of meeting the author in London a few weeks ago. I had been told that he lived in Buckingham Street, one of the many narrow thoroughfares that lead from the Strand, and after a little difficulty I succeeded in finding his lodgings. My difficulty was due to my having forgotten that in daily life Anthony Hope was Anthony Hope Hawkins. This fact came back to me after the name A. H. Hawkins had stared at me for several moments from a brass sign on the door. Then I remembered that Mr. Hawkins was a barrister, and I could not help smiling at the thought that a work of such brilliancy and adventure as "A Prisoner

of Zenda" had been produced in the musty atmosphere of the law.

The house itself reminded me of Thackery's description of the chambers of "Warrington" in "Pendennis." It was a dingy place, with age smooched all over it, and with narrow hall-ways, leading to dark, narrow, winding staircases. Though within a few yards of the roaring Strand, it was as silent as if it stood in the heart of the country. I stumbled up the stairs, seeking vainly in the dark for the author's door. At last, I came face to face with a wrinkled old woman, who was slowly descending with a brush and dust-pan in her hand.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Anthony Hope's rooms are?" I asked, forgetting for a moment his legal capacity,

"No such a person in the building," she snapped.

"Mr. Hope—the author," I insisted.

"No such person in the building," she repeated vexatiously. "There ain't any authors here."

Then it flashed upon me that she, of course, knew Anthony Hope only as Mr. Hawkins. When I mentioned the name of Mr. Hawkins,she softened.

"One more flight up," she said in another tone, which implied that I ought to have known better than to go about seeking authors in a building intended for barristers. So on I went up the rickety stairs, and knocked at the first door. It was quickly opened by a tall, thin young man, with a large bulging forehead and a smooth face lighted by a most attractive smile.

"You are rather a difficult person to find," I said, as I entered the simply-furnished room, with a few books on the mantel-piece, and a litter of pipes on the table. When I repeated my conversation with the care-taker (the janitress as we would call her in America), Mr. Hawkins burst out laughing.

"I am strictly a barrister here," he said. "It is n't surprising that I 'm not known as a literary man."

"But the public know you only as a literary man—only through what you have written. How have you managed to hide your personal history so completely?"

Mr. Hawkins smiled again. "I have n't tried very hard. The fact of the matter is, I 'm afraid, that there is n't very much for the public to learn. My career has n't been so very long, you know, not much more than thirty years, to count from the beginning."

A few questions led the author to tell of his early life. He was born in 1863, in the country, not very far from London, and he was fitted for Oxford at Marlborough, one of the best of English public schools. In speaking of his career at the University where, by the way, he was under Jowett, in Balliol, he likes to dwell on his activity in the Oxford Union, the celebrated debating club, where for generations the foremost English statesmen have had their first political training. There he distinguished himself as an ardent champion of the Liberal cause, and was made President; he was a ready speaker and took an active part in the

debates. His interest in politics naturally caused him to turn his attention to the law, and on leaving Oxford, in 1885, he went down to London, entered chambers, and in two years he was called to the Bar.

But being ready for practice, the young barrister found, was quite different from being able to practice; so for many months he sat in his office waiting for clients who did n't come. Meantime, however, his active disposition found expression in practical politics. He took part in several of the Liberal campaigns, was made the Liberal candidate for Parliament for South Bucks against Lord Curzon and after a stormy course of speech-making, he was defeated. Mr. Hawkins refers to this episode in his career with considerable amusement, and tells many capital stories of his experiences during the campaign. His readers have reason to congratulate themselves on this Waterloo, for if he had been drawn into the whirlpool of political life, "A Prisoner of Zenda" might never have been written.

The leisure that the young barrister found forced upon him he devoted to what he then regarded as the "amusement of story-writing." In three years he wrote several novels, and though they made no marked impression on the public, they found publishers and were favourably noticed by the critics. Meantime business began to increase and Mr. Hawkins discovered that he was having comparatively little time to give to authorship; but he had conceived a liking for the work and he determined to go on with it. "It occured to me," he said, "that I had been writing realistic stories long enough, and it would be a pleasant change to try my hand at something romantic. So I mapped out 'A Prisoner of Zenda' in my mind, and before many months, it was finished, and in the hands of the publisher."

"So now you will go on writing romantic stories, I presume."

Be smiled and shook his head. I do n't know that I shall confine myself to them," he replied.

"And meantime you keep up your law work, too?"

"I've kept it up until very recently. Then I found that I could n't do both kinds of work very well; so I decided to abandon the law. So now," he added with a smile, "I 'm merely an author. I go to my desk every morning at nine or ten o'clock and I work till four with an intermission for luncheon. Of course, during this time I do n't devote myself wholly to writing. If I did the public would be deluged with my stories and soon grow tired of them. One has to spend a good deal of time in revising, you know."

"And since taking to literature as a profession have you also been forced to abandon politics?"

"No, hardly that, though at present I 'm not engaged in any political work. I am still deeply interested in the Liberal cause, however, and I am a member of one of the most active of the Liberal organizations."

Mr. Hawkin's methods of work have made him remarkably productive during the past few months. He smiled apologetically when he told me that since last September he had completed two novels, and had already begun on another. About this last effort he was a trifle uneasy. "One can never tell how a change of method is going to succeed," he remarked. "But fortunately for me, I am not bound down by any literary theories, so I 'm not a slave to any particular kind of writing. Moreover, I have no great cause to advocate in fiction, and no purpose in writing beyond pleasing my readers. Yet I do n't object to what is called the 'purpose novel,' you know. I see no reason why literature should n't be used to teach as well as to entertain. Several of our greatest men have been successful in giving pleasure as well as profit by their stories, and surely their example is is not to be scoffed at. The great thing in writing at the

present time, it seems to me, is to tell your story as tersely and as pointedly as possible."

Mr. Hope's stories give the effect of being so spontaneous that one never thinks of the writer's file in connection with them; yet their very spontaneity and finish are doubtless due to the care with which he works. Indeed, there is not another living writer whose style is more condensed or vigorous. The continuity of his narrative is always preserved and the movement, notably in his later books, is swift and even. The man himself gives the impression of reserve, of latent power and resource. His best work, I believe, is yet to be done. Surely with the equipment which he has already displayed his admirers have reason to expect of him many notable achievements. As a writer of dialogue he is unsurpassed, and there are few at the present time who compare with him for sustained narrative power. As, in bidding goodbye, I looked at his strongly-marked face, with its firm chin and deep grey eyes, I felt that I was shaking hands with a man who was sure to be conspicuously identified with the best work that is to be done during the next twenty years.

¶It always seemed peculiar to me when I was studying Greek and Latin that there was such a host of exceptions to all the rules. Every knotty sentence that apparently refused to be construed was supplied with an explaining rule, if one only knew where to find it. It might be tucked away as the italicized note under remark (c) of paragraph (2) of rule 3 of Section IV., but it was somewhere. There was always a "dative of irrelevance" or an "ablative of poetic license," or a "subjunctive of comparative carelessness," which would explain every thing.

All this, besides boring me frightfully made me suspicious. Were the classic writers such paragons that they never made slips of diction, or was it not the fact that we moderns who

make grammers, blindly take their slips for charm of style and make exceptions for their escape.

Our English Grammars, goodness knows, are full enough of exceptions. But it is painful to think of the result,—perplexing enough to suit Greenough,—should some industrious grammarian take the English of contemporary novelists as the basis of a new grammar of the language. Each new story would then carry with it the necessity for a fresh revision of the grammar and we might expect announcements something like this:

Ready for September 15th,
New Story by GEORGE MOORE, entitled —— ——
—also—
The English Grammar for the month, brought up to include this last work of the distinguished author of "Esther Waters."

BOOKS RECEIVED

PHILOCTETES AND OTHER POEMS AND SONNETS. By J. E. NESMITH. 16mo. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.

DESPERATE REMEDIES. By THOMAS HARDY. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

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STRENGTH: By C. A. SAMPSON. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

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I recently gave your malt extract to
A Child . . .
on which I had tried almost everything without any benefit. The child was very anæmic, and was
Run Down
to almost a skeleton, but after taking
..Pabst...
Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic
for a week it began to improve rapidly, and is today as round and plump as a child can be. I then tried it on
A Lady . . .
who had had typhoid fever and whose
Convalescence
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I listened—and the hollow north
Grew thunderous and sweet with sound!
From vaulted caves of ice, where the lone sea boomed,
Wild echoes of voices sprang.
From the bitter North swart maidens swept
Horsed like warriors; their stallions' feet
Trampling the slant sleet of the keen wind,
Ravens flapped by, black as the winged helmets
The sisters wore, followed with lustful cries;
But the eyes of the passionless maidens
Were sweet and clear and wild.
Deep in the rocks grim toilers trod,
Vast forms steel-clad and masterful
Smote bellowing dragons in their dens.
Lightning circled the desolated peaks
Where the gods sorrowed.
Voices, everywhere voices!
Snarls of vengeance, shouts of defiance,
Wails of anguish over the slain,
Where women white-bodied and splendid
Veiled with shining hair, lay faint
On dead lovers' breasts,
While deep
In the flood arose the water-women's song.

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Symphonies infinite, sad, wide as despair,
Deep as regret, arose from the earth and water
And blew in strenuous streams of harmony.
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Valkyrie, Dwarfs, Demi-gods, Wotan, Loki,
Imperial Brunhilde and her Siegfried
All waking, moved and sang and fought again
In the golden, rose-shot mist of music-land,
And wondering, in horror strange as sweet, I cried
"O dreams of darkness, who hath conjured you?"
And in the dim light they turned
And lifted their hands, while the sea snarled on,
And in a sound which whelmed me like a sea,
They cried "Our master, WAGNER!"

HAMLIN GARLAND.

IS THE NEW WOMAN NEW?

(*Varium et mutabile semper femina*)

IT is impossible to resist the New Woman, mainly, perhaps, on account of her moral fascination; but somewhat is due in this behalf to a certain perspective which, reaching into the enchantment of remote times, connects her with a picturesque succession of New Women.

The question might be raised to decide, even at this late hour, between Eve and Lilith; which of them was the progressive, representative female?

There have been notable personages, all along the line of the centuries, who have added grace or disgrace to their sex by vigorous assertion of new-womanhood. From the Hebrew woman who drove the nail into her enemy's head,

along down by way of the Greek philosopher's wife, to Queen Elizabeth, as thoroughly authentic records seem to establish, an unbroken strain of man-harrying amazons march through history. And side by side with it another procession is composed of the intellectual prodigies of various female types who have assaulted the masculine stronghold of science and art, from the days of Sappho to this good hour.

Charles Baudelaire, in one of his *Fleurs du Mal*, longs for the day of giantesses, and tuning his harp to the major key of desire, sings with superb gallantry to the beat of an enormous plectrum;

"Du temps que la Nature en sa verve puissante
Concevait chaque jour des enfants monstreux
J'eusse aimé vivre auprès d'une jeune géante,
Comme aux pieds d'une reine un chat voluptueux."

Of course a poet is sure to use strong language which goes better with some grains of salt; but there is no doubt touching the following sketch of a New Woman:

"J'eusse aimé . . . . . .
Ramper sur le versant des ses genoux énormes,
Et parfois en été, quand les soleils malsains,
Lasse, la font s'étendre à travers la campagne,
Dormir nonchalamment à l'ombre de ses seins,
Comme un hameau paisible au pied d'une montagne."

To be a very large woman's little cat might not satisfy the highest aspiration of a manly man, even among *fin de siècle* poets; and to be as a mere village in her bosom's mountain shadow is not open to consideration in the most degenerate masculine mind of our epoch. Still Baudelaire's verses, being neither humor nor satire, adumbrate a possible outcome of civilization, were the New Woman to take a giantesque turn. She might be supremely pleased with having man purring at her toes, or hopelessly asleep in her shadow.

Some uneasiness on the subject undoubtedly exists in certain male imaginations. Not long ago I said to a friend of mine that I was willing for women to vote on equal terms with men; that I considered their enfranchisement a matter for them to settle; if they in committee of the whole should declare for this thing, let them have it as a matter of course. My friend bridled. "Yes, let them have it," he cried; "let them run the government woman-fashion for a while. There 's no danger in the experiment. When we get tired of them we can take empty guns and scare them quite out of the country. Indeed it would be fun."

To avoid a hot political discussion I fell into his humor and suggested that the New Woman was waxing athletic; that her muscles were changing; she was even beginning to throw a stone by the true arm-wheel motion, as boys and men do. And I drew his attention to the young ladies on bicycles gliding past. Then there were the fencing schools, too, and the woman's shooting galleries, where girls were taught military doings. What did he imagine might come of permitting this progress toward physical equality? Mayhap, on some dire day, a second Jeanne d'Arc would call to the New Woman, as did the other to chivalric man, and lead the way to wonders of conquest, instead of being scared by empty guns.

"Jeanne d'Arc was, indeed, a typical New Woman," he snarled; "she led on to Rouen." He pronounced it *ruin*. "And you will please remember her successor at Lyons." This was his Parthian arrow; he shot it back over his shoulder, in hasty retreat meantime, and it stuck and rankled in my critical curiosity. I cudgelled memory to recollect who could be this *lyonnaise* so tantalizingly enmisted in allusion; one is not to be censured for being taken aback; Lyons is a small city, little but old, and a long ways off; moreover mine adversary had left me no date.

You can trust a provincial however, when it comes to a matter of provincial history. A short day's rummaging served my turn. Louise Labé presented herself to me in a new light, a striking figure seen through three and a third centuries of feminine aspiration, struggle and change. As in the case of Sappho, the woman was beset by coarse defamers, men who made a sort of middle comedies at her expense, and doubtless she behaved measurably in accordance with the social influences of her time and place; but she was a New Woman, notably independent, original and strong.

During the course of a fascinating study in which I reviewed everything at hand having relation to the life of this remarkable and much maligned woman, the world-old attitude of the Literary Libertine was projected afresh. The man who, in the name of gallantry, writes shame on the record of beauty, genius and strength, merely because they chance to be the possession of a woman, stood before me in full stature.

Louise Labé, known as *La Belle Cordière*, was born at Lyons in the year 1526. Her real name, before her marriage with Ennemond Perrin, was probably Charlin; but she wrote over the signature of Louise Labé, and her poetry immortalized it. I do not feel like recommending any of her writings. They are historically and artistically interesting; but one finds them out-paganing the pagans in some most objectionable essentials. What attracts me in her behalf is a certain rudimentary foresay uttered by her, not so much in her literature as through her life, a foresay comprehending the modern feminine aspiration. Nor would I be understood to mean that I admire her attitude or her aim; many qualifications would be necessary; but she is attractive because she is a significant figure.

Her father was a *cordier*, or a ship-supply merchant, or

both; at all events he was rich and gave his daughter a most liberal education. Lyons at that time was a literary center, one of those spots in the south of France made intellectually fertile by the residuary influence of Italian and Spanish residents of earlier days. Like Avignon, it was a singing station on the bank of the melodious Rhone, contributing its odes and ballades and chansons to the medley which went gayly on down through the hills to the Mediterranean at Les Bouches.

When Louise was sixteen, that is to say in the year 1542, Francis I. laid siege to Perpignan, which precisely a hundred years later became permanently a city of France. The siege was a dismal failure; but some daring deeds were done in its behalf. For hard fighting and distinguished personal valor honored those dying days of old chivalry. A striking figure, a youthful Captain Loys, all armoured and lance-bearing, came into view at Perpignan.

This was Louise Labé, in her rôle of New Woman, an apparition sure to storm the hearts of men if not the salients of Perpignan. As she herself sings it, she was seen—

> "En armes fière aller,
> Porter la lance et bois faire aller,
> Le devoir faire en l'estour furieux,
> Piquer, volter le cheval glorieux."

Cervantes might sneer in vain at this rich new bloom of knighthood. What would Sidney or Bayard have counted for at sixteen beside her in the burning imagination of the Midi? One of our American poets, a woman who sings of divine right, truly says

> "There is no sex in courage and in pain."

Louise Labé had courage of the first order. Helmet and breastplate, steel boot and clinking spur decorated an embodied defiance when she rode down to the beleagured

stronghold. Captain Loys represented a revolt of girlhood against the sugar-coated sex-slavery of the times.

My cynical friend had some good ground for citing *La Belle Cordière* as an example of disaster. Her campaign came to nothing; she returned to Lyons, married a rich rope-man, and went into the business of writing erotic verse. But why do so many women, and over and over again, commit this blighting mistake in the course of their battle for liberty? Must the New Woman inevitably get herself entangled in the meshes of the illicit? I think not. Good mothers, faithful wives and healthy-minded sweethearts are not to be crowded out of the army of progress and reform; they are in to stay; but the Louise Labés are also a persistent element, and unfortunately the noisiest and apparently most influential, especially in the field of literature.

Woman must come to her own; she must have full freedom; would that to-morrow were the day of it; but not if she is to be like the wife in the "Heavenly Twins," not if she must take pattern by a "Yellow Aster" heroine, a "Key-Notes" woman, a "Daughter of Music" or any of the still worse models set up by the latest female propagandists of social and domestic reform. These writers of polemical fiction favoring the new order of social license are at present more in evidence than the rest of them. Man, brutal Man, would be quite justified in appealing to his superior muscle to prevent the arrival of this New Woman, or to hale her to prison, as an enemy of the race, should she prove clever enough to break through the masculine guard. One laughs, nevertheless, thinking how justly and effectively these decadent women might retort by wondering what manner of government and civilization we should have were the Tolstois, the Hardys, the Maupassants, the George Moores, the Zolas, the Ibsens and the Hall Caines given the law-making and law-executing powers! A beautiful suggestion.

I can think of no political absurdity so deep, no domestic calamity so comprehensively terrible. Perhaps our bluff American senator was inspired when he objected to "them literary fellers" being recognized as political possibilities, and I can fully realize the untainted unction with which the English judge sent a certain be-sunflowered æsthete to hard prison labor upon a recent occasion. The general principle is that an unsexed woman and an emasculate man ought to be considered as outlaws.

When Captain Loys rode down to Perpignan on her glorious war-horse she doubtless sang many an amazonian battle-song foretasting from afar the triumph of the New Woman when she should mount to the bastion coping and fling out the banner of France. Some months later, riding homeward up the fertile valley of the Rhone, she changed her tune to a plaintive, backward-going wail for a lost lover who had proved untrue. Farewell to Roussillon, to dreams of military glory, to all the fierce throbs of war—and good bye to the stalwart, fickle soldier who broke her heart!

It is Captain Loys no longer: the lance lies back yonder somewhere under the curtain of Perpignan's fort; the helmet is too heavy; the steel boots have tired the dainty feet, and the embossed shield is gone from the girl's left arm. Pretty Louise Labé sits sidewise on a palfrey pacing gently up to Lyons; she is going home to marry, forlorn and loveless, an easy-going and rich *cordier* with a luxurious home and a garden by the Rhone. The New Woman has tried to be a man, and a man has, by the ancient test, shown her the folly of it.

To a lusty youth a thing of that sort is phillipped aside and forgotten; the girl lays it deep in her heart. He and she have met; he goes on his way whistling a troubadour catch, she loses faith in every soul under heaven; and likely enough the worst that passed between them was a tender

word or two, possibly a kiss. You see God built us for different tasks; and the true New Woman knows it; she would like to be rid of the Labés. Yet somehow these Yellow Book Girls make all the noise, lead the van and get most of the attention.

"There is our weak point," said a noble woman to me; she is one of the fine, strong spirits in the work of lifting her sex to true freedom; "there is our chief obstacle. The divorced women, or 'grass widows,' the drunkard's wives, and the disappointed old maids, are assuming leadership, taking it by vulgar force. This sets the men against us and gives them that irresistible weapon, ridicule. The women we most need for leaders and followers are the happy wives and mothers. We want the women who have not lost faith in men, marriage and maternity, the three great Ms. Not that we have no sympathy with our unfortunate and unhappy sisters; but the woman with a grievance, a moan of woe in her throat and a score to settle with Fate, is not a vote-maker. She irritates the men and they tell her that she should have had better luck. She seems to forget that it is from the men that our boom must come, and that they will never grant it while our dyspeptics are to the fore. Who, indeed, cares a straw for what an unsuccessful person screams to possess?"

Now, this good woman may have been too hard upon the class she was talking at, I dare say she was; but there was excellent political wisdom in her words. The Louise Labés are naturally somewhat jaundiced and hysterical; when the adventures of Captain Loys are over the next thing is a career against Fate and the limits of sex. But it is to those who already have plenty and to spare that fortune tumbles down her largest gifts, not to the empty handed and greedy eyed failures who have nothing but a song of dole to sing.

Louise Labé went the common road of the irresponsible New Woman in literature, the road so very popular to-day,

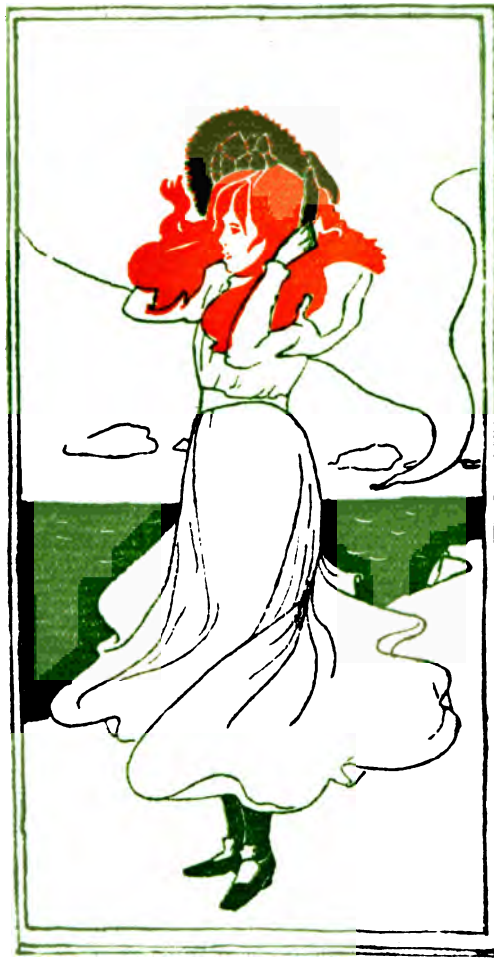
which is paved with erotic poetry and the fiction of free love and marital infidelity, beginning her new life by posing as a victim bound in loveless marriage-chains on the altar of monstrous social injustice. Her poetry was super-Sapphic and addressed to the other man, not her husband, a man who presumably was above the trade of a *cordier*, and therefore irresistible to the low-born poetess.

We must distinctly agree with Sainte-Beuve, who chivalrously acquits Louise Labé of actual personal dishonor. This thing of dressing up a literary effigy and labeling it with the lyrical egotism as self-expression is an old poetic ruse, a fiction of the Muses. Louise was good enough for her time and place. She imagined herself a sociologist, and somehow got it in mind that the only purpose of sociology is by hook or crook to get rid of the sanctity of the marriage relation. Indeed, if we may judge the New Woman, from Louise's time to now, by her poems and fictions, we must inevitably conclude that she would define sociology as the science of making the social evil appear harmlessly attractive; or that, like some of our contemporaries, she would travel all the way to Russia to get the pattern of Tolstoi's trousers, having in mind a stunning new bicycle suit, or a lecture upon dress reform. She is not humorous; but she makes a good deal of fun for the men.

After all it may be that the New Woman is a recurring decimal, as the arithmeticians would say, appearing at certain intervals with a constantly shifting value to civilization. If she persists in being rather ornamental than useful, taken as a noun of multitude, we are all the more her debtor on the side of romance, which

"Loves to nod and sing,"

and which, if it cannot always get "sweetness and light" to charm itself withal, gladly accepts sweetness and chic instead. Half way between a grotesque gargoyle and a dainty flower-



Drawing by Dawson Watson

ornament of our social and domestic structure, there is, perhaps, a mean at which the New Woman is aiming; at all events she means to be decorative, as she always has been, and down the ages ahead of us she will doubtless continue to charm, amuse and marry man, proving herself to him a great luxury, but notably expensive.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

IN A ROSE-GARDEN

A HUNDRED years from now, dear heart,
We will not care at all.
It will not matter then a whit,
The honey or the gall.
The summer days that we have known
Will all forgotten be and flown;
The garden will be overgrown
Where now the roses fall.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We will not mind the pain.
The throbbing crimson tide of life
Will not have left a stain.
The song we sing together, dear,
Will mean no more than means a tear
Amid a summer rain.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
The grief will all be o'er;
The sea of care will surge in vain
Upon a careless shore.

These glasses we turn down to-day
Here at the parting of the way:
We will be wineless then as they,
And will not mind it more.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We 'll neither know nor care
What came of all life's bitterness
Or followed love's despair.
Then fill the glasses up again
And kiss me through the rose-leaf rain;
We 'll build one castle more in Spain
And dream one more dream there.

JOHN BENNETT.

SCENES IN THE VOSHTI HILLS

VII.

THE TENT OF THE PURPLE MAT

THE Tent stands on the Mount of Lost Winters, in that bit of hospitable land called the Fair Valley, which is like no other in the North. Whence comes the soft wind that comforts it, who can tell? It swims through the great gap in the Mountains, and passing down the Valley, sinks upon the prairie of the Ten Stars, where it is lost. And what man first placed the Tent on the Mount, none knows, though legends are many. It has a clear outlook to the North whence comes the gracious wind, and it is sheltered at the South by a stout wall of commendable trees; yet these are at some small distance, so that the Tent

has a space all about it, and the figure of the general land is as that of an amphitheatre.

It is made of deerskin, dyed by a strange process, which turned it white, and, doctored by some cunning medicine it is like a perfect parchment, and shows no decay. It has a centre-pole of excellent fir, and from its peak flies a strip of snake-skin, dyed a red that naver fades. For the greater part of the year the plateau whereon the Tent stands is covered with a sweet grass, and when the grass dies there comes a fine white frost, ungoverned by the sun, in which the footstep sinks, as into unfilled honeycomb.

The land has few clouds, and no storms, save of the lightest—rain which is as mist, and snow which is as frosty haze. The sun cherishes the place continually, and the moon rises on it with a large rejoicing.

Yet no man dwells in the Valley. It is many scores of leagues from any habitation, from the lodges of the Indians or the posts of the Company's people. There are few tribes that know of it, and these go not to it as tribes, but as one man or one woman has need. Men say that beyond it, in another amphitheatre of the hills, is White Valley, the Place of Peace, where the Sleepers are, and the Scarlet Hunter is sentinel. Yet who knows,—since any that have been there are constrained to be silent, or forget what they have seen?

But this Valley where the Tent stands is for those who have broken the commandment, "Thou shalt not sell thy soul." Hither they come and wait and desire continually, and this delightful land is their punishment, for they have no relish for goodly things, the power to enjoy going from them when they bargained their souls away. The great peace, the noble pasturage, the equal joy of day and night, wherein is neither heat nor cold, where life is like the haze on a harvest-field, are for chastisement, till, that by great patience and striving, someone, having the gift of sacrifice,

shall give his life to buy back that soul. For it is in the minds of this people of the North that for every life that comes into the world, one passes out, and for every soul which is bartered away, another must be set free, ere it can be redeemed.

Men and women whom life and their own sins had battered, came seeking the Tent, but they were few, and they were chiefly old, for conscience cometh mostly when man can work and wanton no more. Yet one day, when the sight of the Valley was most fair to the eyes, there came out of the southmost corner a girl who, as soon as she set foot in the Valley, laid aside her knapsack in the hollow of a tree, also her moccasins and a little cap of fur, and came on with bare head and feet towards the Mount of the Lost Winters.

She was of good stature, ripely made, not beautiful of face, but with a look which would make any man turn twice to see; a very glory of fine hair, and a hand which spoke oftener than the lips. She had come a month's travel, scarcely halting from sunrise to sunset, and she was as worn in body as in spirit. Now as she passed up the valley, she stood still several times, and looked round in a kind of dream, as well one might who had come out of an inclement south country to this sweet nourishment. Yet she stood not still for joy and content, but for pain. Once or twice she lifted up her hands above her head as though appealing, but these pauses were only for brief moments, for she kept moving on towards the Mountain with a swift step. When she had climbed the plateau where the delicate grass yielded with a tender spring to the feet, she paused long and gazed round, as though to take a last glance at all, then, turning to the Tent, looked steadfastly at it, awe and wonder, and something more difficult of interpretation, in her face. At last she slowly came to the curtain of the Tent, and lifting it

without a pause, stepped inside, the curtain falling behind her.

The Tent was empty save for the centre-pole, a wooden trough of dried fruit, a jar of water, and a mat of the most delectable purple colour, which was laid between the centre-pole and the tent-curtain. The mat was of exquisite make, as it seemed from the chosen fibres of some perfect wood, and the hue was as that of a Tyrian dye. A soft light pervaded the place, perhaps filtered through the parchment-like white skin of the Tent, for it seemed to have no other fountain. Upon the farther side a token was drawn in purple on the tent skin, and the girl seeing it, turned quickly to the curtain through which she had passed. Upon the curtain were other signs. She read them slowly, and repeated them out loud in a low uncertain voice, like a bird's note blundering in a flute:

"*Four hours shalt thou look Northward, kneeling on the Mat of Purple, and thinking of the Camp of the Delightful Fires, round which is the Joyous City; four hours shalt thou lie prone, thy face upon the soothing earth, desiring sleep; and four hours shalt thou look within thine own breast, thinking of thy sin; four hours also shalt thou go through the Valley, calling out that thou art lost, and praying the Scarlet Hunter to bring thee home. Afterwards thou shalt sleep, and thou shalt comfort thyself with food when thou wilt. If the Scarlet Hunter come not, and thy life faileth for misery, and none comprehending thy state offereth his life, that thy soul may be free once more,—then thou shalt gladly die, and yielding thine own body, shall purchase back thy soul, but this is not possible until thou hast dwelt here a year and a day.*"

Having read, the girl threw herself face forward on the ground, her body shaking with grief, and she cried out a man's name many times with great bitterness.

"Ambroise! Ambroise! Ambroise!"

A long time she lay prone, crying so, but at last arose, and folding back the curtain with hot hands, began her vigil for the redemption of a soul.

And while her sorrow grew, a father mourned for his daughter, and called his God to witness that he was guiltless of her loss, though he had said hard words to her, by reason of a man called Ambroise. Then, too, the preacher had exhorted her late and early, till her mind was in a maze —it is enough to have the pangs of youth and love, to be awakened by the pain of mere growth and knowledge, without the counsel of the overwise to go jolting through the soul.

The girl was only eighteen. She had never known her mother, she had lived as the flowers do, and when her hour of trial came, she felt herself cast like a wandering bird out of the nest. In her childhood she had known no preachers, no teaching, save the wholesome catechism of a father's love and the sacred intimacy of Nature. Living so, learning by signs the language of law and wisdom, she had indrawn the significance of legend, the power of the awful natural. She had made her own commandments.

When Ambroise, the courier, came, she looked into his eyes and saw her own—indeed it was most wonderful, for those two pairs of eyes were as of one person. And each as each looked, smiled—that smile which is the coming laughter of a heart at itself. Yet, they were different, he a man, she a woman; he versed in evil, she taught in good; he a vagrant of the snows, the fruit of whose life was like the contemptible stones of the desert, she the keeper of a goodly lodge, past which flowed a water that went softly, making rich the land—the fountain of her perfect deeds. He, looking into her eyes, saw himself when he had no sin on his soul, and she into his—as it seemed, her own always—saw herself as it were in a cobweb of evils, which she could not

understand. As his heart grew lighter, hers grew sick, even when she knew that these were the only eyes in which she could ever see happiness.

It grew upon her that Ambroise's sins were hers, and not his; that she, not he, had bartered a soul for the wages of sin. When they said at the Fort that her eyes and Ambroise's, and her face and his were as of one piece, the pain of the thought deepened, and other pains came likewise, for her father and the preacher urged that a man who had sold himself to the devil was no comrade for her in little or much. Yet she loved him as only they can who love for the first time, and with the deep primitive emotions, which are out of the core of nature. But her heart had been cloven as by a wedge, and she would not and could not lie in his arms, nor rest her cheek to his, nor seek that haven where true love is fastened like a nail on the wall of that Inn called Home. He was herself, he must be bought back; and so, one night, while yet the winter was on, she stole away out of the Fort, pausing at his door a moment only, laying her hand upon it, as one might tenderly lay it on the brow of a sick sleeper. Then she stepped away out on the plains, pointing her course by the moon, for the Mount of Lost Winters and the Tent of the Purple Mat.

When the people of the Fort waked, and it was found that she was gone, search parties sallied out, but returned as they went after many days. And at last, because Ambroise suffered as one ground between rolling stones, even the preacher and the father of the girl relented towards him. After some weeks there came word through a wandering tribe that the body of a girl had been found on the Child o' Sin River, and black pelts were hung as mourning on the lodges and houses and walls at the Fort, and the father shut himself in his room, admitting no one. Still they mourned without great cause.

But if the girl had taken the sins of Ambroise with her, she had left him beside that soft flowing river of her goodness, and the savour of the herbs on its banks was to him like the sun on a patch of pennyroyal, bringing medicine to the sick body through the nostrils. So, one morning, after months, having crept from the covert of remorse, he took a guide to start him on the right trail, and began his journey to the Valley whither she had gone before him, though he knew it not. From the moment that his guide left him, dangers beset him, and those spirits called the Mockers, which are the evil deeds of a man, crying to heaven, came crying about him from the dead white trees, breathing through the powdery air, whistling down the moonlight; so that to cheer him he called out again and again like any heathen:

"Keeper, O Keeper of the Kimash Hills!
I am as a dog in the North Sea,
I am as a bat in a cave,
As a lizard am I on a prison wall,
As a tent with no pole,
As a bird with one wing;
I am as a seal in the desert,
I am as a wild horse alone.
O Scarlet Hunter of the Kimash Hills!
Thou hast an arm like a shooting star,
Thou hast an eye like the North Sky fires,
Thou hast a pouch for the hungry,
Thou hast a tent for the lost,
Hear me, O Keeper of the Kimash Hills!"

And whether or not this availed him, who can tell? There be many names of the One Thing, and the human soul hath the same North and South, if there be any North and South and East and West, save in the words of men. But something availed; and one day a foot-worn traveller entering the

Valley at the Southmost corner, laid his cap and bag, moccasins, bow and arrow, and an iron weapon, away in a hollow log, seeing not that there were also another bag and cap and a pair of moccasins there. Then, barefooted and bareheaded, he marched slowly up the Valley, and all its loveliness smote him as a red iron is buffetted at the forge; and an exquisite agony coursed through his veins, so that he cried out, hiding his face. And yet he needs must look and look, all his sight aching with this perfection, never overpowering him, but keeping him ever in the relish of his torture.

At last he came to the door of the Tent in the late evening, and intent now only to buy back the soul he had marketed,—for the sake of the memory of the woman, and believing that none would die for him, and that he must die for himself, he lifted the curtain and entered. Then he gave a great cry, for there she lay asleep, face downward, her forehead on the Purple Mat.

"Sherah! Sherah!" he cried, dropping on his knees beside her, and lifting up her head.

"Ambroise!" she called out faintly, her pale face drawing away from his breast.

"Sherah, why hast thou come here?" he said. "Thou! Thou!"

"To buy back my soul, Ambroise. And this is the last day of the year that I have spent here.—Oh, why, why didst thou come? To-morrow all should have been well!"

"To buy back thy soul—thou didst no wrong!"

But at that minute their eyes drew close, and changed, and he understood.

"For me! For me!" he whispered.

"Nay, for me!" she replied.

Then they noticed that the Purple Mat on which they knelt was red under their knees, and a goodly light shone

through the Tent, not of the day or night. And as they looked amazed, the curtain of the Tent drew open, and One entered, clothed in red from head to foot; and they knew him to be the Scarlet Hunter, the lover of the lost, the Keeper of the Kimash Hills.

Looking at them steadfastly, he said to Sherah, "Thou hast prevailed. To-night at the setting of the sun an old man died in Syria, who uttered thy name as in a dream when he passed. The soul of Ambroise hath been bought back by thee."

Then he spoke to Ambroise. "Because thy spirit was willing, and for the woman's sake, thou shalt have peace; but this year which she hath spent for thee shall be taken from thy life, and added to hers. Come, and I will start ye on the swift trail to your own Country, and ye shall come here no more."

As they rose, obeying him, they saw that the red of the Mat had gone a perfect white, and they knew not what to think, for they had acted after the manner of the heathen; but, that night, as they travelled with joy towards that Inn called Home, down at the Fort, a preacher, with rude noise cried to those who would hear him, "*Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall become whiter than snow.*"

GILBERT PARKER.

NOTES

¶I have no quarrel with the irreverence of youth nor with its desire to tilt with the veteran fighters and topple over the old gods. For I believe in general it is the result of a brave, even if sometimes mistaken devotion to an ideal of quality and beauty. On occasions, I can excuse also smartness and vulgarity, if the intention be fair. But when the curse of the journalistic call for "copy" brings indiscriminate damnation, and makes smartness and vulgarity an aim and end, it is time to call a halt. The tone of trivial scoffing with which Mr. W. D. Howells is now named does not speak much for the instincts of the younger writers. His sins are apparently that he has devoted himself exclusively to literature, that he has been a careful, conscientious workman, that he has been a courteous, dignified gentleman, and that, in European and American eyes, he has been a distinguished figure. It has counted as nothing that, in his attitude towards the younger men, he has been ready, appreciative, and generous, and that from year to year his work has shown less of devotion to theories and more of a deep, sweet, human sympathy. He has not altered with the veer of public opinion; he has not been symbolistic, nor decadent, nor *fin de siècle*. Criticism of him is, perhaps, inevitable since so many of us do not enjoy his whole work; but it should not be trivial. Mr. Howells is not disposed of when he is flippantly bracketed with Mr. Edward Bok in the inexpensive sarcasm of men prematurely young, and it were well for them to remember that he has done more for the dignity of American letters than any other living writer.

¶In my youthful days, it was always a source of wonderment to me that Shakespeare was not accused of that delight of the critic, plagiarism. There was indeed no doubt that he had stolen story after story, and yet no one seemed to hold

it to his hurt. The mystery was finally explained to me, and I was given to understand that if a man stole well he was justified in the theft. Plagiarism is no longer a sin if the thief improves on the original. Wherefore Shakespeare was guiltless. Others are not. Mr. Max Pemberton made a mistake in his last book—a grievous mistake, and one which a young writer especially should have avoided. He had the bad taste to borrow his story, and as one of the features of the romantic movements is the emphasis of story over style, and as Mr. Pemberton could hardly be accused—even by the most unthinking—of having a style, it will be seen that he borrowed nearly all that he has.

In one case, it was Gil de Berault sent by the Cardinal to arrest the Lord of the *Château de Cocheforêt*; in the other, it is Monsieur de Guyon, sent by the king to bring Mlle. Gabrielle de Vernet, of the *Château aux Loups*, to the palace.

In both cases the young gentlemen fail, in both cases they fall in love with ladies whom they were delegated to injure, and in both cases they are eventually saved by the pleadings of these same ladies. It is perfectly evident that if Mr. Stanley Weyman had not written *Under the Red Robe*, *The Little Huguenot* would never have appeared. And Mr. Pemberton has no improvements which excuse his borrowing.

¶Mr. Otis Skinner has recently appeared in a play entitled *Villon, the Vagabond*, to the fine edification of the multitude and to the especial delight of a few whose esoteric learning was perhaps greater than their general information. In satisfying both of these demands, Mr. Skinner and his play and his company did no small thing. In fact, Mr. Skinner proved himself easily our first romantic actor: his performance showed first of all intellectuality (an uncommon quality on our stage), he was appreciative of the character he had to play, and while his Villon was by no means a picture of the

real Villon, it was as near it as dramatic limitations and nineteenth-century sensitiveness would permit. Mr. Skinner played the part with a rollicking, devil-may-care manner, touched here and there with feeling and pathos and even delicacy,—so that he was thoroughly satisfactory. One looks and longs for more such work, and in spite of the "Globe Trotters" and "Silver Linings," the "Masqueraders" and "Country Sports" one is for the moment hopeful.

¶To the sapping of all intelligence in the reader Dr. A. Conan Doyle has written *The Stark-Munro Letters*. Though name and form suggest a novel, it is not a story, because it is too much a tract on liberal theology; it is not a tract on liberal theology, because it is too much the thoughts of an University Extension pupil possessing a bare smattering of scientific jargon; it is not this latter, because it is a welter of everything else, and in short it is ingeniously abortive in almost every possible direction, and withal inhumanely dull.

It purports to record in letters the career of Stark Munro, a young physician in the English country. This person has never passed the stage of childish wonder at his own reasoning powers, and is sodden in thought neither quickening nor new. Puppet-wise he mouths forth the author's stray ideas; and the breath of life is not in him.

From time to time another puppet appears and even threatens to become alive. This is Cullingworth, a bristly impossible figure of a doctor with many of the trappings of picturesque grotesqueness. With his appearance a story feebly tries to lift its head. There are futile notes of mystery, inconsequential and slovenly, ragged ends in the patch-work of the volume. The author fears Cullingworth, however, and hustles him away so soon as he threatens to become entertaining.

The Stark Munro, meanwhile, scribbles through some hundreds of pages to the goal of a pale and anæmic love

affair and a marriage. Then as a sop to the reader, and partly because the book is already 385 pages long, Dr. Doyle brutally puts the twain in a second-class compartment and smashes them in a railway accident; this by far the most robust and satisfying incident in the volume.

¶Long ago it was predicted that the west would "make culture hum" when it had once attended to the details of its material establishment. The prediction has been verified, and there is a vivacity of intellectual life to be surpassed nowhere. There have been, however, curious and dangerous developements.

After the period when nothing was written west of the Alleghanies came a time which, for simplicity's sake, may be personified by Bret Harte, when the Pacific coast had a living literature, to the greater glory of which the Mississippi Valley remained dumb. The literature was above all local, picturesque; and we valued it as such, challenging competition with the work of any of the story tellers.

Then with the stirrings of the Mississippi Valley—those "blind movements of a young giant" of which we have heard so much—came a new and strange doctrine of local color, "To be indigenous is to be artistic."

The West had assumed that material and spiritual growth formed a species of monster possessing two heads and but one stomach. It continued to nourish the material head only, in the calm faith that meanwhile the spiritual was waxing strong and hearty, and the belief that as railroads descended on the stock-yards, so would the divine afflatus descend on the poets of the land. And it is not to be denied that in all this tumult and chaos of self-sufficiency men and women here and there wrote with sincere aims and artist's skill.

Had they, and they alone, been appreciated all would have gone well. But alas, the moment was arrived to "make culture hum," and these unfortunate artists, along with a

crowd of worthless nonentities, were enshrined as new gods in a new temple. Local celebrities are now exhibited at fortnightly bench-shows held under the fostering auspices of Women's Clubs. There hymns of praise are chanted to the happy native city, a piping chorus of chicks in honor of their mother-incubator. "Behold" cries the now frenzied 'young giant,' "these are my children! And what can you show to compare? To produce literature may be something; to produce Louisville, Des Moines, or Chicago literature is infinitely more."

Maliciously speaking, in view of the difficulty of the achievement, this may be perfectly true. The value of the result is another thing. Of course literature is literature whether produced in the crush of London or the loneliness of the Illinois prairie. But there are things which would not be literature, had they been produced within the gates of Paradise.

The west is not satisfied with much real appreciation. It is as nothing that Mr. Henry Fuller's delicate artistry, Miss Alice French's broad sympathies, and Mr. Hamlin Garland's dramatic vigor are everywhere acknowledged; unless each godlet of the myriad local Mounts of Olympus has abundant worshippers at his shrine.

If the critic dares to question the merit of this occidental work, he is confounded by the shibboleths of realism and scientific criticism. "This is local, it was written on the spot, it represents the West, of course it is good."

It is very like the old joke about things being "hand painted in oils;" The best paintings are indisputably done by hand, but so are some of the worst. The best literature is, I suppose, always the product of its environment, and so inevitable. But much of the worst is extremely local, and rural sketches are not always best when done by the hand that guides the plough.

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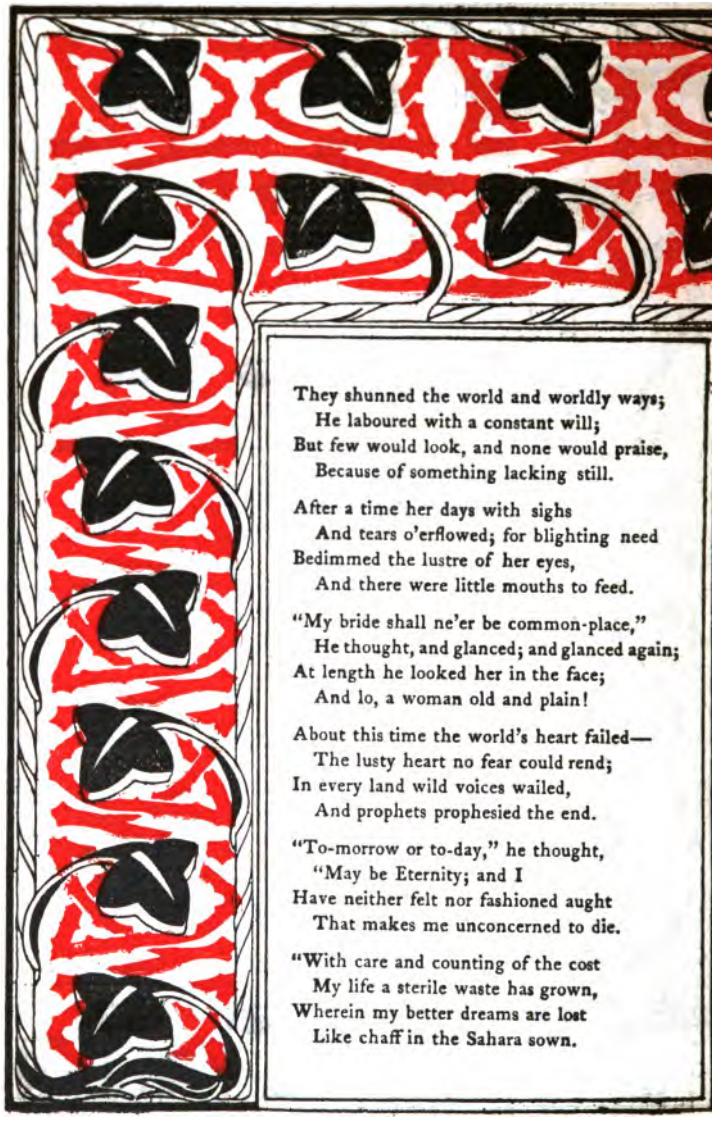
IN vain the war-worn nations sought
A means of peace; and folk in vain
By vote and party tumult thought
To re-establish Saturn's reign.

Yet still the gracious stars above
Gave audience to ancient rhymes;
For men and women fell in love
As deeply as in happier times.

"Sweet wife, this heavy-hearted age
Is nought to us; we two shall look
To Art, and fill a perfect page
In Life's ill-written Doomsday Book."

He wrought in colour; blood and brain
Gave fire and might; and beauty grew
And flowered with every magic stain
His passion on the canvas threw.



They shunned the world and worldly ways;
He laboured with a constant will;
But few would look, and none would praise,
Because of something lacking still.

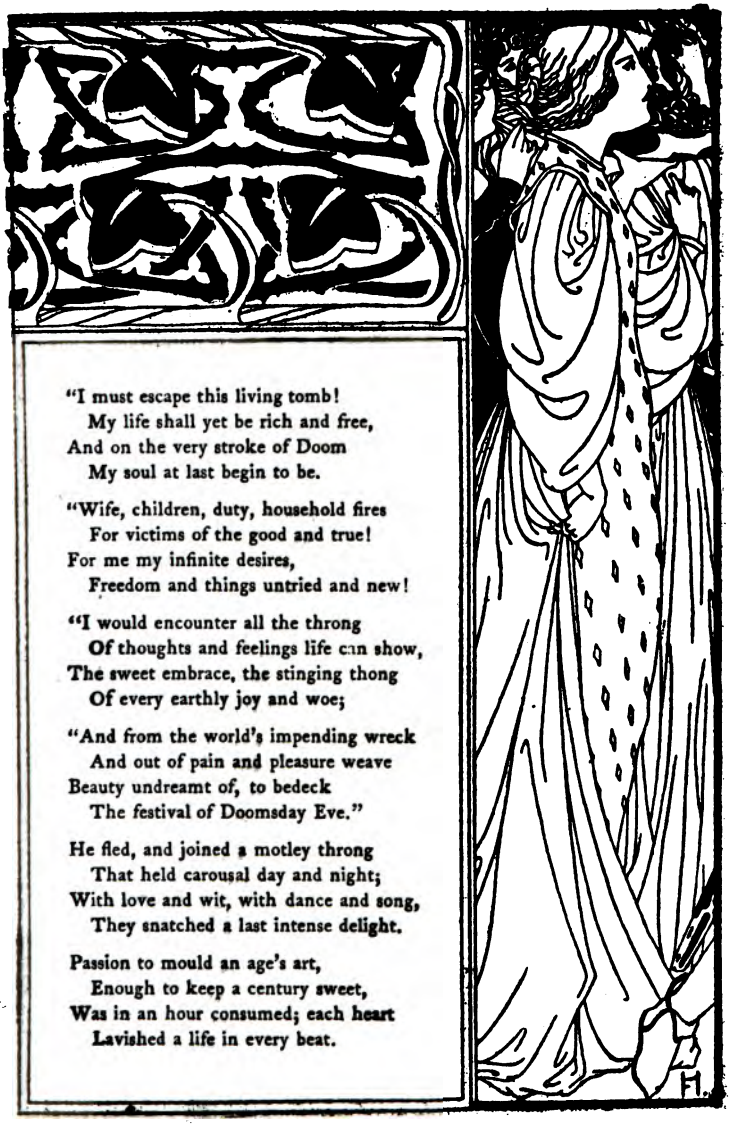
After a time her days with sighs
And tears o'erflowed; for blighting need
Bedimmed the lustre of her eyes,
And there were little mouths to feed.

"My bride shall ne'er be common-place,"
He thought, and glanced; and glanced again;
At length he looked her in the face;
And lo, a woman old and plain!

About this time the world's heart failed—
The lusty heart no fear could rend;
In every land wild voices wailed,
And prophets prophesied the end.

"To-morrow or to-day," he thought,
"May be Eternity; and I
Have neither felt nor fashioned aught
That makes me unconcerned to die.

"With care and counting of the cost
My life a sterile waste has grown,
Wherein my better dreams are lost
Like chaff in the Sahara sown.



"I must escape this living tomb!
My life shall yet be rich and free,
And on the very stroke of Doom
My soul at last begin to be.

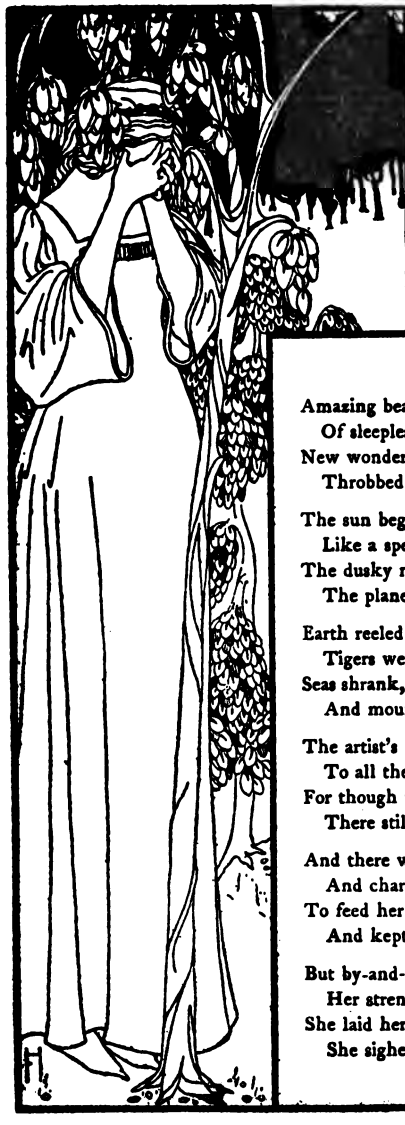
"Wife, children, duty, household fires
For victims of the good and true!
For me my infinite desires,
Freedom and things untried and new!

"I would encounter all the throng
Of thoughts and feelings life can show,
The sweet embrace, the stinging thong
Of every earthly joy and woe;

"And from the world's impending wreck
And out of pain and pleasure weave
Beauty undreamt of, to bedeck
The festival of Doomsday Eve."

He fled, and joined a motley throng
That held carousal day and night;
With love and wit, with dance and song,
They snatched a last intense delight.

Passion to mould an age's art,
Enough to keep a century sweet,
Was in an hour consumed; each heart
Lavished a life in every beat.



Amazing beauty filled the looks
Of sleepless women; music bore
New wonder on its wings; and books
Throbbed with a thought unknown before.

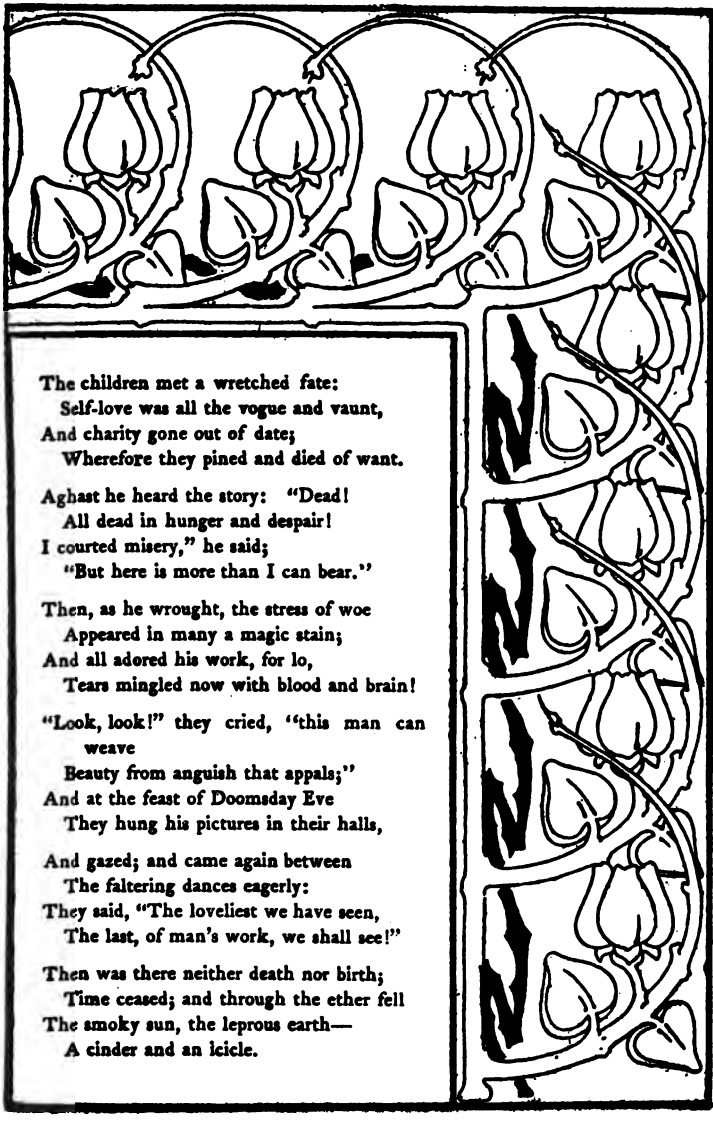
The sun began to smoke and flare
Like a spent lamp about to die;
The dusky moon tarnished the air;
The planets withered in the sky.

Earth reeled and lurched upon her road;
Tigers were cowed, and wolves grew tame;
Seas shrank, and rivers backward flowed,
And mountain-ranges burst in flame.

The artist's wife, a soul devout,
To all these things gave little heed;
For though the sun was going out,
There still were little mouths to feed.

And there were also shrouds to stitch,
And chares to do; with all her might,
To feed her babes, she served the rich,
And kept her useless tears till night.

But by-and-by her sight grew dim;
Her strength gave way; in desperate mood
She laid her down to die. "Tell him,"
She sighed, "I fed them while I could."



The children met a wretched fate:
  Self-love was all the vogue and vaunt,
And charity gone out of date;
  Wherefore they pined and died of want.

Aghast he heard the story: "Dead!
  All dead in hunger and despair!
I courted misery," he said;
  "But here is more than I can bear."

Then, as he wrought, the stress of woe
  Appeared in many a magic stain;
And all adored his work, for lo,
  Tears mingled now with blood and brain!

"Look, look!" they cried, "this man can
    weave
  Beauty from anguish that appals;"
And at the feast of Doomsday Eve
  They hung his pictures in their halls,

And gazed; and came again between
  The faltering dances eagerly:
They said, "The loveliest we have seen,
  The last, of man's work, we shall see!"

Then was there neither death nor birth;
  Time ceased; and through the ether fell
The smoky sun, the leprous earth—
  A cinder and an icicle.

No wrathful vials were unsealed;
  Silent, the first things passed away:
No terror reigned; no trumpet pealed
  The dawn of Everlasting Day.

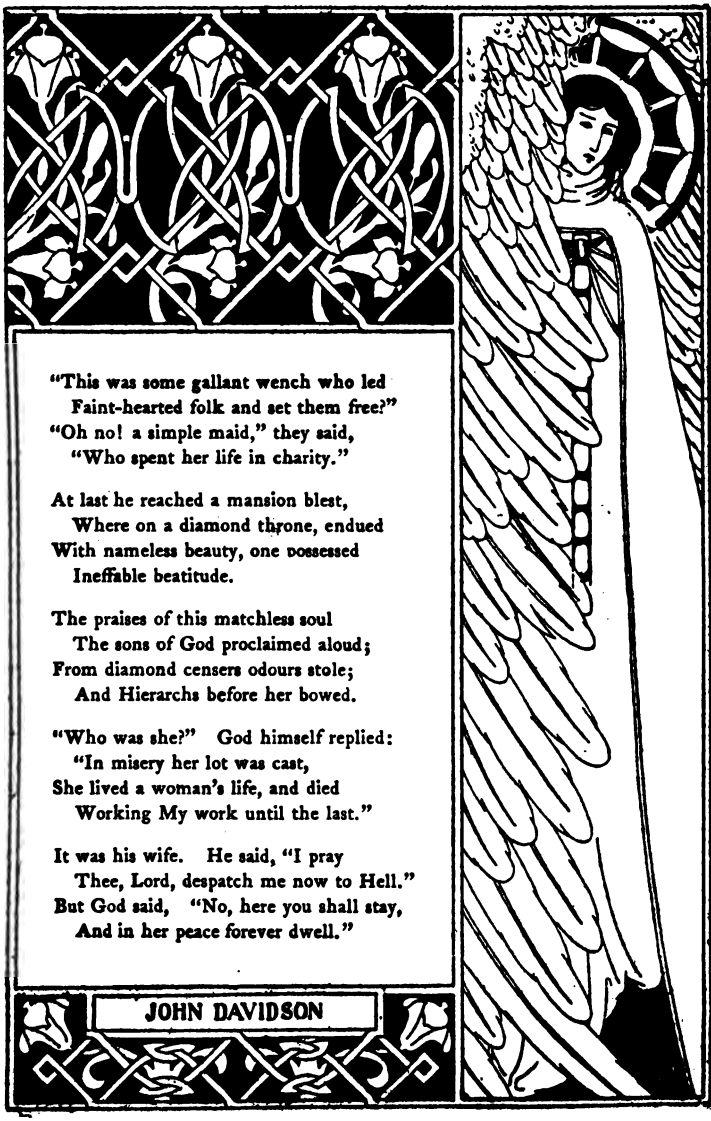
The bitter draught of sorrow's cup
  Passed with the seasons and the years;
And Wisdom dried forever up
  The deep, old fountainhead of tears.

Out of the grave and ocean's bed
  The artist saw the people rise;
And all the living and the dead
  Were borne aloft to Paradise.

He came where on a silver throne
  A spirit sat forever young;
Before her Seraphs worshipped prone,
  And Cherubs silver censers swung.

He asked, "Who may this martyr be?
  What votaress of saintly rule?"
A Cherub said, "No martyr; she
  Had one gift; she was beautiful."

Then came he to another bower
  Where one sat on a golden seat,
Adored by many a heavenly Power
  With golden censers smoking sweet.



"This was some gallant wench who led
  Faint-hearted folk and set them free?"
"Oh no! a simple maid," they said,
  "Who spent her life in charity."

At last he reached a mansion blest,
  Where on a diamond throne, endued
With nameless beauty, one possessed
  Ineffable beatitude.

The praises of this matchless soul
  The sons of God proclaimed aloud;
From diamond censers odours stole;
  And Hierarchs before her bowed.

"Who was she?" God himself replied:
  "In misery her lot was cast,
She lived a woman's life, and died
  Working My work until the last."

It was his wife. He said, "I pray
  Thee, Lord, despatch me now to Hell."
But God said, "No, here you shall stay,
  And in her peace forever dwell."

JOHN DAVIDSON

A DAY OF SOLITUDE ROYAL

A SMALL group of courtiers was gathered round the double doors that divided the private apartments of his Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Ardelsberg from the great corridor of the palace.

"See where his foot slipped," whispered the Grand Chamberlain, pointing with his white wand to a scratch on the parquet floor. "He ran so quickly he almost fell against the door"

The Grand Chamberlain was visibly agitated; his badge of office trembled on his tightly-buttoned coat beneath his rapid breathing, and he perspired profusely.

"Never! never!" he went on, "in all the history of the House of Ardelsberg has its reigning sovereign been alone. This sudden desire for seclusion on the part of the Grand Duke is inexplicable; more, it is irregular—most irregular."

Discreetly rapping at the door, he called, "Your Serene Highness!" There was no response. "May it please your Serene Highness!" But still no answer came.

"The Grand Duke will admit me, I am sure," said a young man, delicately taking a pinch of snuff. "Allow me, Baron!" and coming forward he tapped with the tips of his fingers upon the panels.

"*Altesse!* It is I—Stronberg. May I be permitted to enter? A new book of French verses has arrived by courier from Paris——"

"Bah!" interrupted the Grand Chamberlain.

Stronberg listened, his ear to the key-hole; then he shrugged his shoulders and moved away, when like silence followed his attempt.

"If His Serene Highness will not receive me, Baron," he said insolently, leaning against the balustrade, and flicking the snuff from his shirt frill with a lace handkerchief, "rest

assured that he will not see you. This locking of doors against his entourage is probably but his latest whim."

The Grand Chamberlain scowled viciously. Count Stronberg, the play-fellow of the Grand Duke's childhood, had recently returned from Paris, bringing with him the atmosphere of the French capital, to the delight of the Grand Duke and to the supreme disgust of the Grand Chamberlain.

"His Serene Highness's father, whom it was my honour to serve for twenty years, never indulged in whims," the Grand Chamberlain cried hotly, his anger usurping his discretion.

"No," retorted the count; "the late Grand Duke wallowed in vices."

The Baron's puffy visage crimsoned as a smile flitted over the faces of the onlookers, but his sole answer was to rattle the door-handle; then turning, he cried desperately, "Send for the First Minister!"

"Dear Baron, surely you agitate yourself unnecessarily," commented the Count maliciously.

"Agitate myself! Am I not responsible for His Serene Highness to his country? This is your doing, Count, your teaching. You have instructed the Grand Duke in the lax fashions of the French court, and he——"

"His Majesty of France is never permitted to be alone," interrupted the Count. "His attendants never allow themselves to be locked out of his apartments."

The Chamberlain's threatened ebullition of wrath was averted by the arrival of the First Minister.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "I left his Serene Highness in the Council Chamber not a quarter of an hour ago. Is he ill?"

"He may be dead, Prince," answered the Chamberlain, miserably. "I was conducting the Grand Duke to his private apartments after your audience with him, when, as we

reached the door of the Throne Room, he hurried in front of me and ran rapidly up the staircase. And when I reached the corridor I found the door locked."

The First Minister looked grave, "This is very serious," he said, "very serious; especially when it is remembered that His Serene Highness signed the necessary documents for his marriage with the Princess Wilhelmina Sophia of Marsbach only this morning. This action is full of suggestion."

Then he, too, tapped at the door.

A shout of boyish laughter was the answer.

"Did you hear anything?" the Prince asked sharply, speaking to the Baron.

"I thought I heard something."

"It was laughter, Baron. His Serene Highness is laughing at us."

The Prince tried to stoop to the vantage ground of the keyhole, but the rigidity of his uniform compelled to delegate that delicate task to the Grand Chamberlain, who lowered his bulky form carefully.

"I regret to say," he stammered, well-nigh choking over his exertions, "that His Serene Highness has stuffed the key-hole with paper."

On the other side of the double-doors a fair-haired youth was roaming about an apartment spacious and gorgeous, with the careless inconsequence of a child. From time to time, as he picked up a book only to throw it down again, or trifled with the glittering bibelots that were scattered on the tables, he stopped to listen to the knocking of the Grand Chamberlain, and the whispering that succeeded. When Count Stronberg suggested the honey of French verses the Grand Duke made a movement towards the door, but hesitating, shook his curly head, and said, "No, I have never been alone in my life before and I will remain alone." By

way of emphasising the exquisite sensation of liberty he seized a bundle of State papers, arranged with precision by his secretary, and tossed them into the air. A piece of paper fell close to his feet, and smiling at the whispered colloquy that followed the arrival of the First Minister, he picked it up and silently and expeditiously pushed it into the embossed key-hole. Then came the Prince's knock, and the Grand Duke, throwing himself into a chair, laughed more heartily than he had ever done since he was born.

It was early summer and the young sovereign's eyes grew wistful as he watched the dip of the branches swaying in the breeze with their garment of pale green leaves, and saw the flowers nodding gaily in the sunshine among the lush grass of the nearer meadows.

"If I could only get to the woods for an hour, to be free with the sky and the sun, and the trees," he said, bitterly, glancing over his shoulder at the door. "Why not? Why not?" he laughed, and threw open the French window. He was about to spring over the balcony when the sunlight caught the star of an order on his breast, and he drew back hastily into the shadow of the room. "I shall be seen at once and pursued," he muttered. "I must change my dress."

But the Grand Duke had never arrayed himself in his life, and when he re-appeared on the balcony in clothes of a simple brown, certain hanging strings and odd buttonings betrayed a struggle in his dressing-room.

"I am sure this is not right," he said dolefully scanning his legs, whereon the trousers were hanging at ludicrously uneven lengths, "but I have locked all the doors, and my freedom is gone if I ring for a valet."

A leap, a sprawl upon the gravelled walk, a rush through a shadowy lilac-walk, and the reigning prince of Ardelsberg was in the woods chasing butterflies, plucking flowers, only to throw them away, and singing joyously like a little child.

A butterfly came dancing by, and away sped the Grand Duke in hottest chase, till breathless and exhausted, he flung himself on a bed of moss at the roots of an oak. Stretched at length, his head resting on his clasped hands, he watched the shifting shadows as they chased one another across the vista, the humming of bees sounding a drowsy monotone: his eyelids closed, and sighing contentedly, he slept—the scents and sounds of summer all about him.

"Hans!" cried a voice from the branches above the sleeping Prince, "Hans!" A few leaves fluttered downwards, followed by little twigs, and a piece of branch which fell upon his legs; but he did not awaken.

"Hans, Hans, you lazybones! Where are my geese?" the voice said. "Wake up!"

Still there was silence. Then a ball of yarn fell on the Grand Duke's face; was drawn up and dropped again. At its second descent he awoke, rubbed his eyes, and yawned.

"Hans!" The voice was loud and indignant. "I can see you, where are the geese?"

Bewildered and unable to realise his environment on the instant the Grand Duke looked upwards.

A loud "Oh!" of dismay answered his glance that discovered a pretty peasant girl sitting in the fork of two branches directly over his head.

"I thought you were Hans," she said, sliding dexterously to the ground. "Your clothes are just like his. Did I frighten you! But you must be just as stupid as he is if you want so much waking. Pigs and silly men always sleep hard."

The Grand Duke had been sedulously taught to consider himself a mirror of all the excellences, and consequently had never heard that he was stupid; he regarded the girl before him with a hauteur that would have gladdened the heart of his Grand Chamberlain had he chanced to witness the scene,

The maiden was no longer abashed. She even laughed, and the Grand Duke noticed her teeth were small and white. "Men never like to be called stupid, do they? Hans always gets cross when I call him names."

"Who is Hans?" the young Prince asked frigidly, after a silence, wherein he had looked in vain for the wonted curtsey of the ladies who approached him.

"Hans," replied the girl sitting down. "Oh, he and I are going to be married some day—when he is richer and I am older."

Her youth and freshness were irresistible, and the Grand Duke, now thoroughly awake, began to enjoy the piquancy of the situation.

"And if Hans is going to marry you, what is your name?" he asked, leaning on his elbow and regarding her graciously.

"Maleen," she answered frankly. "And what is yours?"

Augustus Frederick seemed pompous before the simplicity of Hans and Maleen, and he hesitated.

"Mine is—er—er—Fritz," he stammered, for he had almost forgotten that he bore any name beside that of "Your Serene Highness."

"Fritz—hem!—that's a pretty name, I think."

After this interchange an awkward silence fell between them, the Grand Duke finding it difficult to talk to the little peasant, and she growing shy under the gracious stateliness of his manner. But Youth is the golden road to Friendship. Simultaneously their eyes met, and they both laughed, Maleen, her merry brown eyes sparkling with mischief, crying:—

"You move so stiffly that one would think you wore stays."

"And you move as if you had never worn them in your life," the Grand Duke answered gallantly.

Maleen blushed.

"It is only Court ladies and the silly townswomen who wear stays," she retorted. "You don't belong to the peasantry, do you?"

"Of course not," he answered, angrily, then hastily, "that is——"

"Well, there's nothing to be angry about. One has only to look at your hands to see that," and she looked with sweet contempt at his delicate fingers, stained and brown with the flowers he had gathered. You're a student then. I like peasants best. Hans is a peasant. Students talk so much—jabber, jabber all day long, and they can't do that unless they drink rivers of beer, and smoke mountains of tobacco. When they are not talking they cut one another into little pieces with very sharp swords, and are as proud as peacocks when they have their noses or their ears sliced off."

"You seem to know a great deal about students."

"Of course I do. Why they used to make my life a misery until Hans thrashed a half-a-dozen of them. But you are not at all like the students I know; you haven't a single cut on your face, and you are much nicer than they were. One man I knew had a cut on his forehead which had hurt his eyes, so whenever he wanted to look at me, he used to turn his head. One day he told me he loved me dearly, but I thought he was looking at my cousin Gretchen all the time! and he never spoke to me again because I told him he should sit nearer her when he wanted to make pretty speeches. I suppose you are too young to have fought any duels yet. All students must fight, they say, but it will be a pity when your face is all marked with horrid scars, because you are good looking."

It was now the Grand Duke's turn to blush. Maleen's frankness was not flattery, and at a loss for a reply he stammered:

"Why are you going to marry Hans?"

Maleen's eyes opened widely. "Because I love him. You are stupid."

"But love is never a sufficient reason for marriage," he returned sententiously, quoting the argument used by his First Minister at their interview that morning, "there must always be some reason, some matter of policy."

Maleen stared. "What a funny boy you are. I never saw anybody like you before. I can't understand a word you are saying."

The Grand Duke smiled loftily. "I mean," he explained, "that Hans will probably be able to give you a comfortable home, and that you will greatly better your position by marrying him."

"I shall tell Hans that I have met somebody much sillier than he is," Maleen answered, her eyes belying the gravity in her voice. "You talk just like a book. Poor Hans has n't got a kreutzer to bless himself with, and I only have the geese, so we must wait. But we love one another dearly and it does n't matter."

"Love one another dearly?"

"Do you mean to say that you do n't know what love is?" Maleen asked incredulously.

"What is love?"

"Love? Oh, it is something here," and she put her hand to her breast, her assumed gravity becoming prettily real. "It comes to you quite suddenly. It came to me the first time I saw Hans gathering rushes in the marshes. Your heart throbs for a moment, then it almost stops beating, and then—love is with you. Every time you see the one you love, your heart beats more quickly, the birds and the flowers seem to smile at you; and when your hands meet, you feel both happy and sad—and you can't tell why. I want to cry out as I follow my geese, 'Hans loves me! Hans loves me!' and to dance and sing with joy because I love him.

The days seem endless until your lover comes, and if he stayed with you for a year it would only seem an hour. That is how I always feel," she concluded, gently, plucking tufts of grass and scattering them around her. "Hans does, too; he told me so! Have you never felt so for anybody?"

The Grand Duke sighed and lowered his head. "No," he said, sadly, falling into Maleen's manner of speech; "I have never felt so for anybody."

The feminine instinct is strong in the peasant as in the Princess.

"Come and help me to find my geese," Maleen cried gaily, when she saw the gloomy look on the young Prince's face. "They will have strayed into Marsbach by this time."

The Grand Duke started. Marsbach was the principality of his future wife, the Princess Wilhelmina Sophia.

He rose stiffly and followed his merry companion, who was shrilly calling to her vanished flock.

"It is useless for you to call," Maleen said, when a futile search had brought them to the edge of the woods where the towers and turrets of the ducal palace were gleaming in the sunshine; "they only answer my voice or Hans'."

The Grand duke shivered. "If I could only live and love with a Maleen," he said sadly to himself, and then aloud.

"Have you ever been to Marsbach, Maleen?"

"Yes, last year, with Hans. We went to see the fireworks on the Princess's birthday. The Princess herself stood quite close to us with her ladies, and I nearly cried; I was so disappointed with her. She is quite ugly," she went on, as if making a statement which she expected to be disbelieved, "and her face is the colour of suet, with funny little holes all over it. I feel so sorry for our Grand Duke."

"Why?"

"Oh! do n't you know he is going to marry the Princess; He can't love her, can he?"

"Princes rarely love their wives, Maleen."

"Hans said the same thing, and my cousin Gretchen, who is in the kitchen at the Castle, says the Grand Duke must marry the richest Princess he can find, whether he loves her or not. There 's never any love-making between them, she told me, only bowing and kissing of hands, and even that before a lot of people. I'm glad I'm not a Princess. Ugh! How horrible to be told one fine morning you must marry somebody you have never seen, or go to a strange country where you do n't know anybody, not even your husband. The Princess will have a great fortune, but I am so sorry for the poor Grand Duke; Gretchen says he is so handsome," and her eyes filled with tears.

At this moment there was a sound of crackling underwood, and the First Minister, followed by the Grand Chamberlain, panting and breathless, and a number of courtiers, amongst whom was Count Stronberg, entered the glade.

"Ah, Your Serene Highness, we have found you at last," cried the First Minister, making a deep obeisance; "your absence has caused a great disquiet at the Palace."

"We have searched every inch of the woods," gasped the Grand Chamberlain.

Stronberg smiled wickedly when he saw Maleen. "The 'whim' had its object," he murmured as if to himself, but his words reached the young Prince's ears.

He grew pale. "I must thank you for the happiest day in all my life," he said, holding out his hand to Maleen, who was trembling under the angry glances showered upon her; "you have taught me how to love."

The Grand Chamberlain groaned audibly, but Maleen, all the woman in her aroused by the pathetic tenderness in

the Grand Duke's eyes, impulsively threw her arms round his neck, and kissing him on the mouth, cried, "You poor, poor boy."

And the Grand Duke, his eyes all dim, returned the salute reverently.

* * * * *

A year later His Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Ardelsberg was giving a banquet to celebrate the birthday of his wife, the grand Duchess, *née* the Princess Wilhelmina Sophia of Marsbach. The windows of the banqueting hall were open, and from his seat at the head of the table the Grand Duke could see the country, soft and tender, in the mellow gloaming. In one of the silences of the ducal band, the distant cackling of geese floated into the apartment, and raising his eyes the young sovereign saw a girl and boy, hand in hand, driving a flock of birds across the meadows in front of the palace. Once the girl looked at the gleaming windows, then turned her head. The Grand Duke watched them hungrily until they disappeared, and glancing down the line of gorgeously-attired men and women before him, saw his fat and ugly wife, eating voraciously. And a crash of Music in the gallery above drowned the sigh, almost a sob, that came from his lips.

FRANK HIRD.

DRAWN BY J. E. SOUTHALL

EASY SAYINGS

LET self be but the pliant brush; life will paint the picture.

He only is my friend who can share horizons with me.

If we really understand what is meant by Unity, we shall not refuse the hand and the eye—the doer and the seer—share and share alike.

It is bitter to have believed love a gift of the gods and found it only a game of mortals.

Society permits us to play with fire—if only we do not let her see our burnt fingers.

It 's a great pity to see so many people without any children to educate them.

Most of our sympathy is merely imitative.

The great Weigher may well have other measures than my pint.

It may be safely stated—even by one of the laity—that gift horses are never known to breed.

Many a man gets scared because he mistakes his oscillations for those of the Universe.

It's a poor mule that won't work both ways.

It would seem to be a very illiberal husband nowadays who would object to the entertainment his wife gets out of being loved by another fellow.

In settling one's personal equation the denominator should not be too large.

When almost everybody is clever, the dull will come to to his own.

The intellect is usually honest; it is the heart that lies.

Some people remind one of a theatre-flat—all length and breadth, and no thickness.

We all admire heroism, but we stick like bees to the sweets of kindness.

DOROTHEA LUMMIS.

UNKNOWN IDEAL

WHOSE is the voice that will not let me rest?
I hear it speak.
Where is the shore will gratify my quest,
Show what I seek?
Not yours, weak Muse, to mimic that far voice,
With halting tongue;
No peace, sweet land, to bid my heart rejoice
Your groves among.

Whose is the loveliness I know is by,
Yet cannot place?
Is it perfection of the sea or sky,
Or human face?
Not yours, my pencil, to delineate
The splendid smile!
Blind in the sun, we struggle on with Fate
That glows the while.

Whose are the feet that pass me, echoing
On unknown ways?
Whose are the lips that only part to sing
Through all my days?
Not yours, fond youth, to fill mine eager eyes
That still adore
Beauty that tarries not, nor satisfies
For evermore.

DORA SIGERSON.

NOTES

¶The other day I came upon a slim volume in a modest white cover, which gave me a pleasant half hour,—*Ad Sodales*, by Frank Taylor, and published by Blackwell, Oxford. Evidently the work of a university man, there was

neatness of finish and delicacy of touch in these fleeting rhymes, that gave them peculiar favor in the eyes of a reader overtasked by the strain of our very modern Yellow Book-ishness. The following lyric, for instance:

BARBARA

"A snow-white basin crowned her knees
The bursten shucks about her lay,
Where sat my Barbara shelling peas,
And softly smiling lives away.

"Come one, come all, a horrid snap,
A silvery laugh, a mortal thrust—
Another heart is in her lap.
Another carcass in the dust."

And this extract from a large poem is, I should say, not too old fashioned to be amusing:

"To me, a man of moderate wit,
Not handicapped with spurious culture,
'New Women' savor of the pit,
The Venus blended with the vulture;
I praise the gods, I never met
In life a real 'revolted daughter';
But Phyllis is a pretty pet,
And most of what she knows, I taught her."

¶And now I want some young and enterprising firm to start "The Moribund Library." As long as we are at an Age-end, let us end it as quickly as possible and get ready for the next revival of common-sense. Let us have a renascence of dullness. And I should open "The Moribund Library" with a stout volume on "The Passing of the Egotist."

¶Calculating by the simple multiplication table which *The Bookman* gives us on the authority of an English journalist,

8 pipes, 1 hour,

2 hours, 1 idea,
1 idea, 3 paragraphs,
3 paragraphs 1 leader,

it is easy to deduce that a work on "The Passing of the Egotist" might be evolved from a one year's crop of a good Virginia plantation. Strange that a product so hard to destroy, should be so easily reared. For it is evident to the most unmathematical mind that the evolution of the Egotist was something after this manner:

1 pull, 3 paragraphs,
3 paragraphs, 1 puff,
2 puffs, 1 Egotist.

And they are manufactured by the score every day in the pages of our sapient newspapers and reviews.

¶The Serpent, who was the father of fiction, was also the first Egotist. He was not content to be a nobody, and live a private life among the ferns and the skunk-cabbage. No obscurity for him, no indeed! He must climb a tree, and offer suggestions to the first passer by. If there had been a daily press in Eden, the Serpent would have had all the free advertising. He was a reformer, and scoffed at authority and the existing order of things. He did n't believe in aristocracy, or the rule of the strongest, or the logic of events, or anything but his own idea. He was stuck on himself; he must have influence and notoriety at all costs; and he got them. A little tarnished is that fame, perhaps; yet it stands the test of time, while many an unblemished name goes down to virtuous and dusty oblivion. But the Egotist must go, in spite of his distinguished ancestry. He does more harm in the field of art than a woodchuck in a hill of beans.

¶I understand that the delightful juvenile verse contributed anonymously to *The Lark*, is written by Mr. James Whitcomb Riley.

¶It is not generally known that Emily Dickinson left a far larger number of poems than those already published. Her two volumes, in fact, contain not more than a small percentage of her work. I am permitted to print here for the first time the following characteristic bit of her orphic utterances;

"A clamor in the treetops,
A scurrying of the wind,—
The members of the viewless
With coat-tails out behind.

"Excitement in the lobbies
Of April's house discerned,
The emptying of portals,
And winter is adjourned."

It was characteristic of Emily Dickinson to treat solemn subjects in a large familiar manner. She was intimate with the spirit of nature, and had a nodding acquaintance with the diety. This was part of her inheritance from Emerson. There is something almost shocking to our Puritan traditions in the ease with which she addresses herself to sacred themes. The following epigram, though not in her most characteristic manner, illustrates this phase of her genius, quite as well as any of her published verses.

"If God upon the seventh day did rest from all his labors,
He was either tired of the job or feared to shock the neighbors.
If not, why did n't he complete the task he set his hand to,
Instead of leaving us this mess of water he put land to?"

¶A distinguished critic who is himself a novelist has called attention to the fact that even in an age of realism there is sure to be a demand for romance, and writers to supply this demand are sure to present themselves. We are certainly in such a period now; yet one of the most popular, if not the most popular writer of English for the past ten years, has been

a romanticist, the late Robert Louis Stevenson. In other words all of the sheep do not follow the leader; moreover, those readers who like romance help to create romanticists; for it is a great mistake to suppose that the writer deserves full credit for the creation of his audience. In literature, as well as in the world of practical affairs the economic law finds its fulfillment.

So it is not really surprising that while the English speaking world was ringing with acclaim for Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," one of the strongest realistic novels produced during the century, a writer of a wholly different calibre should be rapidly making his way into favour.

Since then the splendid talent of Stanley J. Weyman has won general recognition, and Weyman has taken his place among the few first-rate romanticists of his time. Even the realists must pay tribute to the fine workmanship of "A Gentleman of France," which is displayed, not merely in the swift and logical development of plot-interest, but also in a style that is wonderfully musical and clear. It is by this work that Mr. Weyman is best known to American readers, though some of his other stories, notably "Under the Red Robe," and "The House of the Wolf," dis-

play qualities that made "A Gentleman of France" so notable a contribution to literature.

Of Mr. Weyman personally comparatively little has been said in the public prints. He has hidden himself away from notice as effectually as he has escaped the influence of present-day realism. It would be easy to imagine him sequestered in a lonely part of England with the works of the elder Dumas and of the other early-century romanticists for his only companions. As a matter of fact, however, he is no such recluse; he belongs very much to the modern world. During the London season you see him occasionally at this literary gathering, or that, and you would never suspect from the keen interest that he takes in everything around him that he was devoting his life to the interpretation of a civilization remote from his own. Yet he is by no means a typical London author; on the contrary, for a large part of the year he shuns London; as in fact many of the English authors do. When I met him last winter he was merely passing through the city, on his way to less foggy regions, far from the haunts of publishers.

Like Kipling and Barrie, Mr. Weyman is a small man. Unlike Kipling and like Barrie, he is of slight frame. In complexion he is very fair with blue eyes that sparkle in conversation. He speaks with great animation, and without the exaggerated English accent that is characteristic of some of the English writers. Our talk very naturally turned upon his work and he spoke of it frankly and of his preparation for a literary career. Incidentally, he touched upon his early life in the beautiful country around Ludlow, Shropshire, in the Welsh marshes, where he was born and where he still spends a large part of every year. He was prepared for the bar at Shrewsbury, and, after taking his degree at the University, he studied law and for ten years was in actual practice as a barrister.

"Then you did n't begin writing as early as most of our authors," I suggested, when Mr. Weyman had mentioned these facts.

"I fancy that I did," he replied with a smile. "At Oxford I wrote some stories—short ones, you know, and I kept up that work for some time afterwards."

"And these were historical, like your later work?"

"Oh, no. They were merely love stories—romantic in treatment. I did n't do much with them till early in the eighties. Then I sent a story to James Payn for the '*Cornhill.*' He liked it, accepted it, and wrote me a most generous letter of praise. This was the first real encouragement I had ever received and I have always been grateful to Payn for it. He is always helping new writers, by the way. A kinder man I do n't know. Several English authors who are now doing well owe their first recognition to him. Then there 's another man that I owe a debt of gratitude to —Anstey, the author of 'Vice-Versa,' you know, and other stories. One day at the club I happened to pick up a book of his, 'The Black Poodle.' The thoroughness and care with which the story had been worked out, impressed me greatly, and after I read it I began to wonder if a man could n't succeed as a story-writer by means of those very qualities. So I went home and started to work in that way, and I think I owe much of whatever success I have had to the stimulus Anstey gave me."

"How did you happen to go in for historical writing?"

"That 's a matter of influence," Mr. Weyman replied with a smile. "Do you know Professor Baird's work on the Hugenots in four volumes? Baird is one of your men, by the way. He is at the College of the City of New York. He has done what no one else that I happen to know of has succeeded in doing, brought the facts of the history of the Hugenots together and related them in a way that makes

them as interesting as a story. Well, I was so impressed by the charm of his work that it occured to me the Huguenot period offered splendid opportunities to a novelist; so I determined to do something with it myself. And in connection with this matter," Mr. Weyman added, "I want to tell you of a curious coincidence. Though I felt greatly obliged to Professor Baird for the inspiration he gave me, I never happened to make his acquaintance or to communicate with him in any way. But only the other day I received a very complimentary letter from him saying that he had been reading my books. So I wrote and told him of the debt I owed him."

Mr. Weyman's success has been won by long and patient endeavour and at the present time, like other successful authors, he looks back on his past difficulties with some amusement. He believes that all good literary work is sure to win recognition in time, and he cherishes no bitterness against those who refused to see merit in stories of his own which have since attained popularity. "Readers are likely to make mistakes," he said, "but I think they are perfectly honest and do their best. I have had publishers who refused my work several years ago come to me with offers for it; and one house," he added with a look of amusement, "has actually secured the American rights to a book of mine which it once refused to buy outright. Of course publishers have to be very careful about taking risks. The publishers of my first serial story declined to bring the work out as a book, for example. They thought it good enough to issue serially, but were n't confident of its hold on the general public."

"Is it true," I asked, "that you once burned a work of yours, Mr. Weyman, or is that an old story that has been tacked on to you?"

"Partly true," he replied, smiling. "I had offered it to

several publishers and they all said it was bad. Finally, I came to the conclusion myself that they were quite right, and I still think so. I did burn some of the sheets, and on the backs of the others I wrote another novel."

The conversation then turned to the subject of methods of literary work. "I can't say that I follow any real method," said Mr. Weyman. "I usually write a little in the morning and a little more late in the afternoon. In this way I can complete a book in a few months. Of course, there are days when I can't do any writing, when I am not in the mood for it. But I never really get away from my work altogether. I am very fond of it and even when I take a holiday I find myself returning to it."

"You must have made a very careful study of France," I suggested, "not merely of the history of the country, but the topography as well."

"I do know parts of France well, for about ten years ago, when I was nearing thirty, I walked through a good deal of the country in the south of France, and I saw a good bit of Spain, too. From Spain I gathered experience that I have used in my stories—from the old inns, with their curious fire-places and all that, you know. It seemed to me that the Spain I saw must resemble the France of a hundred years before. But, as a matter of fact, I don't like to describe places and things from observation. I have to take an imaginary castle, for example, and let my fancy play around it. Only the other day I received a letter from an English lady in Blois, saying that she had been studying the country there and had been comparing it with my descriptions of the place. "Now to tell you the truth," Mr. Weyman said with a smile, "I've never been in Blois and I don't want to go there. I'm afraid if I did go there I shouldn't find things half so attractive as I've imagined them to be. The condition might not be right, you know,

and I might find that the castle was ugly, or in some other way my ideal of the place might be shattered."

These remarks show how completely Mr. Weyman has absorbed the spirit of romanticism. Indeed, he confesses frankly that the love of romance prevents him from enjoying to the full, some of the best work that is being done to-day —such work as Hardy's, for example. For Kipling and Stevenson, however, he has an intense admiration. "Stevenson helped me to write," he said. "If I have succeeded in forming a style I owe some thanks for it to him. But his stories seem to me to owe their brilliancy largely to careful and scholarly workmanship. Kipling, on the other hand, succeeds by the sheer force of his genius."

Mr. Weyman is naturally fond of the historical novel to which he has now committed himself. After "Henry Esmond," which he considers the greatest work of its kind of this century, his favourite novels are Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" and Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" As for his own work, he has at present on the stocks a new novel of an historical character which will make its appearance in a few months. "The public," he remarked with a smile in parting, "is after all the final test, and as it has taken my historical fictions, why, I shall go on giving it more."

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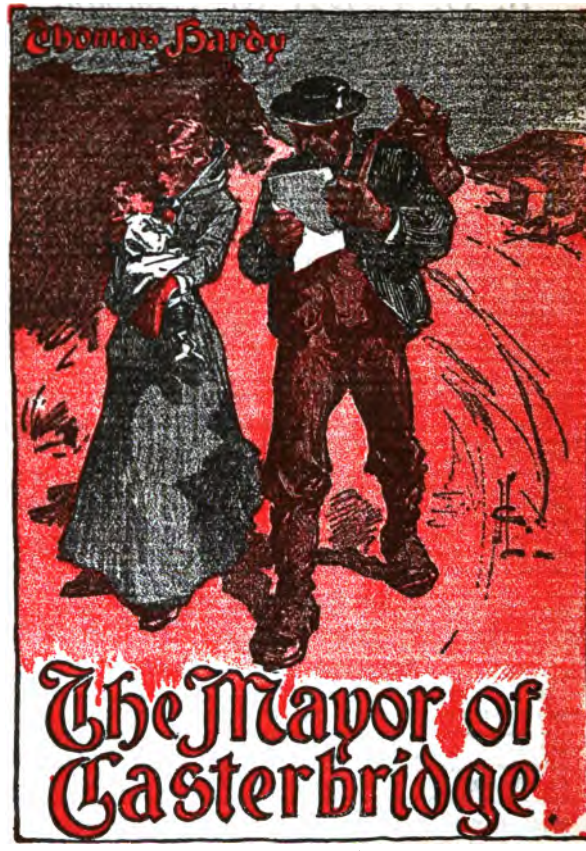

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"and so do I—a scurvy, ranting Anabaptist,—a coystril as knew nothing of good liquor and good women." "You express the feelings of my family to daintiness," he returned with a smile; "and I would that my poor father was alive to hear you." "You speak well," says I, "and there's many that would take a journey even out of Hell to spit upon old Noll's bones."

"I misdoubt," he says reflectively, "if my father had designed that precise abode for himself. But it may well be he was wrong. For my own part I find, no doubt with yourself, this present world a sufficient exercise for my thoughts—the more so that it has sometimes used me shabbily." "What calling may you follow?" I asked. "Well," says he with a sly look at me, "'t is a scarce one for pride, but, an' ye press me, I must confess that I have the repute of being a somewhat importunate beggar." "What!" says I in an amaze, "are you a wheedler?" "Ah," he said thoughtfully, "I believe even that term has been put upon me, but the word has an ugly sound, now I hear it." "But," said I, for his appearance set the lie on his statement, "you speak like a man of quality. I'll warrant you are no common canter." "True," he says suavely, "I am glad you have observed that. I endeavour to be proportionate to my breeding; for, according to the acceptance of my friends, I derive from excellent parentage, though it is obvious a man may not vouch for so much in his own person." "What then?" said I. "Well," said he, smiling, "I find my wits use me better than my birth; that is all."

"Ho! ho!" I cried for he spoke such plain modesty that I could not but give him credence. "I wager you are a man of parts, then, to fig yourself out in this spruce fashion. It serves you very well, I dare swear. And now I am come to think on it, you have the cut of a wheedler, and I doubt

not also the maw;" and I fell to laughing. But he made no remark, merely smiling very sedately; and when I was done I addressed him more confidential. "To be frank," said I, "I took you at the first, seeing that you were not in league with the old Antick, for one of the lay. But I see you are not the bantam for that. Your face and your paunch betray you?" says I. "How is that?" he asked, looking at me dubiously. "O well," says I, "you were featured and figured for an applesquire. That 's your trade," I says, "and I 'll warrant I could pin it to you an' I poked a little closer." He smiled broadly, and then, putting back his head, went off into a gentle inward laugh, very joyously. "My friend," says he, when he had come to himself, but still chuckling, "you strike home. In sooth, I had reckoned to keep the matter private, but, egad, there 's no deceiving your eyes"; and he blinked at me humorously. But meeting his gaze, I could not refrain on my part, and off I went into a peal. When I looked at him again he had took his reins in hand, but, leaning forward quickly, I seized the bridle at the mare's mouth. "Come, come," says I, with an oath, "I will have you know, wheedler or applesquire, that you are not your own master while Dick Ryder is in need of you, and since you have sought my company, by God, but you shall keep it until I choose."

A slight frown contracted his forehead, but immediately his eyes lit up with his habitual smile, and says he, "My good man," he says, "I had not presumed to quit such hospitable acquaintance, for, in truth, I am too little used to such fellowship as yours to desire to lose it hastily." "And what the Devil," I cried with austerity, for his tone was something superior, "do you with your 'good man'? I 'll have you remember that I 'm any man's equal, to say nothing of a damned Cupid." "As for good man," he replied suavely, "I will not defend the adjective; and in respect of

equality—why I dare say you make a better thing of it than I." "Faith," says I, seeing he spoke so humbly, "maybe I do. But an' you take my full pockets to heart, there 's stranger things have happened than that I should put you on the road to fortune yourself. I ha' made a deal more goldfinches in a week than your kidney would gather in a twelvemonth. In a way I have ta'en a sort of liking to you."

"You are very good," he says, as humbly as ever: "I should be pleased to learn of you." "O, damme," says I, "I 'll teach you a proper trade. 'T is better than to cozen old madams of their jewels and to snip the fal-lals off young punks. Sure, that is a sorry business for a Quaker-bodied, respectable old gentleman like you."

I thought he winced ever so slightly at that; but then, sending me one of his sly and smiling glances, he remarked: "Captain Ryder, if you can teach me a profession proper to my years, I can promise you the gratitude of my friends"; and, making me a polite bow, he sat in his saddle, as though awaiting orders with docile attention. But somehow (I could not say why), the terms of his reply deranged me. There was an air about him that was new to me, and I was bewildered whether he was mocking at me or merely sitting at my feet like an ignoramous. I cast him up with as shrewd a gaze as I might, measuring him from his silver spurs to his big black wig, which he wore in the last fashion. But soon he interposed on my occupation. "Captain Ryder," he said gravely, "I am waiting instructions." I laughed a little at that, being still in my perplexity, but he threw me a glance of reproach. "I had scarce expected, Captain," says he, "of one of your acknowledged and well-merited repute to mock at honest enthusiasm, however raw. Humble as I be, I would scorn to put a slight upon any ardent heart." But I was none the more settled for this same speech, which appeared to me to have a savour of the ironic; and yet I could

pick no fault in his demeanor. For all that I was uneasy that he must be laughing at me, and so when he says more gaily, "Come, Ryder, what say you, shall we take the road?" I broke out in a blast of irritation.

"Damn you," I said. "Do you think I have no better use for my limbs than to risk 'em upon a noddy that has lived for fifty years without having gotten even a horn-book knowledge of life?" "The reproach, Ryder," says he with an appearance of consideration, "is too catholic. I know women very well, as you must admit." "And a fine field that is to grub in," I says with a sneer. "'T is very pleasant," says he impartially; and at the word, spoken very talkingly, and with such an absence of offense, my dudgeon vanished, and I broke into laughter again. "Damme," I says, "you 're the man for me, in whatever gutter you make your livelihood; and you shall drink me fair at the 'World's End' to it, or by the Almighty I 'll batoon ye."

The invitation was bluff enough in all conscience, but I suppose he accepted the spirit of it, for he replied, with a glance downward at his belly: "Indeed, it is none so monstrous, Ryder, when all's said. But I will confess that it has outstripped my ambition by several inches. Yet do my friends assure me that it is in no wise out of keeping, but rather, if I am to believe them, of quite an elegant distinction. In truth, in my own little circle I am considered for something of a beau, and 't is the fashion to aim at my precise girth." "A plague on you," says I laughing, "you round-bellied old hackney! You need rowels upon you for to keep you trotting, and a fortnight of Little-Ease would best meet your case." "I may come to that," says he placidly, "I may come to that, an' I keep such company."

It was a merry jest, and not for me to take offence at; indeed, I liked him the better for his humour; and pretty soon we were seated in the tavern to ourselves, my lace-

monger with a stiff brew of French brandy and me with a quartern of ripe ale. He pulled a sour face over his glass, for the liquor was not to his palate, but I jibed him on his dainty stomach. "Faugh!" says I, "those light-o'-loves spoil you. 'T is well enough. I know the stuff, as like as not the best brandy ever fetched out of France under His Majesty's nose. I would think shame to live so maudlin as yourself, and you with the making of a man in you!" "I must apologise," he says politely, "for my seeming discourtesy, for the feast is yours. And I have no doubt you are right as to the quality, but I fear me that my taste has been distorted by the stuff fubbed off upon me by my cousin in France." "Maybe he is in the trade?" I inquired. "O," says he smiling, "a good many hogsheads pass through his fingers in a year." "Ah!" says I with a wink, "and I misdoubt if it pays a farthing to His Majesty." "You are right," said he with a laugh. "But in truth I have no grudge against His Majesty, so be that I pay nothing." "You say well," says I, "'tis not a bad sort, Old Rowley, but a lazy chicken-spirited dog. 'T would do him good were someone to fetch him a toe in the hindparts upon occasion."

"Ah!" says he, contemplating my boots with some interest; and then, meeting my eyes: "Is he worth it?" he asked, smiling. "Damme!" says I, echoing his smile, "I don't know that he is. Let him go to the Devil in his own way." "You speak my sentiments," says he.

I called for Burgundy—some of the right supernaculum—for him, and that he drank of with a relish and intelligence, talking the while with a nimbler wit and a more persuasive air than I had ever known. But soon, what between the drink and the excitement of our talk, and my own newfound liking for the man, my tongue began to clap merrily. To say the truth, I had proposed to press him upon his name

and style, for I felt sure he came of some position, though probably lapsed in fortune; but, like the vain oaf I was, I fell to chattering more of myself than of him, lecturing him like a schoolmaster, and informing him upon the Art of Life. "Now, yours," I said, "to my thinking is a mean-spirited line of trade. To dangle at a petticoat, and be kept in leash like a monkey,—'t is manner of conduct dead in the teeth of a man of heart." "Not but what," I says, "I cannot put a proper value upon a female. Tame or wild, raven or rufous, Joan or my lady, if so be she have colour to her flesh and marrow to her bones, I'll play the Spaniard with the best of 'em," says I. "But to stand for ever making legs against the time she loves to manifest her humour, Lord, 'tis quite another matter, and worth no man's respectability." He had listened to me very seriously, though I thought that his mouth twitched at times; and when I was done, he observed with a deprecating manner: "I fear you would put me to too rigorous a service, Captain Ryder. At my age———"

"Zounds, man," I interrupted on him, "you may be no green goose, but you 've the vitals of a man in you yet." "'T is very courteous in you so to reassure me," he returned with a bow. "But, indeed, you yourself have reminded me of my habit," and he glanced at his stomach. "Gad!" says I, "a week on the pad will melt that suet."

He rose laughing good humouredly, and with an air on him that somehow seemed to dismiss me; but I rose, too. "Faith," I says, "you are not for horseback yet. The ladies, more, are not so exigent of your company. I promise you they will not grow stale for lack of the likes of you." "Tut, tut!" he cries with acerbity, "you ride a jest to death. I like a man that plays upon more strings than one," and then, "Come Ryder, you will observe that I do not twit you of the Road." "O, damn the Road," I retorts in

a roystering way. "I am in the mind to spend the night after quite another fashion; and had you the spirit of a louse," I says, "'t would be to me of these same Ladies of the Lake you would offer to present me." At that his mouth suddenly quivered, and his eyes sparkling, he laughed faintly. "But," says he, "you should consider my profession. Where is my livelihood, should I loose you on my private liberties?" "Maybe," says I, smacking my pockets, "we can arrange that atween us." "Ah!" says he, turning grave of a sudden. "Here 's sense, and a commendable business habit." I winked at him. "Said is done," says I, and leaning forward, very facetious, dug my knuckles at his waistband.

Upon my motion, and very instantaneously, he withdrew his body out of range, and, his whole face changing, directed on me a short imperious gaze that stayed me in the act. Now I was fairly loosed by the liquor I had drunk, to say nothing of the issues of my previous bouts, and I could not conjecture to this day what inspired me with the recognition, specially in that bibulous state. But the fact was that throughout our intercourse I had had a growing uncertainty of him, and now, with that flash of his eyes, the discovery came upon me like a thunderclap, and I fell aback, dazed and disordered, with the knowledge that here was His Gracious Majesty himself that had been my companion! The revelation abashed me outright, and I stood staring on him, with all my wits aflow—the similitude of his features to the effigies I had seen of him, gathering clearer with each moment. But I suppose he referred my embarrassment to his smart rebuke, or to some drunken witlessness, for he smiled at last, and says he: "Well, shall we conclude the bargain?"

But with his speaking consideration came to me, and I jumped up, feigning an eagerness, but still very mased.

"Damn me," I cried, "for sure, and no time will better this." But all the while my brains were busy with the discovery, and 'tween that and the horseing I had opportunity sufficient to dispose my mind. And first it appeared to me that if 't was Old Rowley for certain, it would ill become Dick Ryder to subvert the entertainment he had chosen for himself; and that for so long as he was for being interpreted as a stark Adonis, for such I would use him in conduct. Whereas, for a second deduction, seeing that he had put a subterfuge on me so far, why, damn it, 't was my privilege to put another upon him, an' I might. With which determination my thoughts came to a conclusion; and presently, as we were jogging along flank to flank, I says, counterfeiting my former demeanour as near as may be: "What style do they put upon this piece, you old satyr?" I says.

If he had taken any suspicions that I had unmasked him this must have settled them, and he replied sedately: "Faith, among so many I can scarce—but yes," he says, "this must be Mistress Barbara." "Barbara," says I, smacking my lips; "an' I like her as well as her name, I 'll warrant Misstress Barbara and I should be capital company."

"Ah," says he, showing his teeth in a soft smile, "but I would have you warned that this same Barbara hath a spirit. She is particular to the point of phantasy. I have remonstrated more times than I can remember upon her whimsies, but she would aye fly out. They will bear no remedy." "As for that," I said briskly, "I like 'em best with the diabolic. A stark woman and a fist o' nails for me! 'T is a welcome diversion for a fellow of mettle."

But all this time I was casting about to nominate the wench congruous to the rumours of the Town, and then the remembrance comes to me, and I know 't was the Duchess of Cleveland as he spoke of. And if I was in any doubt before, that resolved me upon the identity of my com-

panion. But I said very little more, though screwed to the pitch of a high sensation, until we drew up before a house near by the village of Kensington. Here Old Rowley jumps to the ground. "I had forgot to tell you," says he, turning to me suavely, "that there is a disagreement 'twixt the lady and myself, and 't is odds that we shall meet a hot reception." But I only grinned, and presently, the preliminaries being arranged, we were admitted by a foot-boy, and found ourselves set in an ample room, enriched with many pleasant pictures and sumptuously ordered. "Rip me," says I, staring about the chamber, "you are a prince among wheedlers to have the freedom of this palace." "O, I do very well," he returned affably, and commands me some wine. But just as we were sipping comes me in a strapping madam, magnificently gowned, and her eyes like the lights in a black pool. "You rogue," says I to Old Rowley, "what an admirable taste you show, for sure!" "I was in hopes," says he in the same whisper, "that you would have attributed the taste to the lady. 'T is a compliment they expect." But she, then, coming forward very rapidly, started aback slightly on seeing me, and drew herself up, questioning His Majesty with her eyes. "Madam," says Old Rowley, bowing very gravely, "'t is a friend of mine, this good gentleman, to whom your name being used with all admiration, he conceived a warm desire to be presented to you—the which, as one acquainted with your catholicity, I have made bold to grant. Like myself, he stands without the Law, following an illicit calling." Her brow darkened and I could perceive from various ensigns that she owned the temper of a shrew; and, says she very coldly, and with an angry look at Old Rowley, "I am honoured, indeed, by the gentleman's admiration." And then, flinging herself into a chair, she cries petulantly, "Lard, what whimsey would you be at now?"

But Old Rowley starts as with surprise, and speaking in a pained voice: "When I tell you Madam," he says, "that Captain Ryder has kindly offered to instruct me in the delights of the King's Highway, you will see how much we should be indebted to him for the opportunity to add to our humble fortunes." But Madam shrugged her shoulders, and gave vent to a sigh of weariness—seeing which I made bold to speak up for myself.

"'T is true enough, Madam," I says, stepping a pace forward, "what this old humorist has said; but sure, he has put it so ceremonious that I scarce recognize the bargain. For 't was concluded atween us both that, if so be yourself, as was like, being out of stomach with him, should be agog for a new ligby mate, why here 's a claimant for the honour"; with which I flings my glove to the floor. Her ladyship burst out laughing very sourly, and turning to Old Rowley: "Is this true?" she asked. Now, I had thought to see him wince at my impudence, but, Lord, not he! "Why," he says, with a pretty smile, "'t is set somewhat coarsely, but——." And then, after a show of confusion: "Captain Ryder, you will perceive, would leave you every liberty of selection."

"I should be accustomed," says she scornfully, "to be subjected to your vagaries"; and stopped abruptly, seeming to reflect Presently she looked up at me with a different face.. "Captain Ryder," she says, with a smile, "you will, doubtless, pardon my seeming rudeness, but this news has fallen of the suddenest. I make no doubt but we shall be better acquainted presently." "Indeed," I replied grandly, "better acquainted is a phrase that, with your ladyship's permission, shall be invested with a private meaning." "So it shall," she says quite softly, and looking at me with enticing eyes.

Though it is not my part to brag of my person, I have

lived too long not to know the value of a smart coat and a pair of eyes, and I will confess that her ardent glances stung me to the midriff: more particularly as she next turned towards His Majesty, and with a dainty gesture of her arm, addresses me thus: "Maybe," she says, "you can persuade your friend, Captain, not to obtrude himself upon us in this unseemly fashion."

"Why," says I promptly, "now his duty is over, he may go to the Devil, for me!" and I took a step or so towards Old Rowley. He seemed a trifle disconcerted, for I reckon 'twas scarce the deportment he had expected in her ladyship; but this was only for a second, and then he bowed very gravely. "I feared, Madam," he said, shaking his head, "that this would be my reception, once you were seized of a fine bird like this; and so I warned our Captain here." And then to me: "Ah, Ryder 'tis a heavy price to pay for your good offices upon the Road"; and feigned to look chapfallen.

"Maybe," says I in a huffing way, "but 't was a fair bargain, and what would you? Should a stalwart full-bodied piece like Madam here be fubbed off with a kind of Fortyguts like you! Sink me, you rate yourself too high."

"In truth," he answered seeming despondent, "You are right, I have but a poor notion of my own pretensions, and yet I will confess it has sharply vexed me to be so discountenanced."

There he sat, the rogue, leaning easily in his chair, and with a lugubrious expression on his phiz, but his eyes, as I might perceive, very demure and luminous, shooting glances under his brows at Madam Barbara. But she avoided him coldly, and turning to me murmured some fancy jape against him under her breath and went off into a giggle of satiric laughter. 'T was nothing to the point, indeed, but I clapped my thighs and feigned to roar with her, while I was

puzzling my brains to know what she was at. Old Rowley directed a quizzical look on us, and crossed his legs calmly. I make no doubt but he was diverting himself hugely, but so was I, for the matter of that, and the more so that I was resolute to turn the tables upon him. So "Look on him!" says I going off again. "A muckrate like that, as ought, from his investiture, to be a godly, sanctimonious saint—to think of him a pleader in the courts of love!" "Nay," says Madam, ironically, "you must not be too hard on him. He is as God made him." "May He make no such other!" I exclaimed. "Amen!" says she with a vicious snap of her teeth. Suddenly she bent forward to me, where I was seated near by, and put her white hand gently on my shoulder. "Captain," she whispered in a cooing voice, "I will be plain with you. This man hath outlasted my endurance, and that 's the fact. Lord, what I have stood from him would amaze ye." "You shall stand no more," says I fiercely, but wondering what mischief she was conceiving. "Indeed," she says very softly, "I am beholden to you for your offices. 'T is he himself that has brought deliverance to me." "That is so," said I grimly; "I will quit you no more."

She sighed, and lifting her eyes to mine, thinks to befool me with her blandishments. "And there is one service you shall do me," she says very low. "What is that?" I asked.

"You must know," she answers, dropping her voice still lower, "that this same fellow has upon him a precious necklet of mine, the which he hath appropriated to himself. Wrest it from him," she whispers eagerly, "wrest it from him, and let us be done with him for ever."

At once I got a notion of what lay between them, and the origin of this disagreement. The necklace, I guessed, must ha' been destined for some other lightskirts; and my

lady, being of a jealous disposition, was in the mind to capture it; while I was to catspaw—was I?—to serve her ends. O well, thinks I, here 's a new face to the adventure, at the least; and assuming a stern frown, I leapt to my feet and made for Old Rowley, where he sat, very much exercised, I daresay, upon what we were exchanging.

"Hark 'ee," says I, "Master What-be-your-name." He put his head to one side and regarded me whimsically. "If 't were not for your years I would learn you smartly to pilfer from a lady—and as it is, and to avoid delay, I will have you disgorge a certain necklace as belongs to Madam here." Old Rowley started slightly, and a frown settled on his forehead. He had not looked for this, I could see, and for a moment he sent a sharp glance at her ladyship. But she leaned back, and disregarded him. "What do you mean?" he asked somewhat sternly. "O," says I mockingly, "I reckon you are aware of my meaning. He that steals from his mistress is a black thief, and you may be thankful if I do not prove that on your jacket."

He sat still, appearing to think, but manifestly perplexed. "Come, vomit," says I, and I raised my hand. "Sirrah," he begins quite fiercely, and surveys me. Then all of a sudden he changes, and producing a packet from his pocket, hands it to me with a slight bow, but gnawing his lips all the while. "I acknowledge my fault," he says. "But indeed 't was a present of mine to the lady, with a stone for every year of her life." As he spoke I was dangling the toy on my finger, and her ladyship's face, which had been gleaming with satisfaction, passed suddenly from her natural colour, and she cried out some sharp exclamation—for indeed there were nearer forty jewels in the string than thirty. But the possession of Old Rowley, together with the pat rejoinder which so put her ladyship about, tickled me so that I could scarce forbear from laughter. And, sooth to

say, as 't was the first occasion on which I had confused him, I was mightly pleased with myself; and none the less that I was to upset her ladyship still more plumply. So clapping the trinket in my pocket I went back to her. "I have it safe," says I. "Give it to me," cries she, all excitement. "Nay, nay," says I, "but you shall wear it upon our wedding night, I vow; not afore." For a moment her eyes seemed shut with fury, and then apparently upon reflection she used another voice.

"You dear villian," she says in a coaxing tone, "how you would torment me! I fear you are a tantalizing rogue." "O no," says I with a cunning look, "but 't is my usage to drive a proper bargain." "O, fie!" says she, "you misbeliever! Come, let me see an' it be truly mine." I shook my head. "Never a blink," said I, "afore that hour you wot of." Her eyebrows came down sudden. "Troth," she says with a toss of her head, "'t is not gallant to make such terms. Love hath no conditions. I am used to be trusted, Ryder, dear." And with that Old Rowley, who was seated very imperturbable, and patting a puppy-dog that was in the room, glanced up at me. "That's true enough, Ryder," he said comically, and goes on with his fondling.

"There are times for trusting," I answered her, "and there are times also for caution, but maybe this is a time for neither. I will not be hard on ye. You shall exchange this pretty plaything against a veritable number of kisses—a buss for each pearl," I says. "How dare you?" she cried imperiously. "Hoity-toity," says I, lifting my brows at her, and mimicking her voice: "No one says 'dare' to me; and 't is but to anticipate the event by an hour or so, as you will agree."

"Sir——" she began very shrill, and then she turned quickly upon Old Rowley, who, stopped over his dog, was softly chuckling to himself. "'T is you who have done this,'

she cried angrily. "'T is your device to have instructed this varlet so to insult me." He turned a whimsical face on her. "Faith, not I," he says. "'T is your own doing, Barbara. You made love to him. Sure, I have never seen a woman court a lover so warmly."

But here I broke in, counterfeiting a fury. "Varlet!" says I. "And who the Devil gave you leave to put that phrase on me? I will take no such words from no man, and from no woman, neither."

"Leave this room, fellow," she says haughtily. "Sink me, if I do," I says. "Here I have come and here I stay; and what is more, I design to taste those pretty lips on this instant"; with which I made as if to approach her. But she started away with an evil face on her; and Old Rowley sat in his seat, balancing a crown upon the spaniel's nose, and paying no heed to us. But presently her ladyship's face changed very smartly when she saw me advance, and she called to Old Rowley. "Will ye witness this?" she says, with some agitation. But he, looking up, and appearing to notice us for the first time, starts to his feet hastily. "Faith, I beg your pardon," he says, very suavely, "but I am fallen very forgetful. Sure, of course I will not be trespassing upon two such billing doves"; and marched at once for the door. But at this intimation her ladyship turned pale, and cried out for him to help her, retreating in his direction, and keeping a fearful eye on me. I was vastly entertained to see the jade's consternation, for she was well paid for the strategy she used on her royal lover. He came to a pause by the door, assuming an air of perplexity, and then when she invoked him once more, feeling, I conceive, that the jest had run far enough, he came up to me and tapped me on the arm. "Ryder," said he, pretending to whisper, but in a voice very audible, "you press her too closely. God forbid that you should fling her back on me. 'Twixt ourselves, I am

well quit of her arrant temper. But serve her more gently, and with a proper approach."

But I waved my arm impatiently at him. "Stand aside," says I, "for I will buss this recalcitrant Orinda or be damned," and I reached out my hand as if to seize her. "You ruffian, you!" she cried, stimulated back into her haughtiness by Old Rowley's intervention. "I will have you well whipped at the cart's tail. I will put my mark upon you." "Why, for that matter," said I, with a meaning laugh, "and I upon you." But she gave a little scream, and Old Rowley stood by seeming somewhat embarrassed, for it was plain what I was minded to do. But upon my venturing a further essay she stamped her foot in a frenzy. "Do you not know who I am, fool?" she cried. "I am the Duchess of Cleveland. I will learn you to use your hands on persons of quality."

"O—ho!" I says with a boisterous laugh. "'T is high company we enjoy, for sure. "Well," I says, "and I make no doubt but I am the Great Mogul, and this here will be His Gracious Majesty himself." Old Rowley, I saw, looked somewhat disconcerted, and eyeing me sharply, he says, "Come, come, Captain, do you not see you have excited her so far that she will seek refuge in any fiction?"

That turned me on him, for I was tired of her. "Who the Devil are you, to interfere between a gentleman and his miss?" I says roughly. "I will take it upon myself to teach you manners!" and with that I drew on him. He was not at all put about by this, but smiled in a soothing fashion. "No doubt," says he, looking at my weapon, "'t is the ardent spirit proper to a lover, Captain, but you will perceive you have drawn upon an unarmed man." "Well," says I, "as I may not pink you with the point, I will e'en trounce you with the flat"; and I stepped to him, iron in hand.

And now for the second time Old Rowley's face fell, and he withdrew a pace, while Madam cried out in an alarm for me to stay my hand, as I knew not what I was doing. But he, sending her a command out of his eyes, made me a pretty bow. "Captain Ryder," said he with a rare mastery of himself, "I am in the wrong, for to lack a weapon is no excuse for a gentleman of honour. But an' I may, I will remedy the want, and we may meet upon any terms you choose." "What would you?" I asked. "I will send a footboy for my weapon and a friend, to serve us," he replied. I reflected; and then: "So be it," I says, "an' you bring no bullies of your own kidney upon me." "Yourself shall see the letter, Captain," he says courteously. With which he got himself swiftly to the table, and seizing a pen, scribbled me off a note, the which he handed for my inspection. The epistle was innocent enough and contained no hint of the circumstances; and, moreover, I could ha' fastened my faith on Old Rowley, that he would not employ treachery against me. But all the same I passed the half-hour that ensued in a sweat of conjecture, as to what was to fall out. It seemed that I, maybe, must presently cross swords with His Majesty's own self, the which, as you may imagine, I was in no haste to do. But then I considered that with the introduction of his friend, the affair might dispose itself in a new way; and that it was his appearance that was to procure Old Rowley out of his predicament. And yet again, if that was so, I could not but wonder why he did not reveal himself on the moment. In fine, I could not bottom his design which, whatever it was, seemed comfortable enough to him, for he expended the time quite easily, frolicking with the dog, and conducting a casual conversation upon indifferent topics with Madam and me. To see him so urbane and unruffled, you might have supposed he was a host enlivening his guests. But Madam had obviously passed into a state

of despair, and bit her lips, and looked frightened, and once she spoke, appealing to him. "May not this farce end?" she says.

Old Rowley looked at her with a polite expression of surprise. "Farce!" quoth he, as in mild reproach: "You take lightly what may well be a tragedy for me, Barbara. I wish I could simulate your deportment"; and resumed his antics in the coolest manner.

Just upon that there comes me the footboy to the door, with the news that a gentleman was waiting upon us below; I turned to Old Rowley. "This is not to betray me?" I says very suspicious. "I give you my word, Ryder," he returned heartily, "that I will hold no communion with him, and you shall explain the situation yourself."

At that I ordered the lackey to bring up t' other, and soon there sounds a jangle of spurs in the doorway, and enters a tall fellow, very elegantly dressed. Directly his face was to me, rip me, but I could ha' cried out with chagrin, for 't was the face, as you will believe me, of no other than the cully I had rumpadded that evening. In a twinkling I had the notion of that glorious old rogue's manœuvre; but I made no exclamation, holding back as sober as a judge. The new-comer made polite devoirs to Madame Castlemane and Old Rowley, who, on his part, answering the congee with solemnity, addressed him gravely: "I am so unfortunate as to pick a quarrel with this gentleman here, who will, on his own request, explain your errand," he says looking toward me without a sign.

T' other turns on me with a little frown, for he was a staid, pompous creature, and maybe did not fancy such escapades; and then his brows contracted, and he scowled very blackly at me. "I think sir," he says stiffly, "but I have a little business with this—gentleman—that must take precedence even of yours." "Indeed!" says Old Rowley,

with an affable look of surprise; and then seating himself comfortable: "Pray do not let me interrupt you then." "Sirrah," says Gold-lace brusquely, "I see you recognize me." Now all of this time I was cudgelling of my wits to hit upon a plan of conduct. For the matter of that I should not ha' minded to try a pass with the solemn ninny on the spot; but I knew that His Majesty was seated as a spectator to the play, and that it would divert him which way soever the affair went; and I was resolved to subvert his enjoyment, an' I might. So putting on a dumb expression of bewilderment, I stared on the fellow without any intelligence. "Faith, you have me at a disadvantage," I says; "I misremember to have met you." But he had grown very choleric. "I fancy," he rejoined, grimly, "that I may spur your memory." "You will be no bum-bailiff?" I asked innocently. He flew scarlet, laying his fingers on his sword. "Let me recall you," he says sharply, "a certain encounter nigh Fulham at eight of the clock this evening, when I had the privilege of meeting with a sturdy rascal as like yourself as need be." I put up my head haughtily. "Sink me, do you insinuate 't was I?" I cried. "You have been long in taking my meaning," he says sardonically.

Here was the point for the diversion I had contrived, and so says I, suddenly changing my tones to sullenness: "You cannot prove it." "I think," he says with a laugh, "my word will serve with the Justices against a common scampsman." "You will not prosecute?" I asked in a cringing note, and Old Rowley pricked up his ears. "'Troth, and I will even now have you charged and clapped in Newgate," he says angrily. "What you may do you may do," says I very surly, "but I can prove an *alibi*." "That," he says with a sneer, "you shall have the opportunity of doing in the dock." "I can bring a witness to support it, beyond

dispute," says I. "Indeed," he says ironically, "and who may that?" "Why," says I, "at eight o'clock I was in the company of no other than His Most Gracious Majesty, King Charles, the Second of that name, himself."

Even as the words were off my tongue, I looked at Old Rowley, but to my desperate chagrin he makes never a motion, and not an eyelash budges on him. 'T is true that Madam gave vent to a little cry, but his Majesty himself sat as still and little concerned as the dead.

"What is this?" cries Gold-lace, looking from me to Old Rowley in some perplexity and as though uncertain of his cue. "I fear, Captain," says Old Rowley smoothly, "that here is some mistake; for, if you will recollect, 't was I that had the privilege of your company at the hour you name." "Faith, and I made bold to recognise your Majesty," said I, but feeling something abashed. "What!" says he, opening his eyes, and then went off into laughter. "Indeed, Captain, you have honoured me very greatly. But now I come to think on it, if you supposed me so, you have used me pretty scurvily for a prince."

"Are you not the King?" says I, feeling very sheepish and somehow staggered in my confidence by his demeanor. "Why, yes," says he waggishly, "and you are the Great Mogul, as we agreed." I stood there, as you may fancy, much dumbfounded and for the moment at a loss for words, but my gold-laced friend fetched me to my senses; for says he in his turn: "Come, come, my good scoundrel. You forget that we have not discharged our business. These shifts will not serve you"

At that I turned, very savagely, for I knew very well 't was Old Rowley himself, now that the first surprise was over; only I saw no way to deliver myself, and it made me mad to consider that he had been tickled to see me befool myself for Heaven knows how long. "Damn you," says I, "an'

it be not His Majesty, why, then, I will claim a prior settlement with him, afore I deal with you." My man of quality said nothing, but glanced at the king a little startled, and he, on his part, showed a few signals of embarrassment. "Come," says I, encouraged by this success. "An' I may not cross swords with his Majesty, I may with plain Master Rowley, shall we say?" Hereupon His Majesty's eyes lit up slowly, and the smile broadening upon his face he burst out into merriment. "On my soul, Captain Ryder," says he, "I vow you would make a very good Indian emperor." "And you, Mr. Rowley," says I as quick as himself, "would become a very proper king." "Nay, Ryder," says he, subduing his laughter, but still gaily, "then I believe that you and I are the only two people in the realm that think so." But the other two, both my lady and my lord, stared upon us, for their wits, I reckon, were scarce nimble enough for the change, and they looked astounded to see us conversing as if upon a mutual understanding. Indeed, my lord seemed puzzled to determine if he knew 'twas the King, and if the King were willing that he should be himself. And he stood like an owl pursing his lips, till Old Rowley turned to him.

"I fear, Danby," says he demurely, "that the rogue is right and that he will escape justice this time. You see, if he was to call upon me, I must testify to the truth." "As for the matter of my Lord Danby's purse," said I, stepping forward, "if your Majesty will recall, it was none so fat, and I misdoubt but we have expended all upon our revels. But an' I may make restitution in another way, maybe this trinket will suffice for its value"; and down I flung the necklet on the table.

My Lord Danby gaped in an amaze, and Old Rowley, lifting his eyebrows humorously, glanced upon it with a rueful air, and surveyed Madam askew. "Take it, Danby,"

says he, "and forgive the varlet." But my lord, who was regaining his composure, raised the jewel gingerly on his finger awhile, and then with a sudden assumption of gallantry, very ludicrous to witness in him: "Nay," he says, "here is no trinket for a man"; and with a bow presents it to my lady. She was hugely delighted, and looked triumphantly at Old Rowley, but he followed the gawd with a quizzical glance of dismay. "Oddsfish!" says he, "had I bent to the inevitable earlier, we should have been spared all this ado." "I would not ha' missed it for a fortune, your Majesty," says I warmly. "Ah!" he says, "I daresay not, Captain. But then you come off better than I, by my poor Danby's purse." "Your Majesty had your share," said I. "Why, so I did," he replied with a smile; and suddenly he pulls out a watch from his fob and regards it contemplatively, and, says he, very serious but inexpressibly comical: "His Excellency the French Ambassador has now been waiting for me one hour and three-quarters upon urgent business." And covering a tiny yawn he threw me a genial nod and passed out of the room.

As for me I got forth in high feather, and, mounting my nag—(it was afore Calypso's time)—rode for the "Bull's Head," mighty full of my adventures, as you will believe.

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

NOTES

ROCKLAND, Maine, Oct. 3rd, 1895.

To the Editor of THE CHAP-BOOK,

Dear Sir:—

Hoping that you will not look upon me as one taking an unpardonable liberty, I write you in regard to the illustration entitled "In the Garden," which appears in THE CHAP-BOOK, bearing date of September 15.

The illustration pleased me, and not the slightest hesitation as to its proper interpretation troubled my enjoyment. Nor have I been disturbed by the assertions of those, who, unwilling to consider the subject matter treated by the artist in its entirety, insist that since the body and head of the fowl resemble the head of the elephant, the object *is* an elephant; or that as the tail is the tail of a fish, therefore the fowl is a fish.

But two friends, relying not only on a fancied resemblance, but also, and it must be admitted with some shadow of reason, advancing the title of the drawing in support of their view, maintain that the object portrayed so artistically is an orchid.

Since I have been unable to convince these two unbelievers of their error, though my own faith is strong, would it be an imposition to ask you to write me one line saying that the artist does not intend by his drawing to convey the impression of an orchid, but of a ——— ?

Very truly yours, —— ——

¶It has been my fortune so often of late to receive demands of this sort that I was hardly in a mood to consider the request, but it happened that two other letters of similar import reached me by the same post, and the writers expressed themselves with such evident sincerity of interest, and their courtesy in enclosing stamps was so spontaneously attractive, that I thought better of my first intention.

Indeed, as I go about in the world, I am asked no other question so repeatedly as "Why do you print such queer pictures?" and from the persistency with which I am assailed on this point, I may not doubt but that a certain proportion of the CHAP-BOOK public is really curious to know my reasons.

The primary explanation is a very simple one, yet it is not without an awful feeling of hesitancy that I venture to

reveal it; but were I to be quite frank, my reply would be that pictures in this broad style are the only ones which will print well on the rough CHAP-BOOK paper. It is necessary to go beyond this, however, for I fancy the ungentle are questioning the need of printing pictures at all. To this comment I reply, that since THE CHAP-BOOK aims in a measure to represent certain features of this time as, in the past centuries, the original Chap-Books suggested the spirit of their period, it is manifestly a part of my function to record artistic as well as literary movements. It is this attempted reflection of the contemporary that has led the discriminate to accuse me of being faddish.

Although sturdy constancy to an artistic theory may be admirable, there is much to be said in favor of casting oneself adrift on the waters of public opinion, of becoming an index of their movements. A true child of the age is caught in the swirl of each new eddy and feels cresting behind him the wave of each new movement. I do not claim to be, in the full meaning of the term, a prophet of the advanced, but I am that rather than the tail of the kite. This is moderate self-confidence, perhaps: yet it has made me watch with interest the productions of certain young men, and if I do not always sympathize with Mr. Beardsley's point of view, or Mr. Bradley's expression; if I do not always admire Mr. Anning Bell's performances, or see charm in Mr. Hazenplug's type of beauty, I am, nevertheless, convinced that the work is indicative of a movement, and as such it justifies itself. It is, into the bargain, to me, more than usually entertaining.

As to what Mr. Pissarro intended by his drawing "In the Garden," I am not surprised that there should have been some little confusion. It had not been my intention to refer to the matter—but since the subject has been brought up, I am forced to acknowledge that through a stupid mistake in the office the drawing was printed upside down. If my readers will take the trouble to examine the picture anew, its interpretation will doubtless be plain.

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